Nov. 20, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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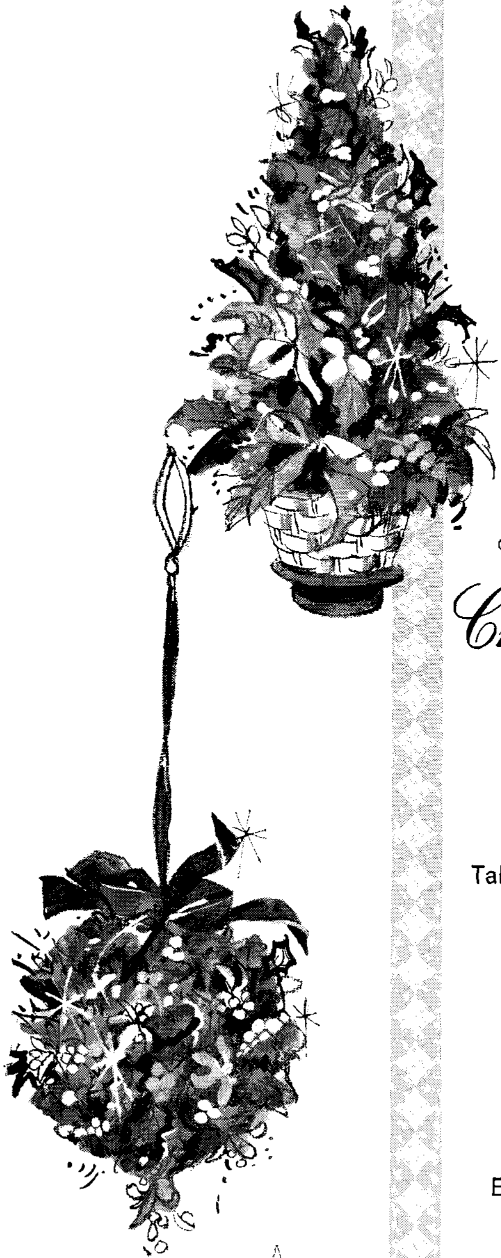

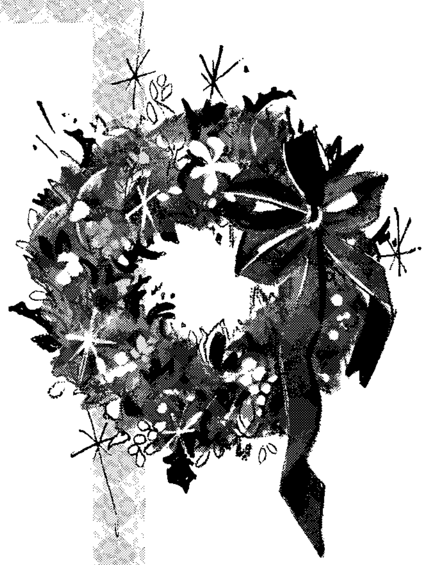

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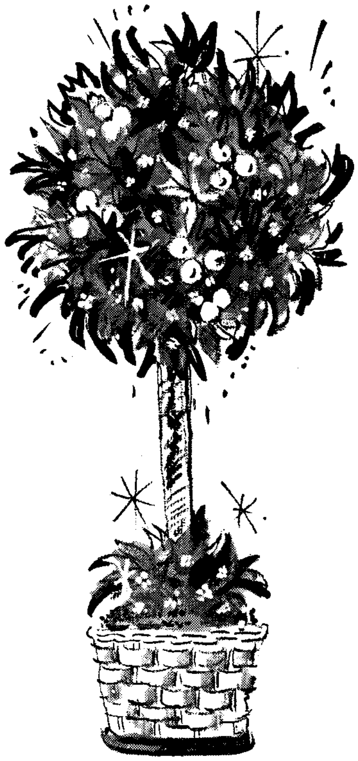

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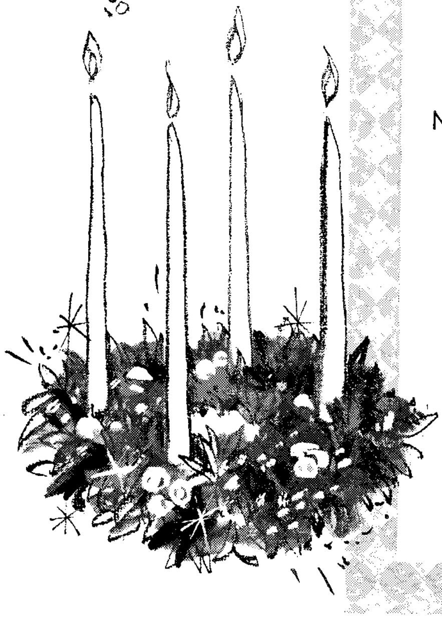
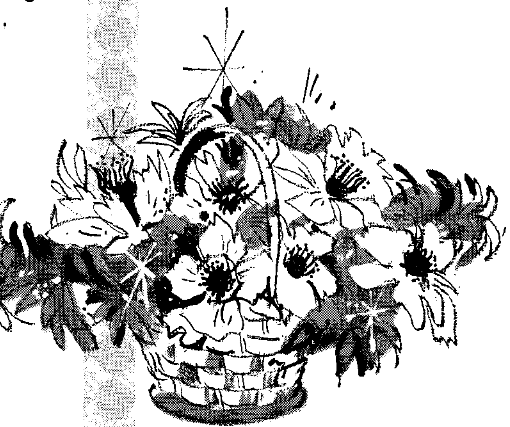




New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play was written by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

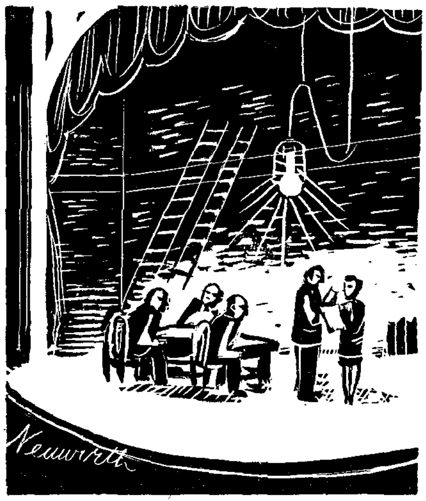
The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, Mike Nichols. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A low-keyed but reasonably satisfying drama about some carnal carryings-on in Victorian London. Michael Dyne has written a well-tailored play, and the acting of the company, in which Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel figure prominently, is serviceable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a fine cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)... **the owl and the pussycat:** A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)... **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40, and no performance that evening.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Devils—A play by John Whiting (based on "The Devils of Loudun," by Aldous Huxley), with Jason Robards and Anne Bancroft. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pickwick—A musical that hasn't much style or content. The cast, headed by Harry Secombe, works with a will, but, alas, to no purpose. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 20.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—Orson Bean, a small, put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, a big Establishment bully. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine attractively, but the music and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are hardly memorable, and the book, by Peter Stone, is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Lady Horrocks. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain *times, so it is a good idea to verify* them before starting out.)

You Can't Take It with You—A revival of the 1936 Kaufman-Hart comedy, presented for a limited engagement by the APA Repertory Company. Directed by Ellis Rabb. Previews through Monday, Nov. 22. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées the first week on Thanksgiving Day at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—The French pantomimist **marcel marceau** *in an all-new program*. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. *Final performances Sunday, Dec. 12.*)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The first play in the company's inaugural season in its

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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new home is DANTON'S DEATH, by Georg Buechner. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. (Amato Opera Showcase *Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.* Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8:40: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 4 and 8:40: THE MIKADO. . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 4 and 8: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:40: THE GONDOLIERS. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 25-26, at 8:40: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 4 and 8:40: IOLANTHE. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées *Sundays at 3.)*

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. No performance on Thanksgiving Day.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—In "The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love," Stephen Strimpell is funny as a nervous fellow who tries to shake some sense into his tense, addled Jewish family. "Good Day," the curtain-raiser is a solemn and portentous work, involving an odd young man and an odd old woman. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Great Scot!—Allan Bruce in a musical with a book by Mark Conradt and Gregory Dawson, score by Don McAfee, and lyrics by Nancy Leeds. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—Robert Hooks in a pair of plays by Douglas Turner Ward. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays *at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)*

The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7:20; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3, and no performance that evening.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Acrobats of God," "Cave of the Heart," and "The Witch of Endor.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "Legend of Judith.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "The Witch of Endor.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 21: "Cave of the Heart," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 21: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Appalachian Spring," and "The Witch of Endor." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Royal Danish Ballet—Opening performances of a four week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19—Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 25-26, at 8:15, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2:15: "Fanfare," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—Two short plays ("A Week from Today" and "The Rope") by Norman Wexler, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the second in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 2. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

La Contrescarpe—A second performance of a French cabaret entertainment consisting of songs, comedy, and satire. With Bernard Haller, Francesca Solleville, Hélène Martin, Paul Villaz, and Jacques Marchais. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, the naturally precocious child who is the dinner and supper oriole of the Royal Box, is a sight and a sound to be carefully observed even when, doing the bidding of her mentors (or possibly tormentors), she becomes unnaturally precious. Her last night is Saturday, Nov. 20. On Friday, Nov. 26, the Box resumes its career with Felicia Sanders, the best of our dramatic (emphasize "dramatic") sopranos, and Myron Cohen, a standup comedian who *is actually a comedian. The orchestra of* Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, will be staying on.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It doesn't matter when the sun sets on this sector of the British Empire, for none of its colonials would be caught dead in daylight anyway. Incidental music to talk or dance to is offered in the grand salon; in the Champagne Room, the music (by Ernest Schoen's Viennese trio) is solely for dreaming. Closed Sundays.

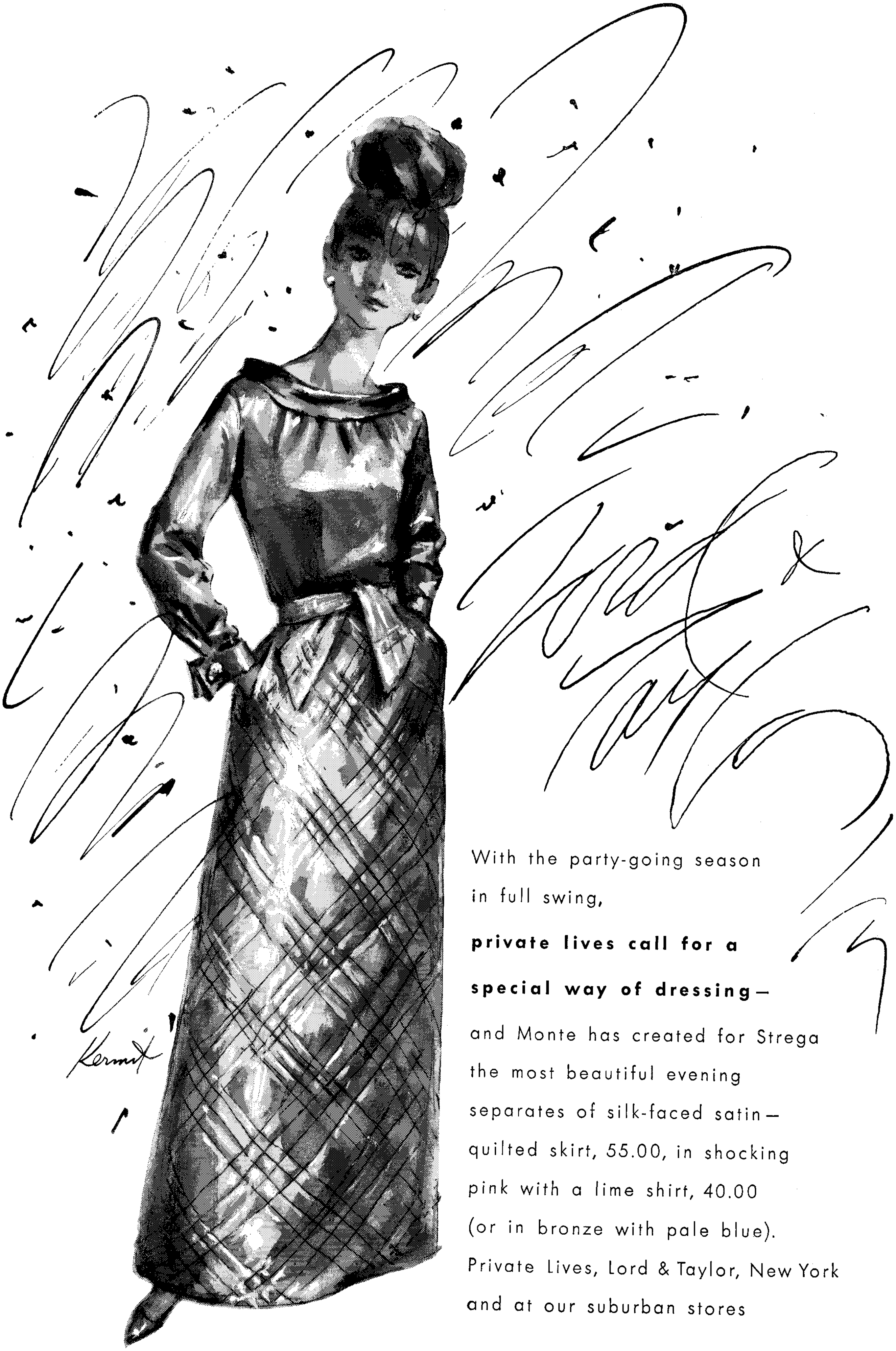
Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The almost lost art of steamboat building and ornamentation, and the happy return of the Big Band days. Si Zentner's B.B. is there now; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 22-24, Les and Larry Elgart's band, which lives on the trickiest of arrangements, will be in session; Thanksgiving Day, Warren Covington's orchestra will do a stand; Friday, Nov. 26, Tito Puente's *Latin blusterers will settle in for a while.* The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand with the real New York beat every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, the irruptive redhead who sings and sashays at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, brings to mind the premise that there is nothing like a dame. She is flanked by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Farber's steady-going orchestra, who are on hand all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ The light that begins at eight to play on the statuary of the Palm Court is royal purple—perfectly appropriate to the palace it becomes, a palace with the courtly violin of Gunnar Hansen and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings music to the cocktail lounge (view south); the music itself (a heated argument in favor of dancing, by the quartet of Jonah Jones) appears in person from eight to one in the dining room (view north and west), which has a minute floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to



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the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

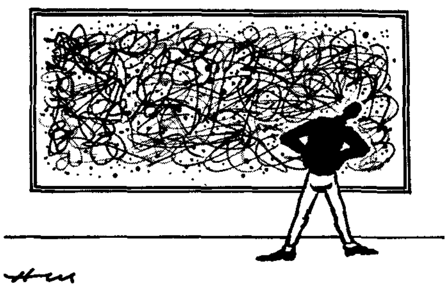
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The usual course of events in Peacock Alley—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano from four to eight, a dance group from nine to one—will be interrupted on Thanksgiving Day (dinner until nine, with Mr. H. in attendance, and no dancing). That day, too, in the Sert Room, there'll be dinner until seven, with a listening-only threesome. Aside from all this, there is Hartley piano in the Alley from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays, when there is no dancing; dancing, but no piano, on Mondays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Italian, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (from Rome to Rodgers) often serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain and piano are wintering this season in a pub that houses a fair quota of *jeunesse dorée* in a *jeunesse* (or even *je-ne-sais-quoi*) state of bliss. He is a late starter, a late finisher. No music Sundays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S,** on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): A voice that has been heard halfway round the world, from Bricktop's in Rome to this and that West Indie—Mr. Shannon, his barroom piano, and his cynic/romantic ballads. Not before ten, and very likely until three. Sundays are dark. The menu is nonexistent. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Steve Iles plays concert piano that rings not only welkins but some tricky changes. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a king himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display; the harpist Margret Brill, who composes in the classic vein, is added after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again, and by José Luis Franco—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, flexing a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Moscow Nights are growing long (eight until two). Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups, from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor, it is nice to know, is again Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The portion of the Hotel Westbury given over to dining at no more than a trot and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of casual piano from six until midnight, except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Dry sherry is the proper accompaniment for the terse Iberian guitar of Gustavo Lopez, who is in residence from nine-thirty until one (except Mondays), and for the terse Iberian setting of this tiny bar, which is there all the time. No dining. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.



NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven thirty, is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (chief among them Linda Benter) spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. Saturday and Sunday matinées from one to six. There is a menu, to an extent. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Sundays, Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, and Thanksgiving Day, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *"French Dressing," a brand-new* Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a roguish romp of practically two hours' duration. Along with the ballerinas and the apaches and all goes Jimmy Nelson, a ventriloquist of great repute. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Breathes there a song with soul so dead that it cannot leap into life when Peggy Lee chances upon it? The answer is no, and the reason is that no one can match her soprano in its dual role of tiger cat and kitten. The mighty orchestra behind her purrs, too—not like the usual instrument of destruction but like an appreciative audience. On Thanksgiving Day a new charade commences. In honor of all the sprung school-children, it will be headed by Paul Anka, a ranking Pied Piper; Norm Crosby will be the humorist. Dancing....¶ Up in the lounge, there is tumult-and-shouting music in a setting that is generally pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week. ... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The power and the glory is Duke Ellington's band, with Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and other great men of our times; the wily, wiry chanting is the work of Mel Tormé; the airy persiflage is the work of the sharp-tongued Joan Rivers. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players *who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years,* are again keeping up their spirits of mockery, and John Keatts is their new male companion; the ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all new and all noblewomen. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten....¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing about "Just for Openers," the new pocket-edition revue here, is the presence of R. G. Brown, to whom farce of an almost subliminal sort is second nature. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jim Hall's trio (*il penseroso*) and Jaki Byard's quartet (rampage) are swinging their weight around. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. Mondays are in the charge of Alan Grant, a disc jockey without disc-jockey faults, who parades another set of living musicians.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The twelve-tone scale is only a dime a dozen when Carmen McRae's intense, acrobatic, slithering soprano *starts getting intricate.* She signs off on Sunday, Nov. 21; on Tuesday, Nov. 23, the Swingle Singers begin a much too brief series of vocal chamber-music recitals. Dick Gregory, who drops in every Friday and Saturday, continues to speak—often with humorous content—about facing up to the world, a topic he can enhance with first-hand experience. Mondays, the play area is always occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A sidewalk café and a restaurant of sorts (both closed on Mondays) are appended on the ground floor. ... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. Mike Settle, a young Oklahoma bard, is the folk musician, and a good one; what humor there is comes from the Uncalled-For 3. On Wednesday, Nov. 24, The Bitter End Singers will arrive to enlarge the cast. Tuesdays are *assigned to visiting graduates and* undergraduates.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, Jimmy Cobb, and Paul Chambers are part of the scene. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, they are to be replaced by the quartet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are disturbing the peace. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld—to produce the *old-school* clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo pianist. Nine-fifteen is starting time. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are conducting an old-fashioned joy-through-living shivaree. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave, find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

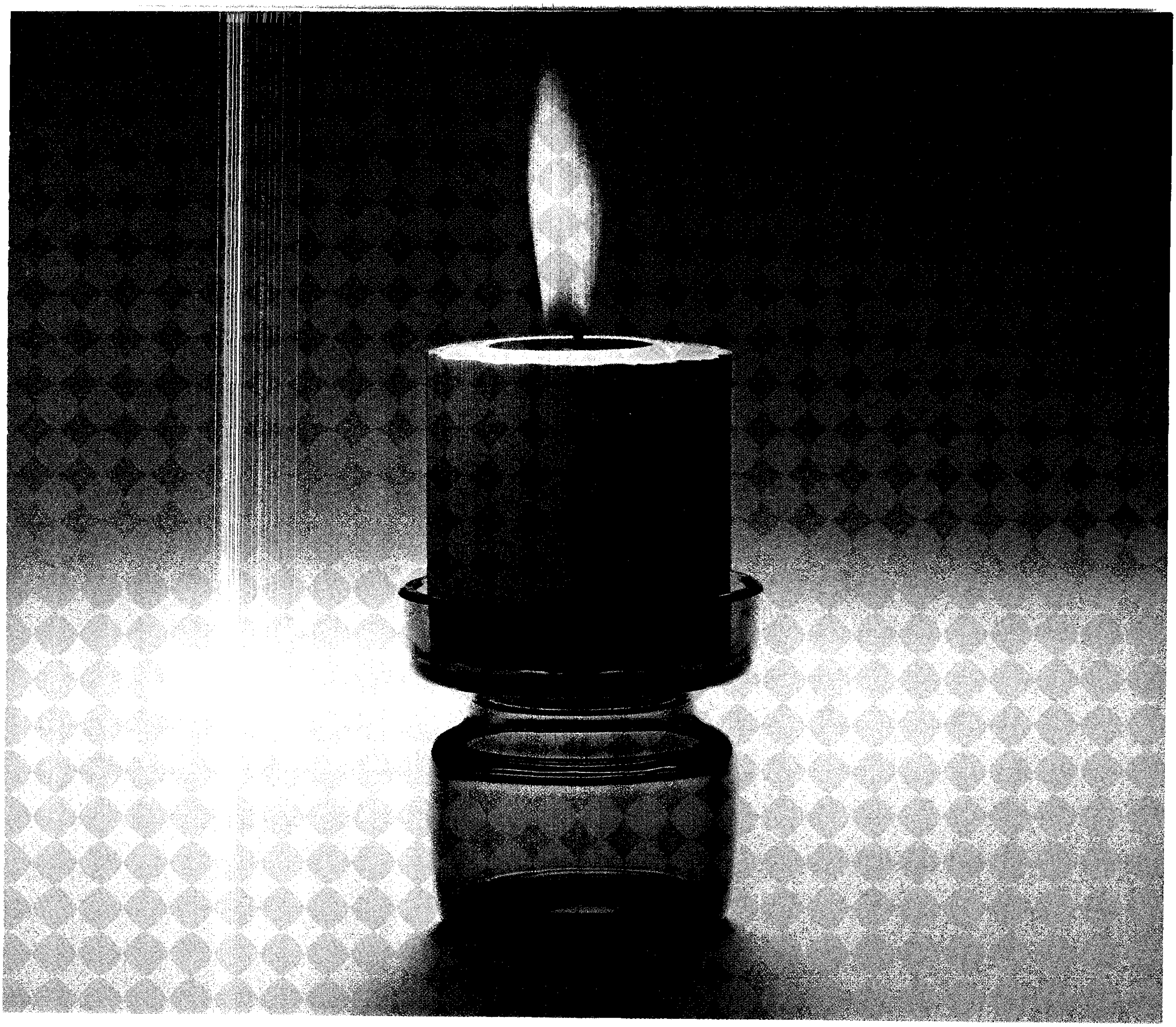
GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

LARRY BELL—Glass constructions; through Dec. 1. (Place, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BLEIFELD—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALIK CAVALIERE—Floral and vegetal bronzes;



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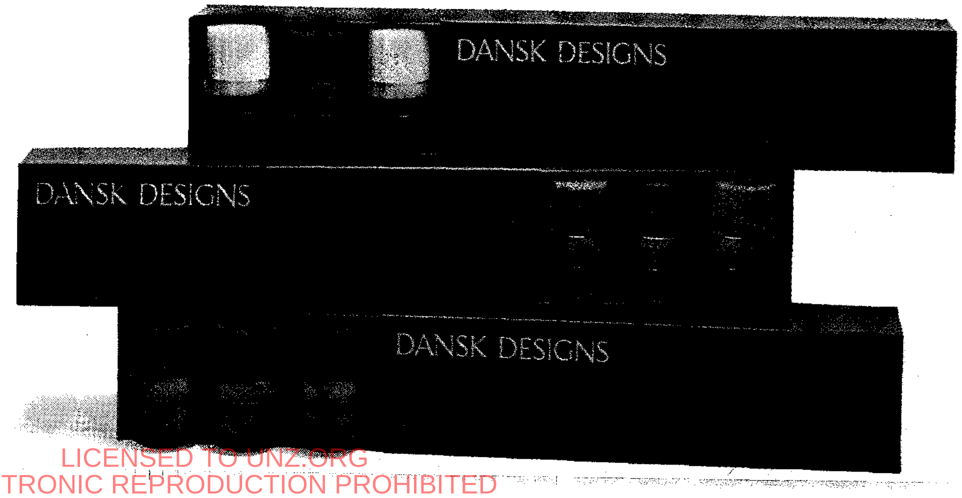

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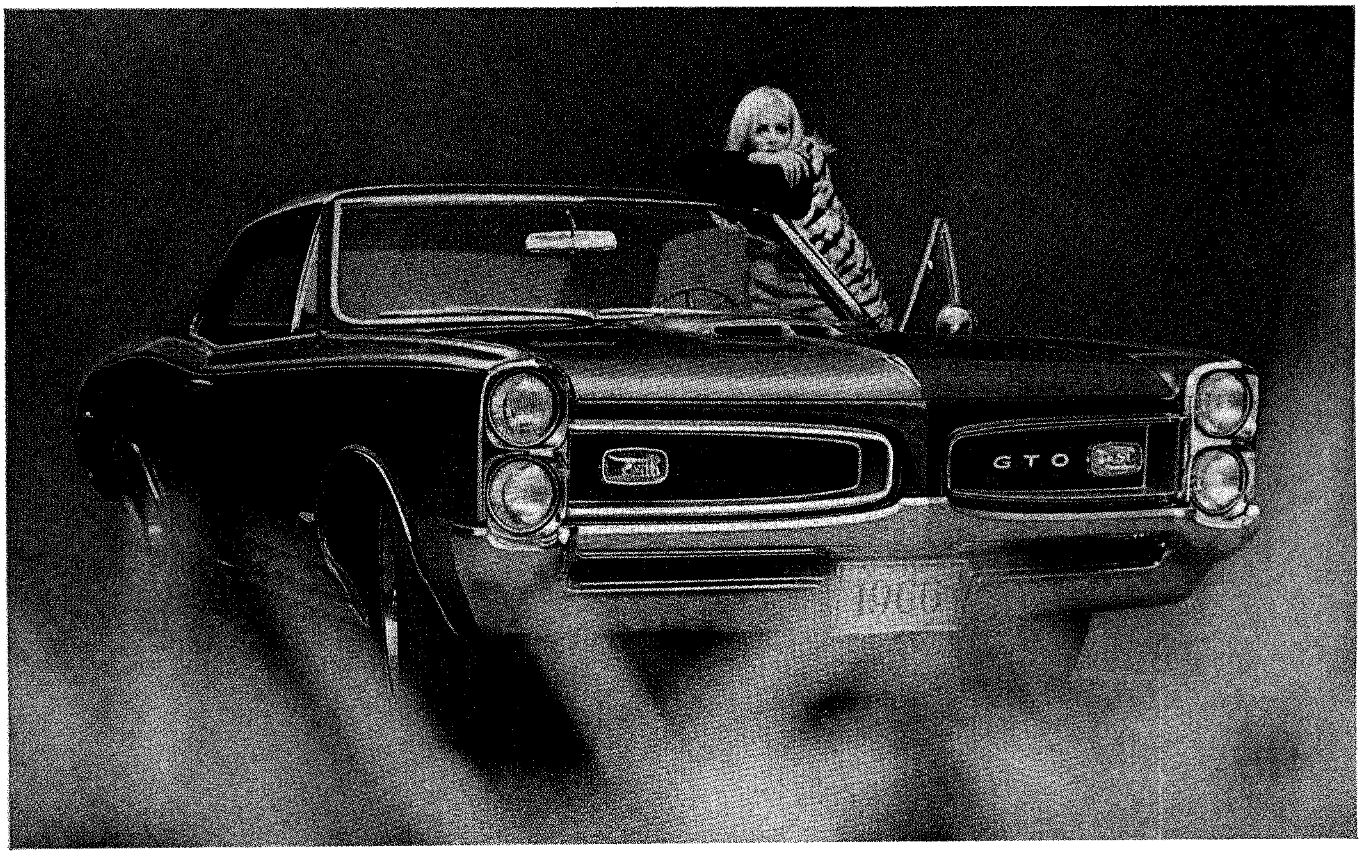

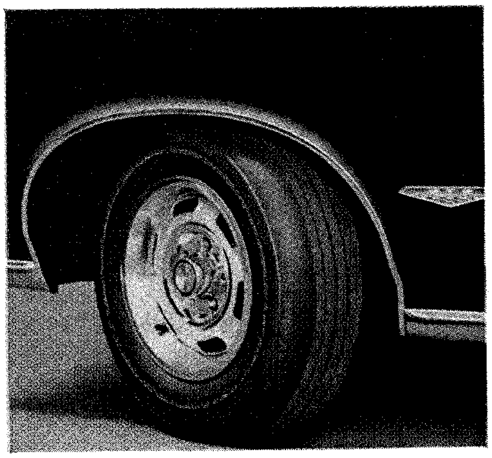

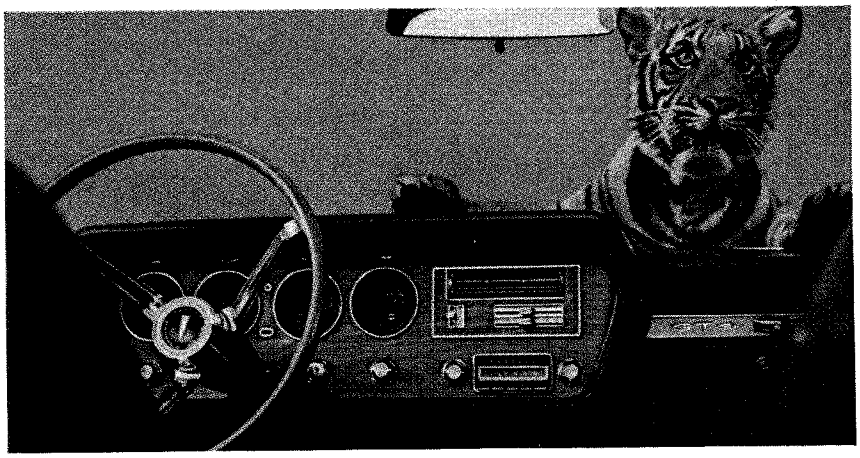

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lamar Dodd—Abstractions suggesting landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Raoul Dufy—A retrospective of oils, gouaches, watercolors, and drawings from the Dufy estate; through Dec. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Lettering in woodcut and relief, plus illustrated books; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Giobbi—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Dec. 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils and cast aluminum and stone sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Grosser—Paintings of Morocco; through Dec. 4. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam—An exhibition of paintings (1900-20) that is running concurrently with his show at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Dec. 18. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings; through Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract oils; through Dec. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Koch—Interiors with figures and landscapes; through Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Leon Kroll—Representational paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a School of Paris artist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Oskar Laske (1874-1951)—Oil paintings and graphic works by this Austrian artist; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pietro Lazzari—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Nov. 30. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Isadore Levy—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 4. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Etienne Martin—Bronze sculptures. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Watercolor botanical studies on vellum and hard-edge acrylic paintings on canvas by a young Scottish artist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Joan Miró—New paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Nelson—Constructions and assemblages; through Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract panels; through Dec. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A retrospective of paintings (1909-63); through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alex Redein—Nudes, landscapes, cityscapes, seascapes, and florals; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Stasack—Oils, ink drawings, and prints by a professor of art at the University of Hawaii. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Lithographs; through Dec.

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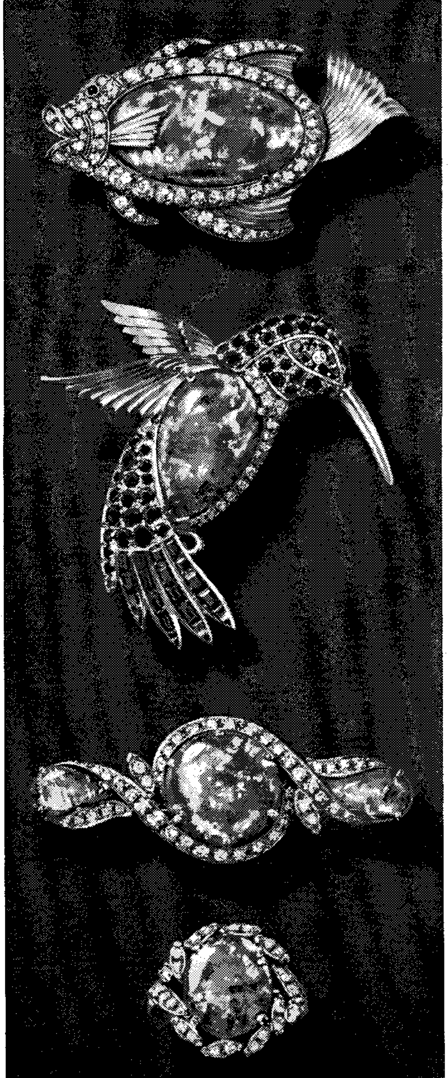

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shinkichi Tajiri—Sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—Recent paintings; through Dec. 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Tsai—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Kees Van Dongen—A survey of paintings (1900-25) of Paris life by the Dutch-born artist, who is now eighty-eight; through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Abstract oils; through Dec. 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Olympia's Progeny—A benefit loan exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings by Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and five other French masters, celebrating the centenary of Manet's "Olympia;" through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—By the SCULPTORS GUILD, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Their annual exhibit, comprising items by sixty-three members (including Robert Laurent, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A showing entitled "Sculpture from All Directions," with pieces by David Smith, George Rickey, David Weinrib, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 27.

African Art—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Show—The fifty-second annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Nov. 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Kupka, Klee, and Tobey are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings; through Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Dec. 24. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Icelandic Art 1900-65—A travelling show of landscapes, figure paintings, and abstractions by (for instance) Thórarinn B. Thorláksson and Jóhannes Jóhannesson; through Dec. 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9.... ¶ A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); starting Friday, Nov. 19. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ "Femme Fatale," an exhibit of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28.... ¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection, ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2.... ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28.... ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Nov. 28.... ¶ Paintings by John Quidor (1801-81), including "Ichabod Crane Pursued by *the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow;*" through Dec. 5. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," a showing of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the American Impressionist Childe Hassam, and portraits by Earl Hubbard; through Dec. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Hassam showing is his exhibition at the ACA Heritage Gallery, 63 E. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The newly opened permanent installation of the Dutch Galleries, covering all phases of life in the settlement of New Amsterdam and including a panoramic view of the skyline and harbor as they appeared in 1660. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty six-teen- to twenty-three-year-old American Indian artists representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, John Alexander, Frank Guarrera, and Elfego Esparza.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and

John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, Walter Cassel, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 22: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, and Nicolai Ghiaurov. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 23: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, William Dooley, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 24: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Felicia Weathers, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Jon Vickers, William Walker, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 25: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Rosalind Elias, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 27: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 27: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, William Walker, and Nicolai Ghiaurov. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Metropolitan Opera National Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 18: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19: "Carmen," in French. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting an all-Dvořák program on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting an Ives-Mahler program on Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—Karel Ancerl conducting, with Martin Turnovsky, guest conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Alfred Deller, countertenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Jussi Jalas conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:40.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a program of Haydn symphonies. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3 and 9.)

Bach Festival—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Szymon Goldberg. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.

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Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

POZNAN CHOIR—Stefan Stuligrosz directing this choir of seventy-five men and boys from Poland. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Semele," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing a program of music by the Bach family. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

VIVIAN RIVKIN—Pianist, in a program of Schumann chamber music, with assisting artists. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Netherlands String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

GRACE BUMBRY—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

MIRELLA FRENI—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

RICHARD TUCKER—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

OLEGNA FUSCHI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

KARL RICHTER—Organ, in an all-Bach program in memory of President Kennedy. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 5:30, and again at 10:30.)

JOHN ATKINS—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

IAN AND SYLVIA—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

MANITAS DE PLATA—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at midnight.)

QUARTETTO DI ROMA—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Renaissance music of Spain and Colonial America. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Galimir Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

FOLK-SONG CONCERTS—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: Tom Paxton, John Hammond, Jack Elliott, Joe Williams, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: An Israeli concert, with Shoshana Damari and others.

JAZZ CONCERTS—"A Study in Percussion," with Max Roach, Art Blakey, Jo Jones, Roy Haynes, Louis Bellson, and others; Billy Taylor, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)... ¶ The Ramsey Lewis Trio, Herbie Mann, and Flip Wilson. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 6:30: Cincinnati vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 20 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field.... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.... THANKSGIVING DAY: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... SATURDAY, NOV. 27 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 1:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 11. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 20; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 27.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 20.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—The thirty-ninth annual children's treat—fairy-tale floats, giant balloons, bands, dancers, and clowns. Starts at 9 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11:30.

MUSIC—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11.... ¶ Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2:30.)... NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 20, at noon and 2:30.)... AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "The Mikado," Saturday, Nov. 20.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sunday, Nov. 21.... ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Nov. 27. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.)... SINGING BOYS OF MONTERREY: A program of Mexican folk songs. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings," "The Crowded House," and "The Shepherd and the Spider." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1:30.)... EXPLORE, INC.: "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Friday, Nov. 26, at 3, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1 and 3.)... GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1 and 2:30.)... MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "The Blue Planet." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays

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and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE:** "Aladdin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1:30 and 3.)...¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 26, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 23, there will be a new show, "Christmas and the Star." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30: Ralph Ellison reading from his own novels.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:30: Philip Booth and Anthony Hecht reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 21.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—Abraham Lincoln is the big man at the show this year; there will be special displays of Lincoln material from the Smithsonian Institution, the Cardinal Spellman Philatelic Museum, and the collection of William E. Decker. Otherwise stamps. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 21, from 2 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 18, at 6: American paintings and drawings by John Marin, Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Albert Bierstadt, and others; from many sources.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:45: Italian and French furniture, gold and silver watches, and decorations; from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 1:45: Books on medicine from the Boston Medical Library, together with art reference works and other books.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 1:45: Nineteenth-century paintings, including works of the Barbizon School; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 19.

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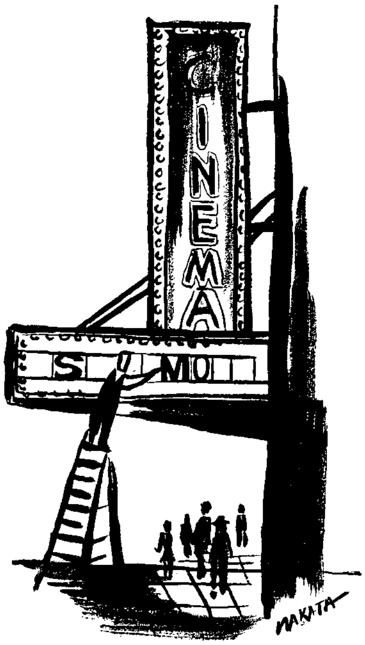


FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (In Italian at the Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Nov. 23. After 7 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577. After 7 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Leather Boys—A pair of young lovers, more foolish than star-crossed, and a homosexual friend, who *really* has troubles, grow up to the roaring of innumerable motorcycles. With Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton, and superbly directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Married Woman—A simple, flawless account of a marriage that doesn't work and a love affair that doesn't work very well, either. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the very top of his bent. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 23.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A candid, affecting study of a remarkable American. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 24.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 23.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Nov. 22-23.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 19-22.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 22.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Nov. 23.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 24.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 20-21.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 19.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 23.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 19-22.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 23.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 23.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Nov. 19.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 24, tentative.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 23.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Nov. 23.)

The Ugly American (1963)—Marlon Brando in a melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 23-24.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 24.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 18.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 21. After 7 on Thursday, Nov. 18, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Nov. 18-19 at 11:30, 2, and 5:30; Nov. 20 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30; Nov. 21 at 2 and 5:30; and Nov. 22 at 11:30, 2, and 5:30: "The Independent Film, Selections from the Film-Makers' Co-operative." . . ¶ Starting Nov. 23, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Thunderbolt" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Richard Arlen. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last five programs in a series of Argentine films, directed by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Nov. 18, at 2:30 and 5:30: "Hand in the Trap" (1963). Nov. 19, at 2:30 and 5:30: "Summerskin" (1962). Nov. 20, at 2:30: "The Terrace" (1964). Nov. 20, at 5:30: "The Fall" (1961). Nov. 21, at 2:30: "The Terrace" (1964). . . . ¶ Nov. 23-24, showings at 2:30: "42nd Street" (1933), with Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Nov. 23-24, showings at 5:30: A program of excerpts from Busby Berkeley musical films. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson. (After 8 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 23: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 23: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Nov. 24: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 23: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Nov. 24 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The War Lord," Charlton Heston, Richard Boone.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 19: "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.
Nov. 20-21: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy; and "Maytime," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
Nov. 22-23: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "Meet Me in St. Louis," revival, Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
From Nov. 24: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian). After 7 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 21: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**, revival; and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton. (After 7 on Thursday, Nov. 18, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)
From Nov. 22: "Kwaidan" (in Japanese).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Friend of the Family" (in French), Jean Marais, Danielle Darrieux.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Nov. 19: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
Nov. 20-21: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Nov. 22: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.
From Nov. 23: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival; and **RICHARD III**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 23: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 23: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 24 (tentative): "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton; and another feature, to be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 23: **CASANOVA '70**; and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell. (After 7 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.)
From Nov. 24: "Sands of the Kalahari," Stanley Baker, Stuart Whitman; and "Requiem for a Gunfighter," Rod Cameron, Stephen McNally.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 18: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Nov. 19-22: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
From Nov. 23: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 23: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).
From Nov. 24: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 23: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Nov. 24: "The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 23: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman; and "The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux. (After 7 on Monday, Nov. 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Floyd Patterson fight.)
From Nov. 24: "Sands of the Kalahari," Stanley Baker, Stuart Whitman; and "Requiem for a Gunfighter," Rod Cameron, Stephen McNally.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 23: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Nov. 24: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 23: "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From Nov. 24: "The Grand Substitution" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

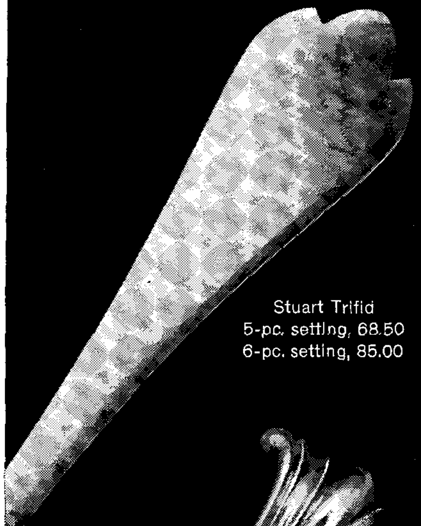
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 19: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
Nov. 20-22: "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
Nov. 23-24: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**, revival; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 23: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell.
From Nov. 24: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 18: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
Nov. 19-22: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
From Nov. 23: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 23: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "Maid for Murder."
From Nov. 24: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.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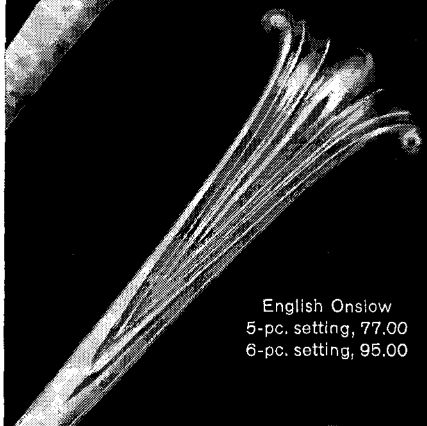
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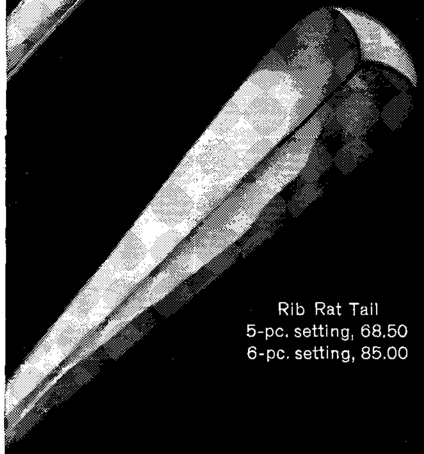
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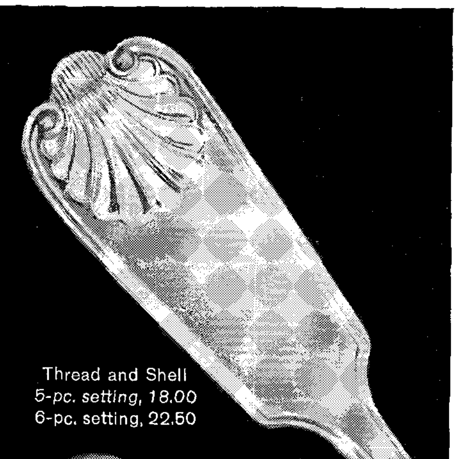
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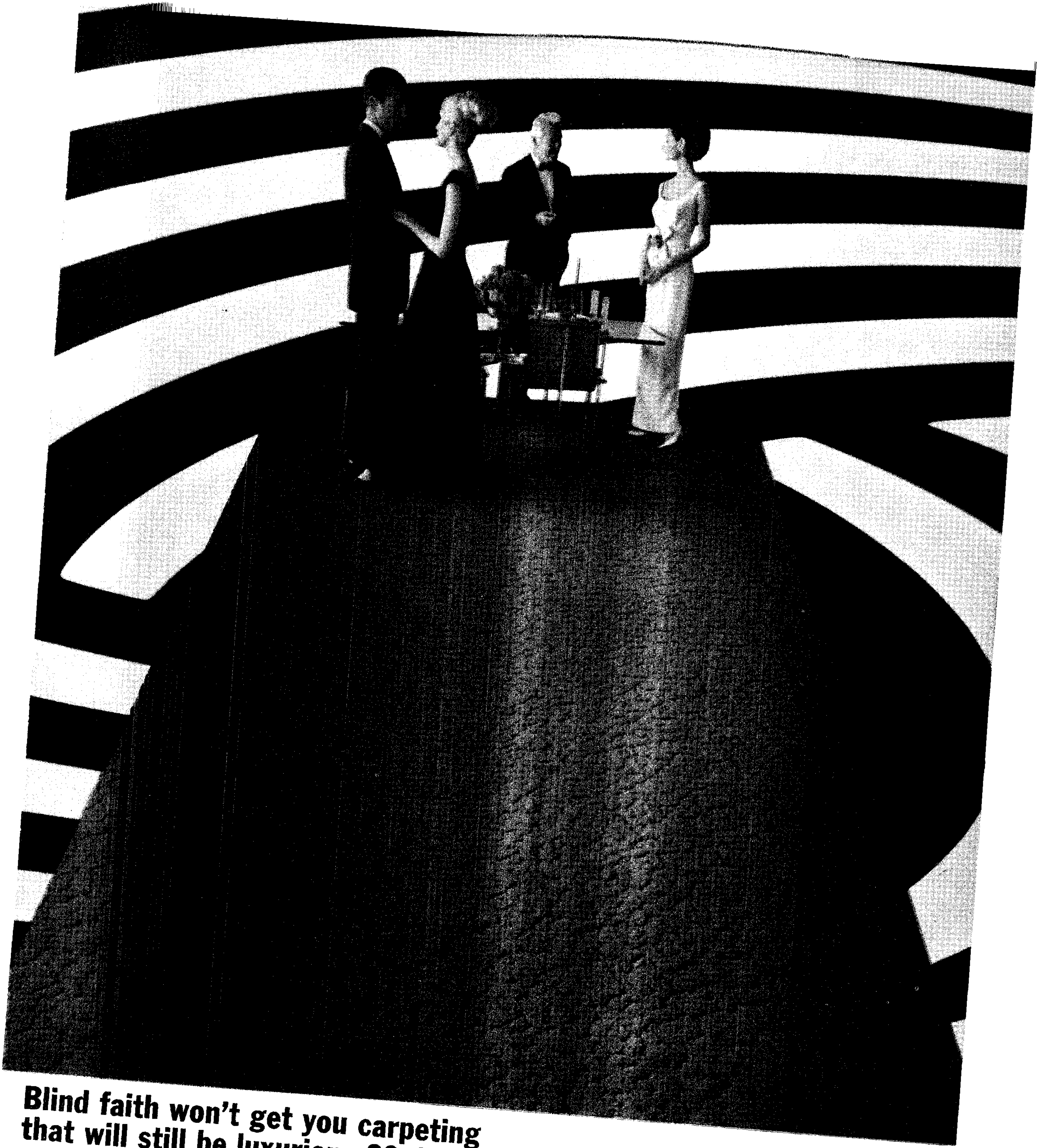

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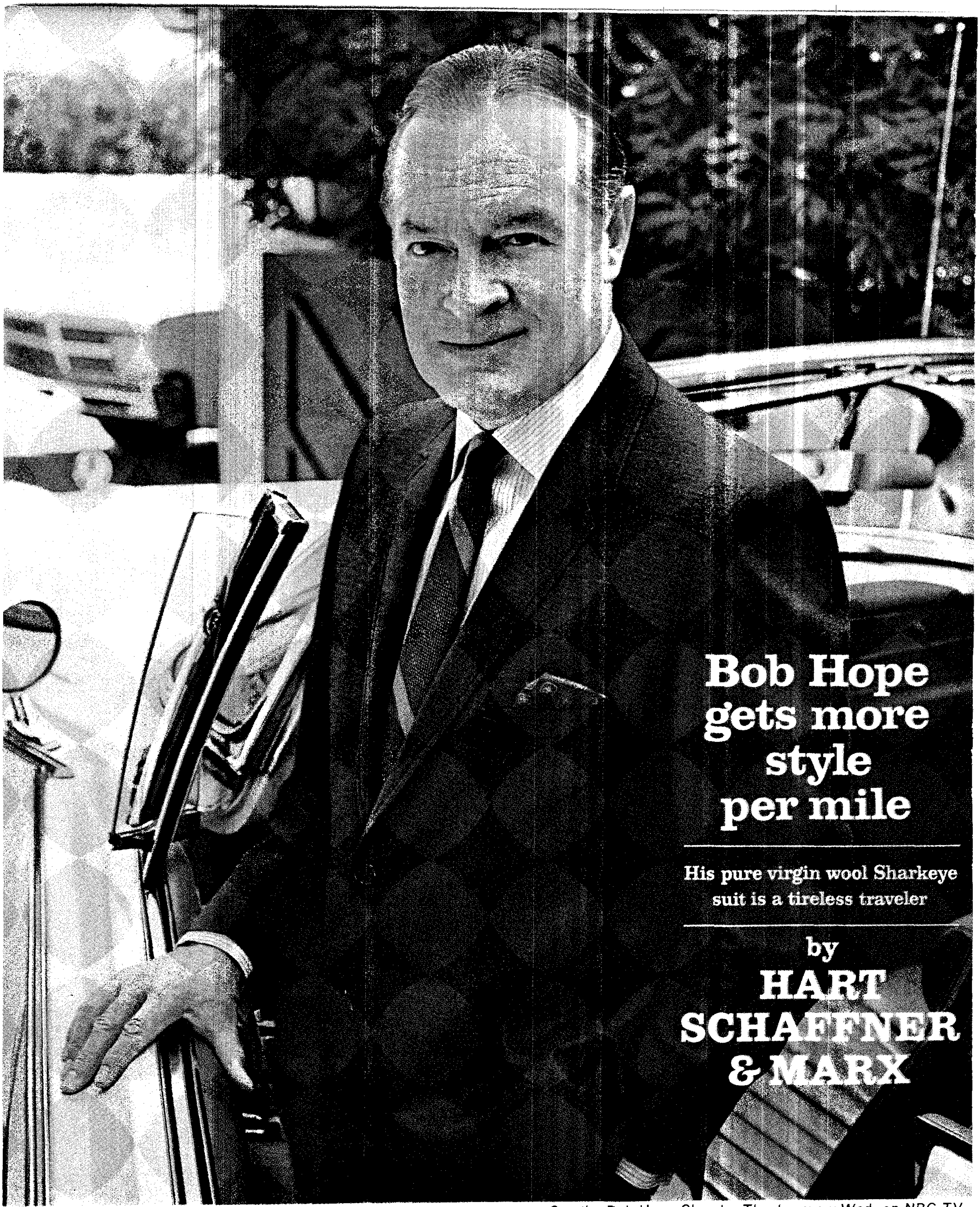

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You didn't feel anything? Good. Now you know how it feels to shave with the new Norelco Speedshaver® What you won't know until you try it is just how close a shave you get. Actually 18% closer because we've shaved down our shaving heads 18% thinner . . . as thin as this sheet of paper. Behind them, Norelco rotary blades gently stroke off whiskers without cutting. Or nicking. Or grabbing or pulling. There's a pop-up trimmer for sideburns. "Floating Heads" that fit every contour of your face. Easy "flip-open" cleaning. A voltage selector. On/off switch. And a coil cord. All in all, more shaving features than any other electric shaver. Hurry out and buy one before you have to explain what you're doing holding a magazine to your face and going z-z-z-z-z.

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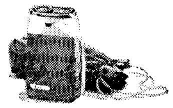

Perfect second shaver. New low price. Norelco Cordless. Shaves anywhere on ordinary batteries. Rotary blades. Drawstring pouch.

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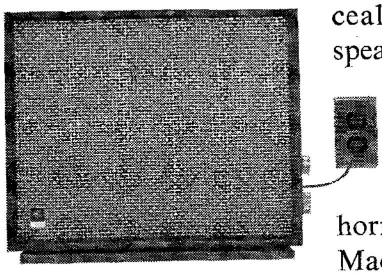
The best in stereo equipment for him.

The right furniture style for her.

Model shown: TC 5741 BWD

Plus an extra: Porta-Fi for them both.



What's Porta-Fi? She can listen to FM-Stereo in the living room while he enjoys the same music in the den. Or shut off the console sound and Porta-Fi will play on.

That's the beauty of this unique home-entertainment option. And it's available only from General Electric.

It works like this. An optional transmitter inside the console sends sound through your regular household wiring. The Porta-Fi speaker plays it, wherever you plug it in. Playroom, bedroom—you name it.

It's like having any room in the house wired for sound—*without* one extra wire.

As for equipment! Those handcrafted cabinets conceal everything, from front-mounted speakers in acoustically lined, closed chambers to solid-state amplifiers packing up to 113 watts of music power. 226 watts peak!

There are 1,000-cycle exponential horns in some models; the G-E Man Made* diamond stylus in all. Plus a list of functional extras as long as your arm.

Something for everyone. Stereo consoles and stereo-television combinations priced from under $150 to over $1,000,** most with Porta-Fi option and a number with tape, too. 39 models to choose from. All this, at your General Electric dealer.

*Trademark for diamonds manufactured by the General Electric Company.

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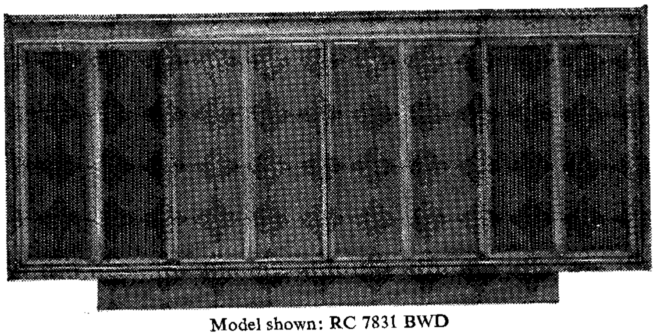
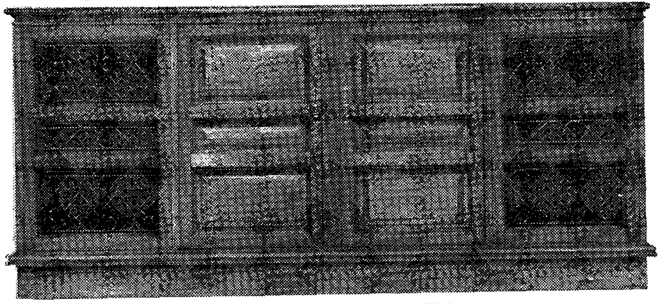


Model shown: RC 7831 BWD



Model shown: RC 7836 BPN

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You discover the unique difference the moment your Japan Air Lines hostess welcomes you aboard. Flying the Pacific, or to Southeast Asia and Europe, Michiko Komatsu and her sister hostesses bring you the enchantment of Japan itself.

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Relax in an aura of classic Japan

Even the decor of your magnificent DC-8 Jet Courier conspires to delight you. The pinebough brocade of the seats is a classic symbol of good fortune. The tortoise-shell motifs, wrought in gold leaf above you, are centuries-old designs signaling auspicious occasions. Michiko's silk kimono is itself a colorful touch of the magic awaiting you on Japan Air Lines.

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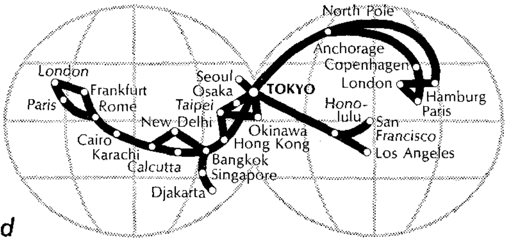
Let us mail you a fascinating preview of touring on JAL, our route maps and worldwide destinations. If you would also like the complete 200-page guidebook, "Seeing Japan," enclose $1. Write Japan Air Lines, Box 2721-NY, San Francisco.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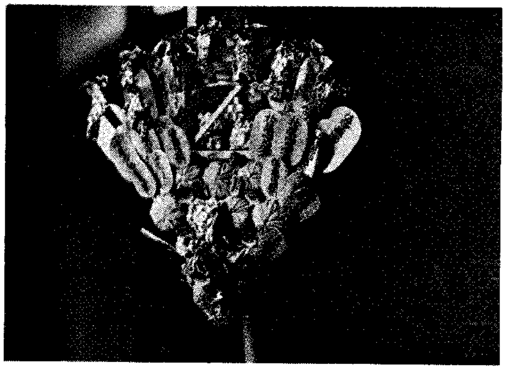
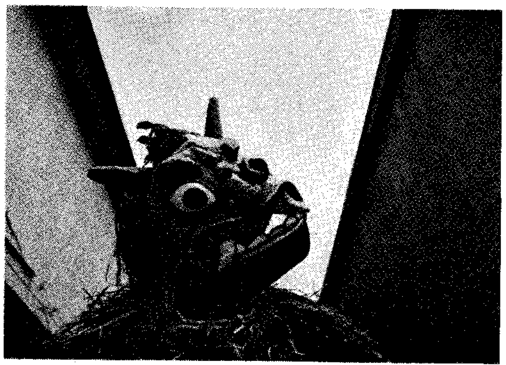
Why Japan's worldwide airline is so delightfully unique

To make a wish come true, Michiko ties an omikuji fortune paper to the "message tree." There is similar sorcery in the way this charming Japan Air Lines hostess anticipates your every wish—even before you ask.

Japan's festivals honor the family heritage...



Gather good fortune with ceremonial rakes...



Placate visiting "devils" with sake and cakes. Japan imparts magic to every occasion—including your JAL flight.

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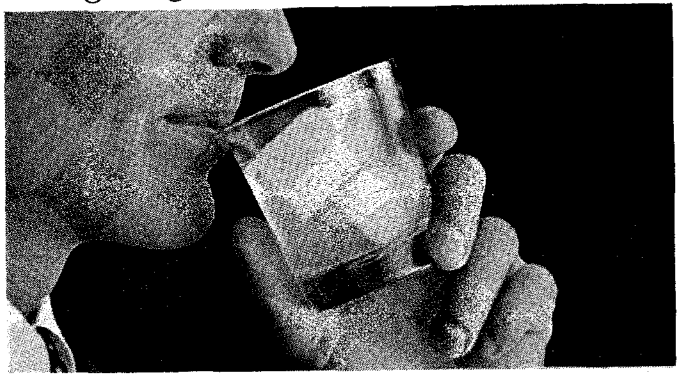
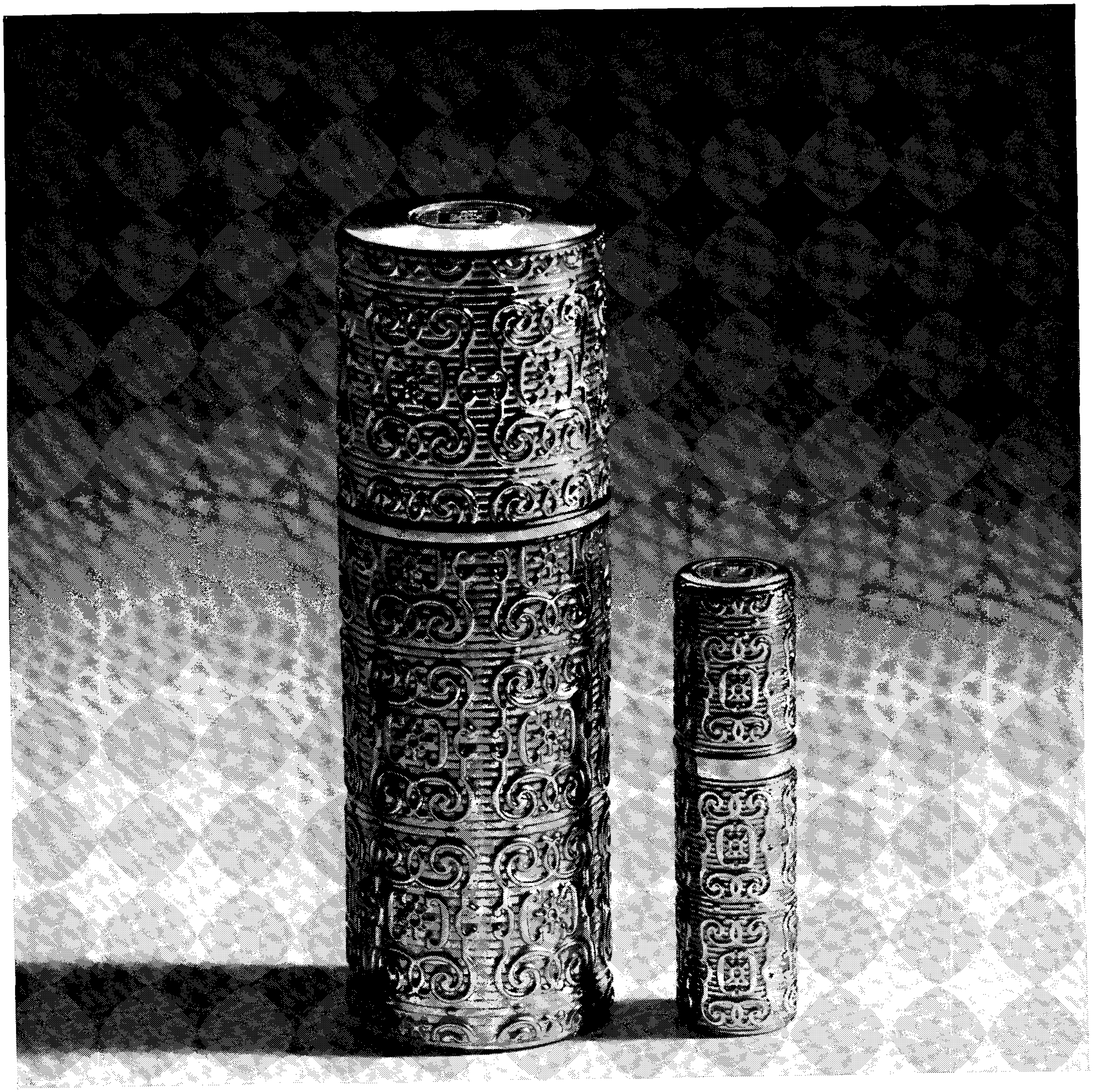


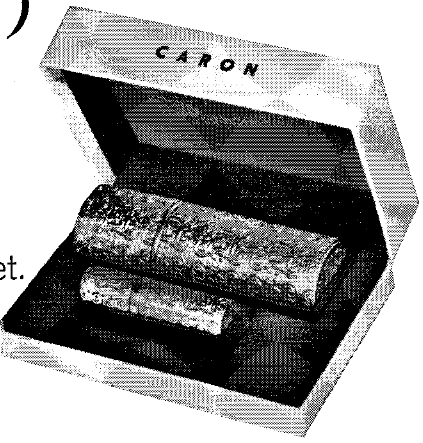
...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner ...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

They took the light of stars, blew life into it and called it Waterford crystal. When will you call it yours?



A couple meant for each other (...and for you)



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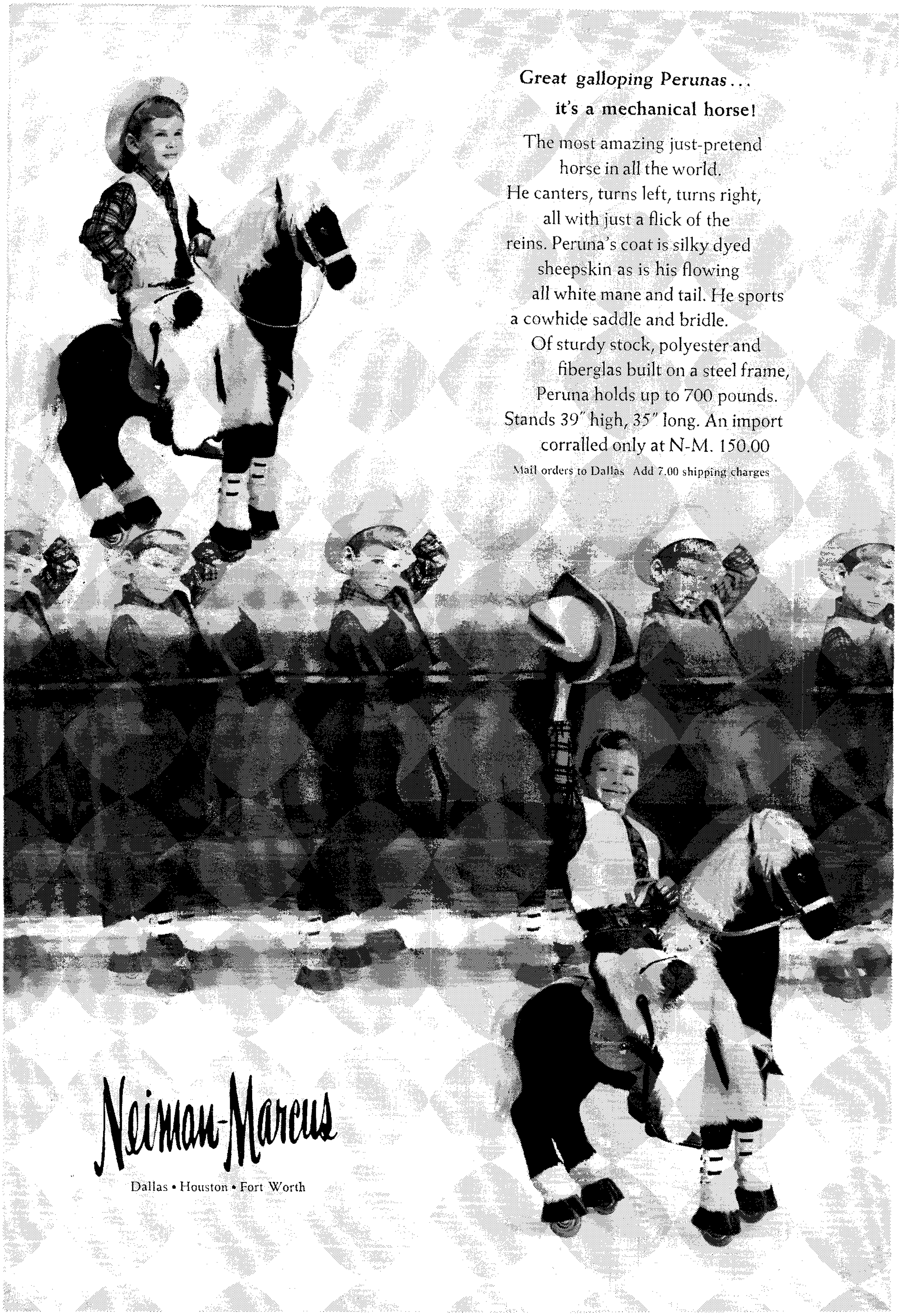

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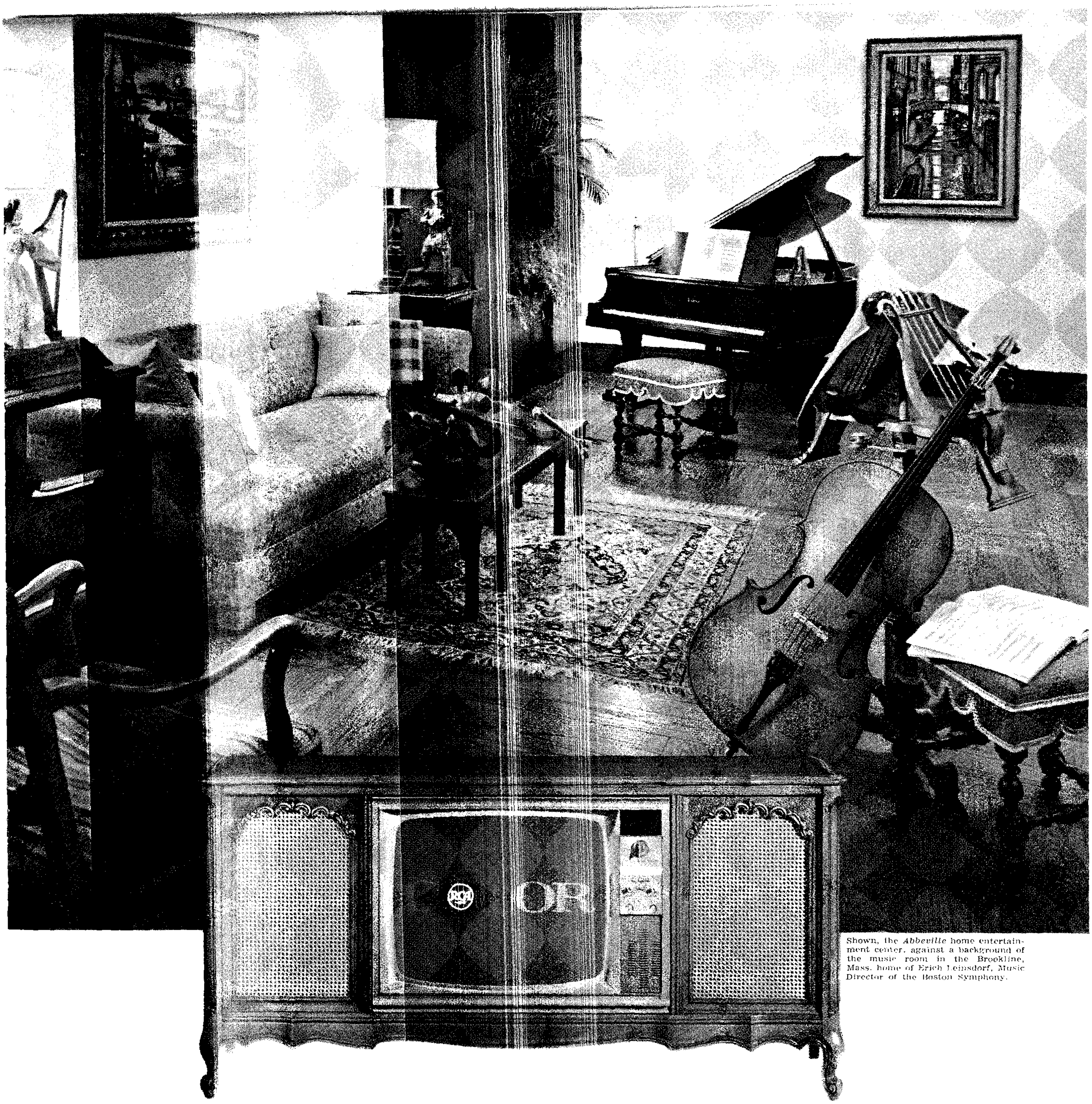

Shown, the *Abbeville* home entertainment center, against a background of the music room in the Brookline, Mass. home of Erich Leinsdorf, Music Director of the Boston Symphony.

In America's finest homes... true-to-life color with RCA Victor Solid Copper Circuit dependability

Add a spot of beauty to your home—and your home life. The superbly detailed cabinetry of RCA Victor Color TV adds a handsome grace note to any room—whether your style choice is French Provincial, Early American, Contemporary, Scandinavian, Mediterranean or Oriental.

But think of what's in that beautiful cabinet. Enchanted hours of the most true-to-life Color TV you can buy. The new RCA Hi-Lite Color Tube is natural. Sharp. Bright. And you have the assurance of long-term dependability with RCA Solid Copper Circuits (shown at left). They're the circuits of the Space Age. They won't come loose. Won't short circuit. Won't go haywire.

RCA pioneered and perfected Color TV—has had more experience making Color TV than many manufacturers have in making black and white sets.

These are a few of the irresistible reasons why more people own RCA Victor than any other kind. Now it's your turn. Don't let another colorless day go by at your house.

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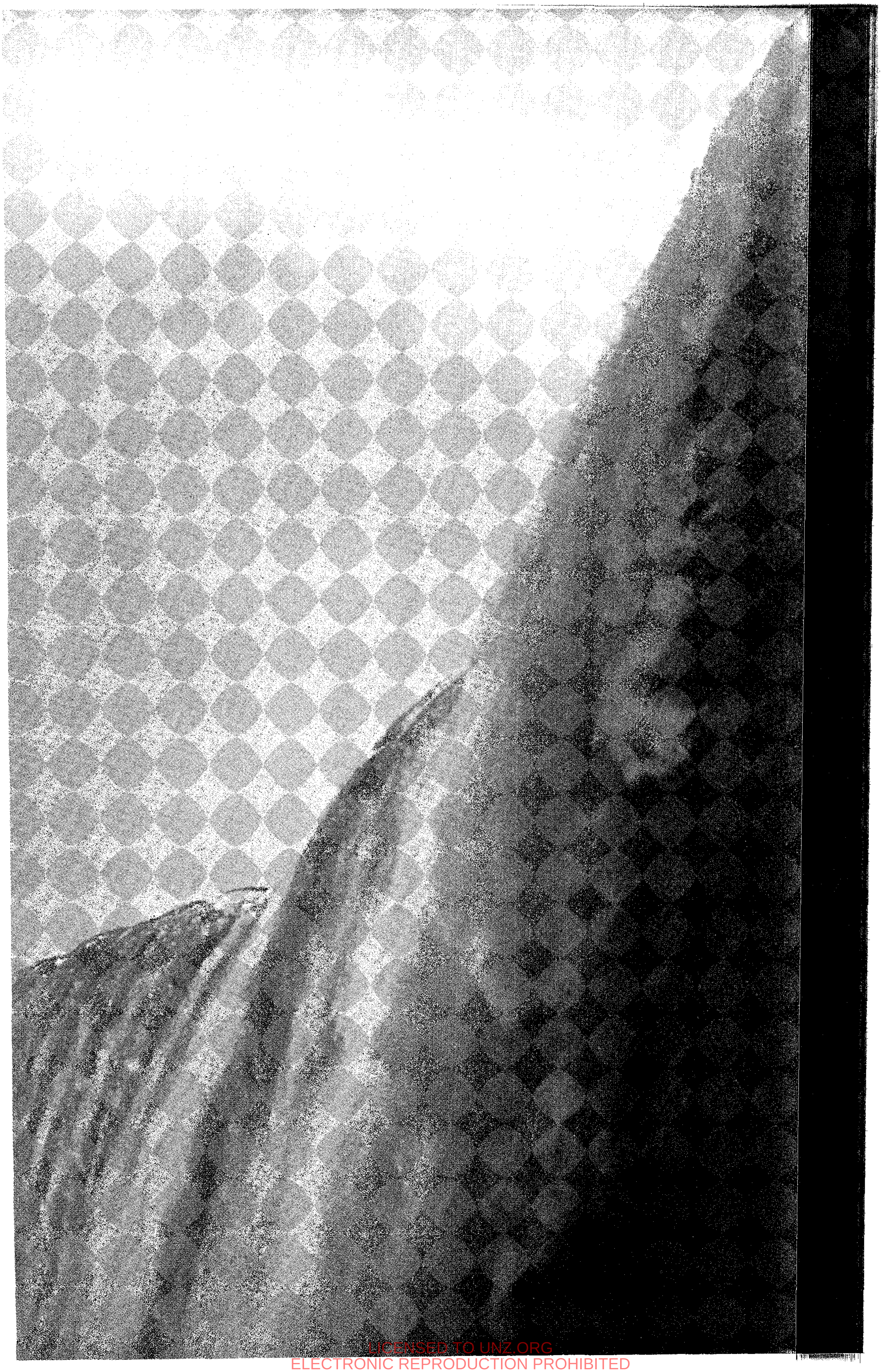

The great engineers of Borg-Warner have built a battery of pumps that can move almost twice as much water as flows over the American Falls at Niagara

The pumping station at Washington's Grand Coulee Dam can move an incredible 4,320,000 gallons of water per minute—with pumps designed and built by the engineers of Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson Division. Here's the story of these remarkable machines that could be the key to quenching America's growing water crisis.

WHEN IT COMES to taking water that's *there* and getting it *here*, nobody can hold a candle to the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson Division. For seventy-nine years they've been busy building pumps that lift water over mountains, push it through tunnels, down pipes and canals and irrigation ditches. And with water growing scarcer every day, they're going to be a lot busier in the future.

Will Byron Jackson be up to the challenge? They haven't been stumped yet. Take the huge Grand Coulee Pumping Station. The six pumps that Byron Jackson designed and built for this project can pump almost twice the volume of water that flows over the American Falls at Niagara. They help irrigate more than 1,000,000 acres of once barren land through a network of 4,000 miles of canals, ditches and pipelines. Experts in the Bureau of Reclamation estimate that the new farmland created with the help of these Byron Jackson pumps is the equivalent of adding a whole new state to the Union.

And pumps like these can feed thirsty people as well as thirsty vegetables. Just one of them can pump one billion gallons of water a day. That's enough to supply every man, woman and child in the city of New York with over 100 gallons of water a day. Even now, practically every glass of water drunk in Southern California passes at one time or another through a Byron Jackson pump.

Of course, it doesn't matter how big your pumps are if there's no water to pump in the first place. But Byron Jackson is working on that, too. They've already designed a revolutionary desalinization pump that is lighter and less expensive than existing models. And it can be driven by an electric motor that costs only half as much as those required for conventional pumps.

No wonder Byron Jackson is ready, willing and able to tackle America's critical water problem. It's not everybody that can beat Niagara Falls at its own game—although we don't seriously expect many honeymooners to show up at our pumping stations.

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◄ 2¼ million gallons per minute flow over the American Falls at Niagara—roughly half as much as BJ pumps handle at Grand Coulee Dam.

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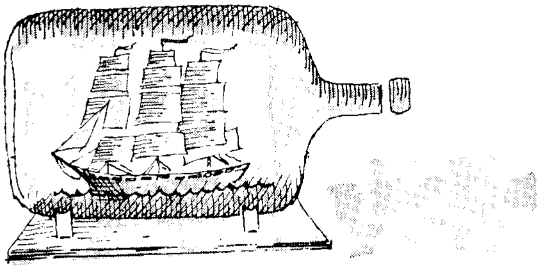

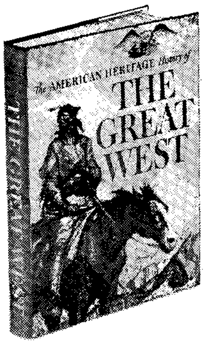
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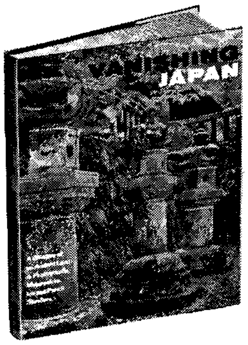
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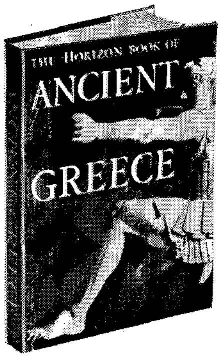
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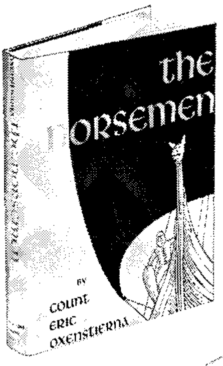
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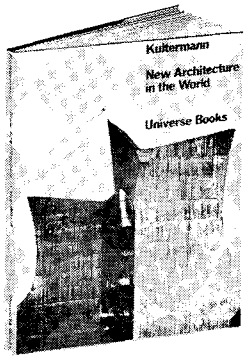
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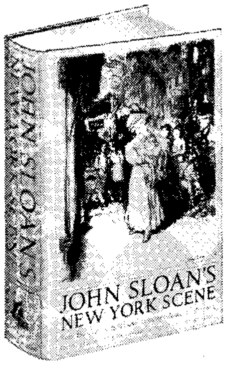
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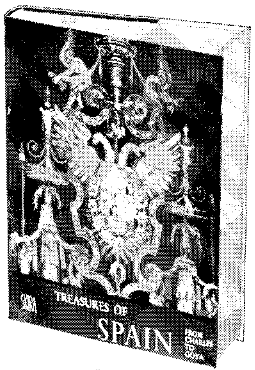
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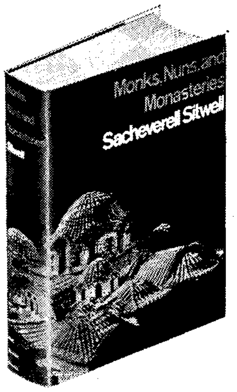
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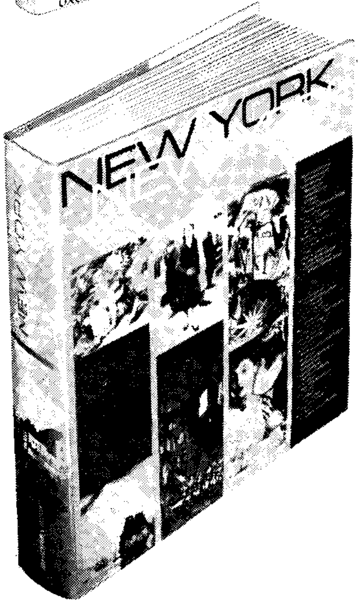

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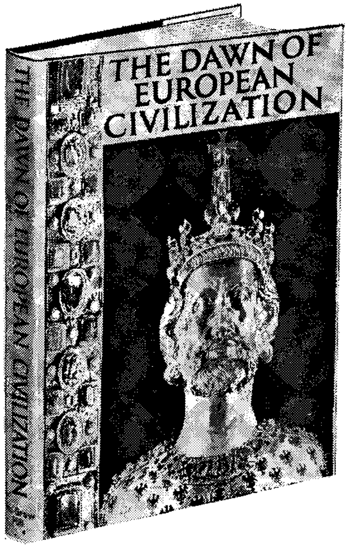
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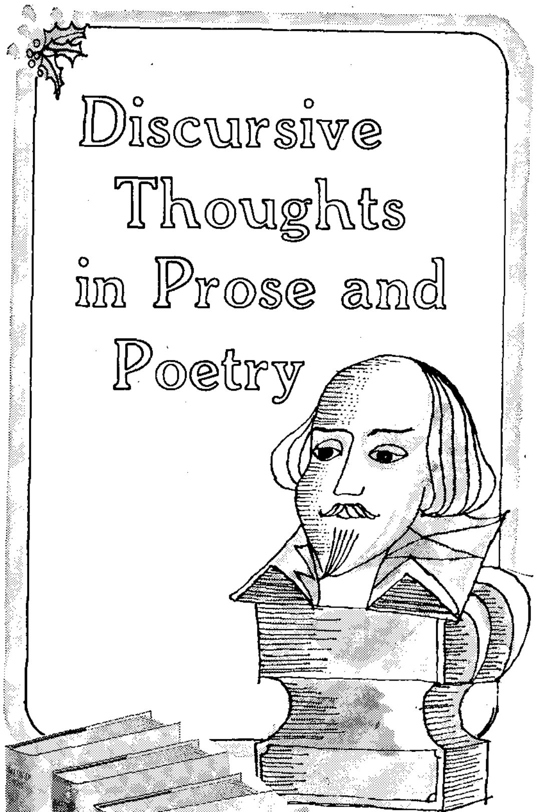

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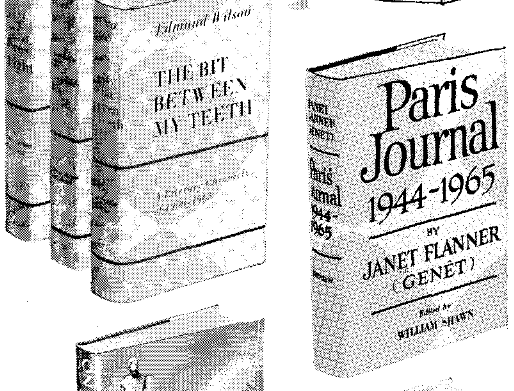
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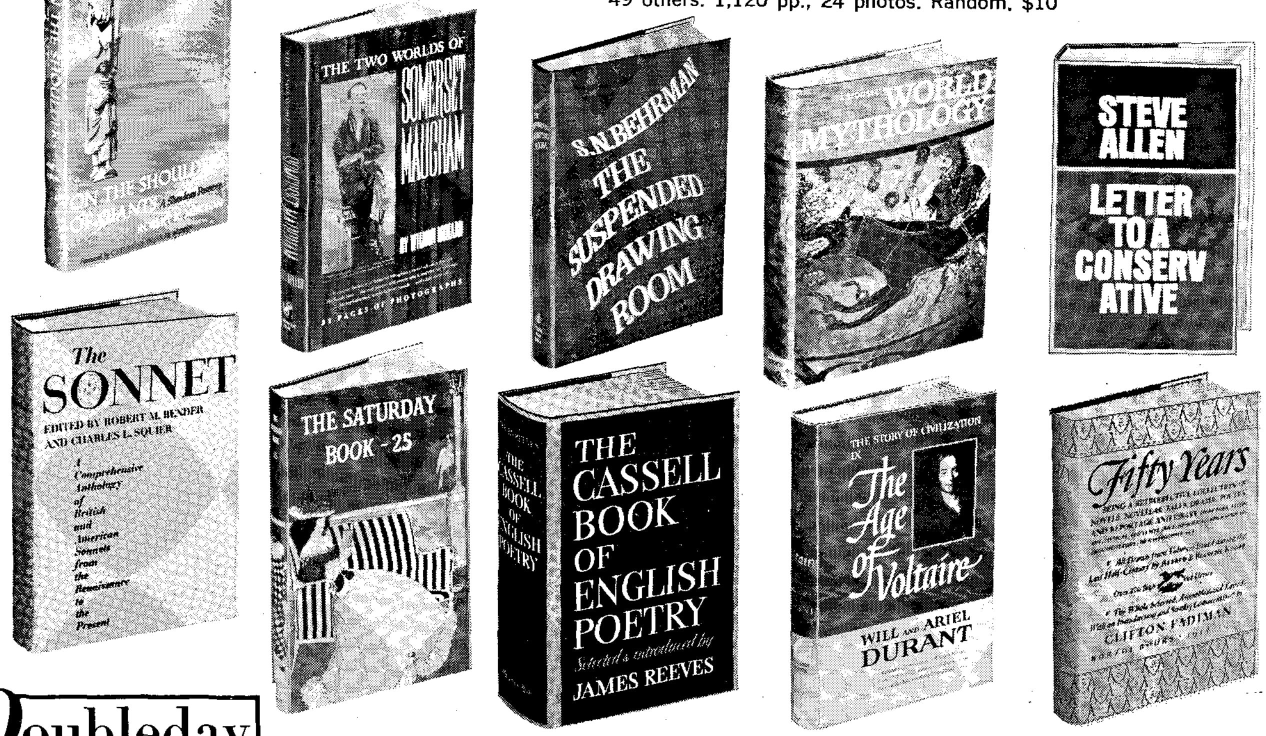
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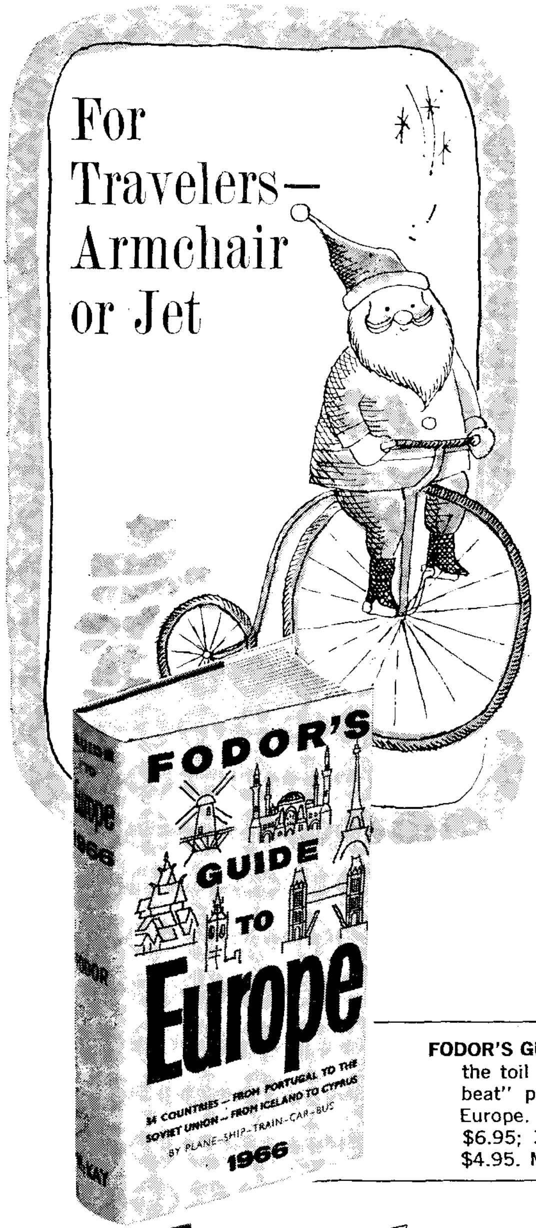
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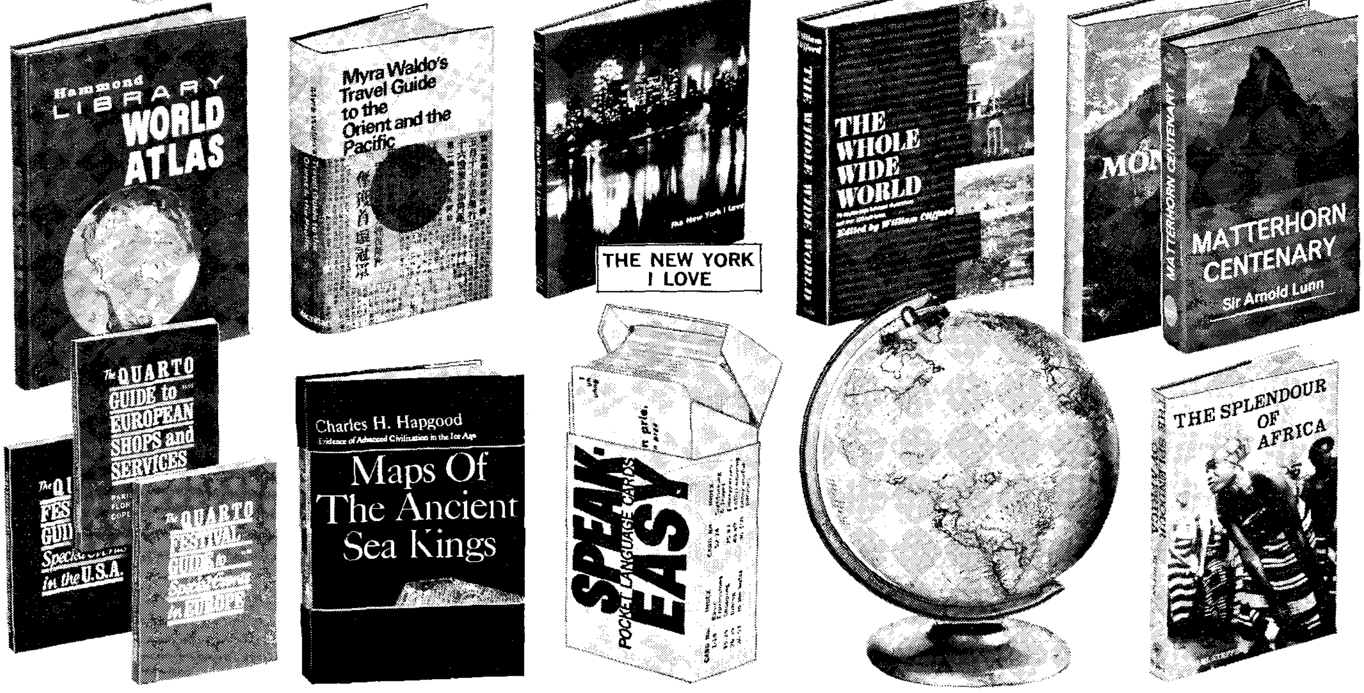
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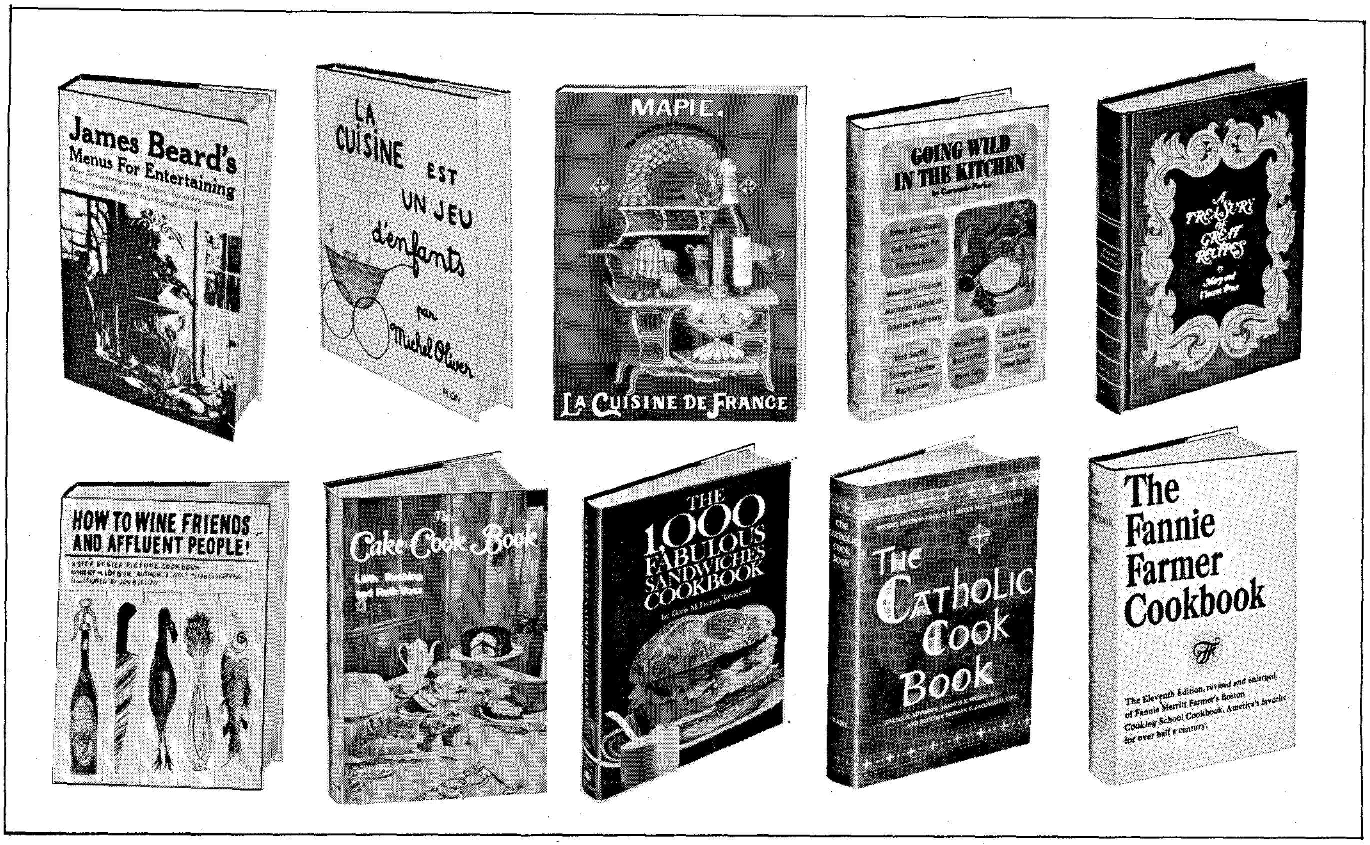
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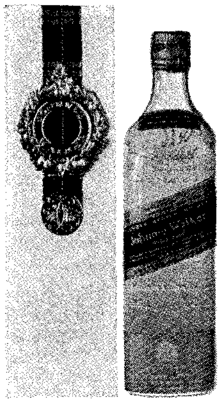

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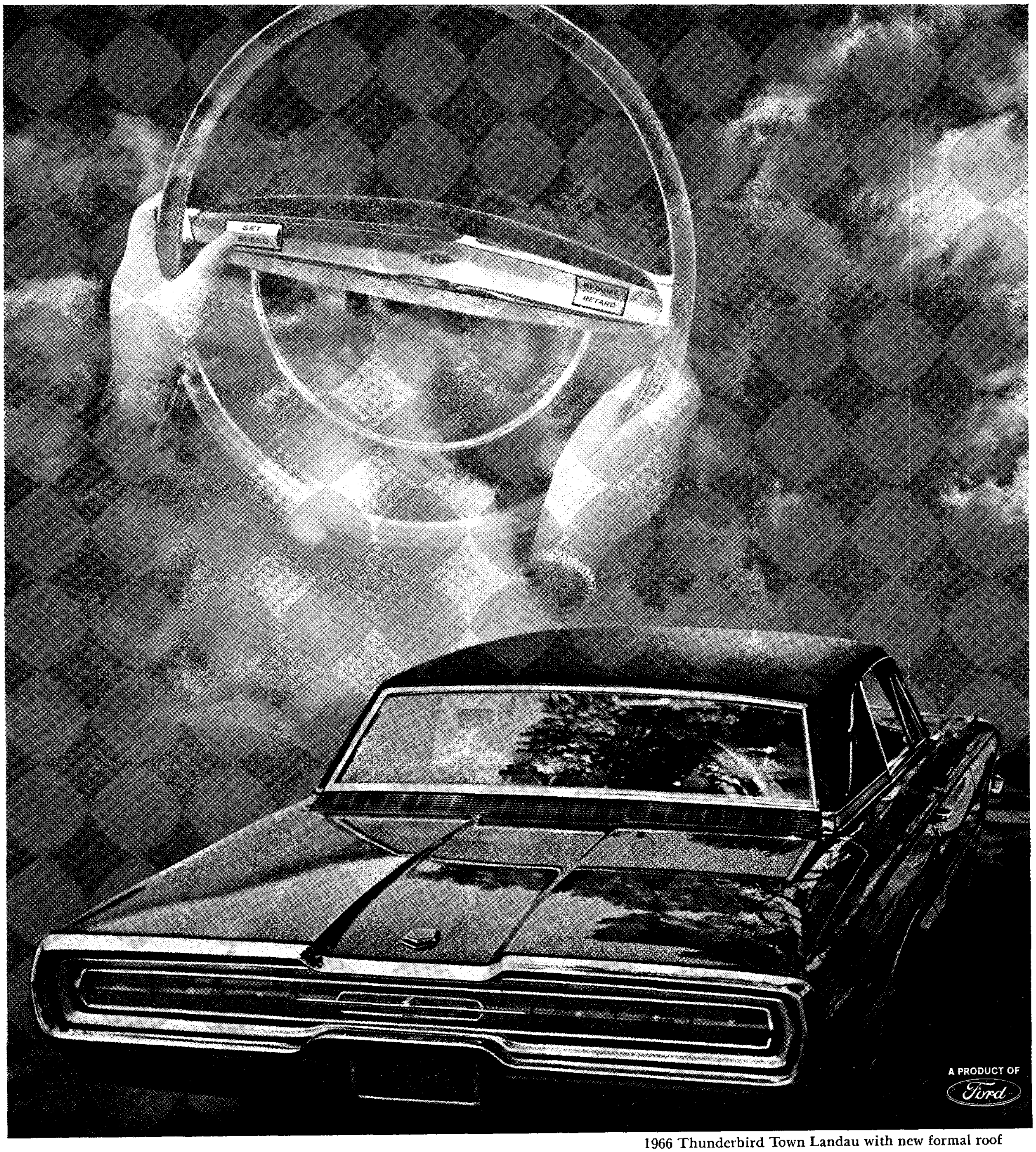

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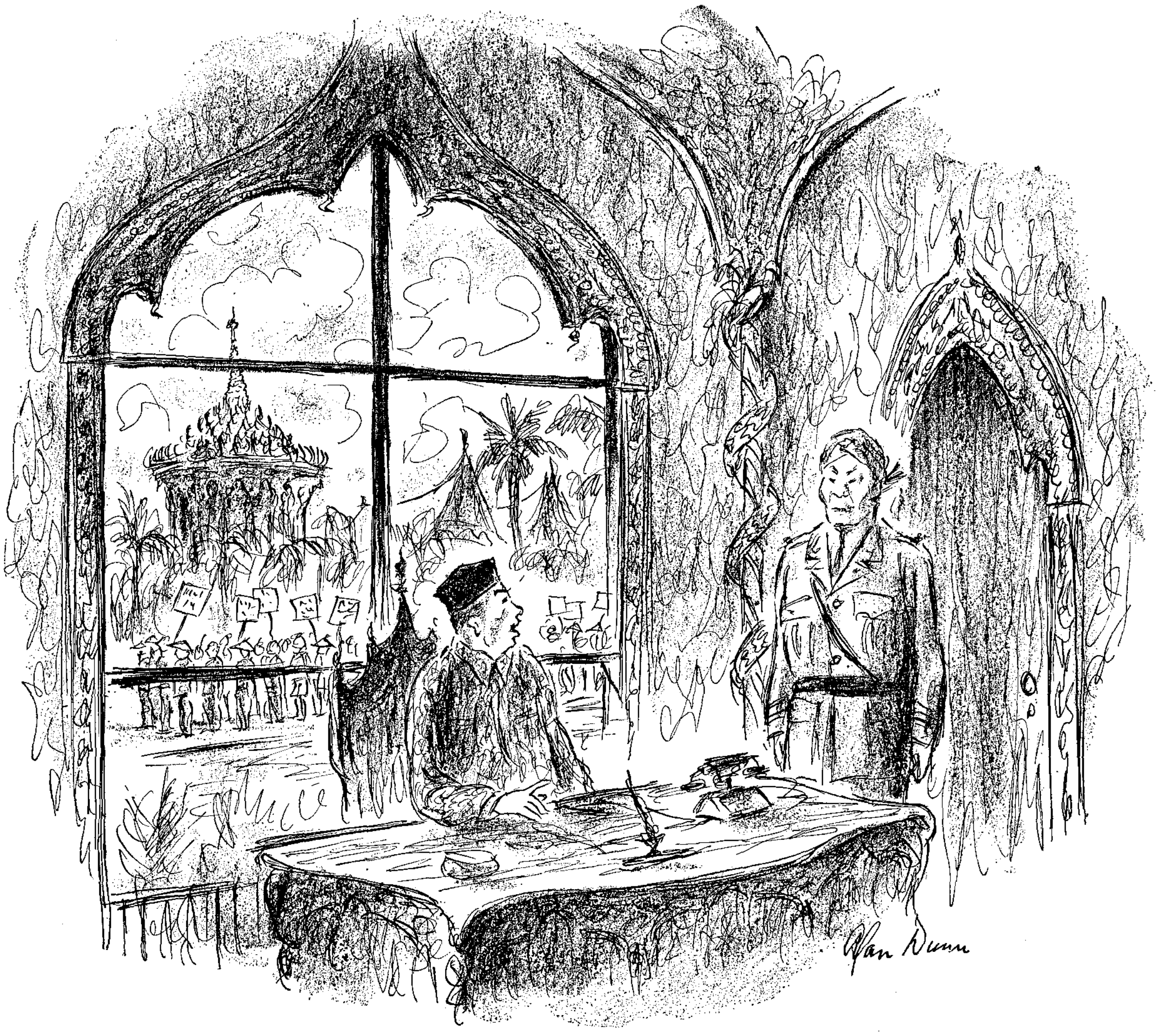
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT five-twenty-seven last Tuesday evening, we were sitting at our desk in our office, on the nineteenth floor of a building on West Forty-third Street, when the bulb in our desk lamp began to grow dim. We put in a call to the office boys' room to ask for another bulb. "Don't worry," one of the boys said. "The lights all over the floor are fading." We left our office and headed down a corridor. The fading continued, and then the lights in the corridor went out. In the darkness, somebody said, "The lights are out in the building across the street." Somebody else said, "The lights are out in all the buildings to the south." People started to crowd into the hall. "The lights are out all over Manhattan," a voice reported. A colleague had a transistor radio, and we gravitated toward that. Westchester and Nassau were out, we learned. So were Albany, New Haven, Providence, and Boston. Soon word came of blackouts in two provinces of Canada. Apparently, the lights were going out all over North America. Was there anyone whose mind was not touched, at least fleetingly, by the conviction that this was it—that the missiles were on the way, and Doomsday was at hand? We stumbled our way into somebody's office and looked out a window to the east. The moon sailed slowly up out of Queens and hung over the dark city in a presiding yellow silence. Slightly squashed at the bottom but casting a warm and pervasive radiance, it resembled nothing so much as a Japanese lantern suspended between branch and barn end at a summer party. At first, this gala antique appalled us with its cheerfulness, for we were still half persuaded that it would shortly illuminate something like total calamity. The sudden evening blindfolding, the inexplicable snatching away of light, coherence, and continuity, so closely matched the opening scene of the perpetually recurrent bad dream so many of us share that for a few moments we waited only for the succeeding steps into disaster. We returned to the hallways and bumped our way through them, recognizing colleagues by the unsteady light of matches and cigarette lighters, and exchanging speculative inanities with them. Soon, however, the moonlight drew us back to the window, and as we stared at the impossible, unimaginable loveliness of the moonstruck towers rising out of the blackness, and now just beginning to flicker with tiny bug glimmerings from fellow-survivors, we were abruptly and unaccountably elated. We tried to put the feeling down, reminding ourself sternly of the innumerable crises and their victims that almost surely lay beneath our gaze—a frightened woman in a stalled elevator, the nervously breathing crowd in a black subway car, a surgeon trembling beside his operating table, a pilot groping for a vanished runway—but we couldn't entirely rid ourself of exhilaration. We opened the window and leaned out into the cool, windy dark. All was silent, as if the darkness had somehow smudged away the horns and the other noises of traffic. Steeply below we could see a line of automobiles following their probing headlights across the city, feeling their way slowly through strangely shadowed declivities and between clusters of people. The city was moving, and the moonlight was all right now, for this was not a disaster but merely some festival of inconvenience.

Inside, the moon party began—an impromptu social enforced by the unprivate dark. Candles and a number of transistor radios appeared, and good-humored, smoky islands formed about each candle, each transistor. Brief bursts of music came from the radios. On WMCA, Dandy Dan Daniel, thanks to batteries and converters, was able to give us bits of information, assure us that we were still in Good Guy Land, and ask us to keep calm. We pressed ourself against a window facing north and looked hard at the R.C.A. Building, expecting that electronic fortress to burst into light on its own, but all we saw was a series of flickers in a row of windows on the sixty-fifth floor—the Rainbow Room. We pictured some isolated group of tea-dancers revolving dreamily about the floor in utter innocence of what had happened. People around us began speculating extravagantly, enjoying the rare privilege of too little news. Who had perpetrated this immeasurable goof? A careless Kew Gardens janitor replacing a blown fuse with a penny? No, it was too big for one man—too big, even, for Con Ed. At that moment, we remembered a science-fiction movie we had once seen and a science-fiction short story we had once read. The movie, entitled "The Day the Earth



"Mind you, not their whole embassy. We may want to burn it again."

• •

Stood Still," was a stirring work in which a benevolent and supremely intelligent visitor from outer space (Michael Rennie) saved the earth from its own self-destructive foolishness by suddenly cutting off its entire supply of electricity. So vivid was our recollection of this instant that we even snatched back the phrase uttered by Mr. Rennie, in his native tongue, to his helpful, indestructible robot at various edgy moments in the film: "*Gort verada nicto!*" It seemed a talisman for this night of profound mischief, and we whispered the reassuring galactic password to ourself.

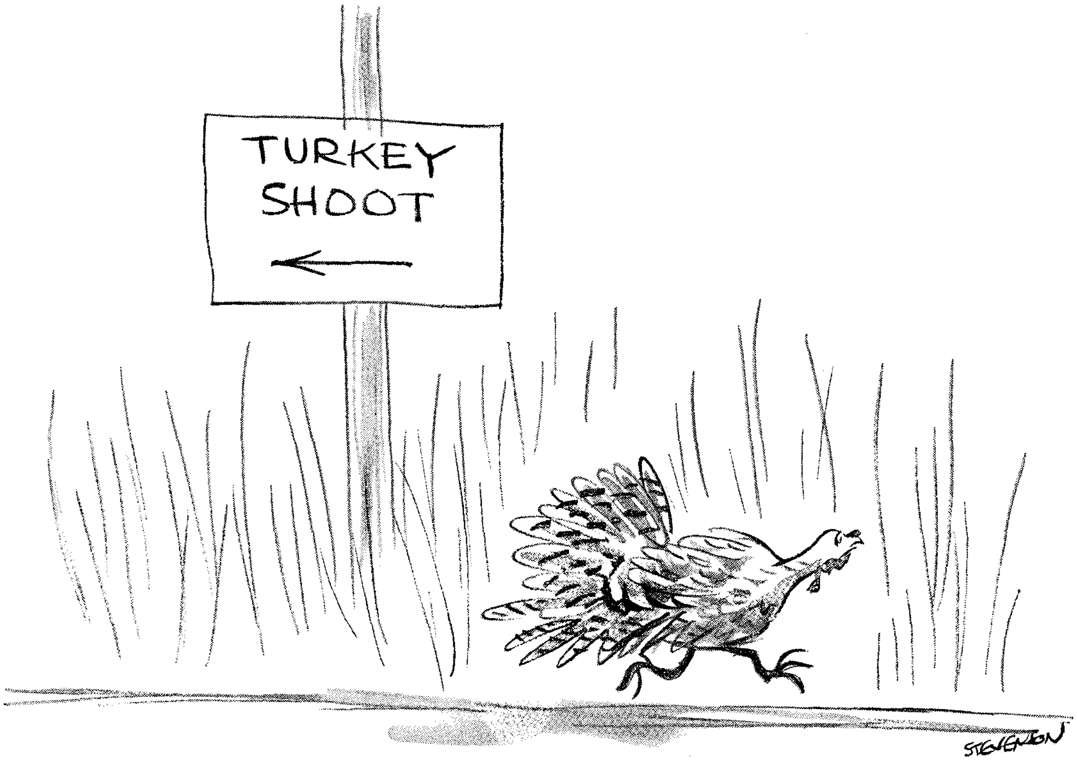
The short story we remembered was called "The Machine Stops," and it was written by E. M. Forster. When it first appeared, many years ago, its admirers labelled it a prophetic satire. In the world that Forster imagined, The Machine provided light, heat, ventilation, food, drink, clothing, music, literature, and whatever else people needed; men lived completely underground, in a world of their predecessors' devising, and had no source of these things other than The Machine. They had a superstitious fear of the sky and the stars, which none of them had ever actually seen. At the close of the tale, The Machine, which had grown so complex that no one any longer understood how to keep it in repair or prevent breakdowns, did indeed break down, and the people went berserk with terror. Forster made it clear that this was The End. When we first thought about this story Tuesday night, we were impressed by how much of the story had come true, but as we continued to think about it, we were even more impressed by what had not come true. As we looked around at our friends, as we listened to the radio, we realized that The Machine had broken down but nobody had gone berserk with terror. In fact, while the city of bricks and mortar was dead, the people were more alive than ever, some of them even enjoying the experience of being thrown back on their own resources. E. M. Forster suggested a world with a civilization and a people perfectly balanced. The satirist was logical, whereas the illogic of men's behavior is unlimited and unfathomable. The Machine had broken down but we had not. We had simply been reminded of who we are.

We still knew nothing about what had really happened, what had created our predicament, but just then anybody who might still have been worried that the blackout heralded a foreign takeover was reassured by an announcement from the Pentagon, over the little transistors, that it had had no effect on our "defense posture." Almost as reassuring as the substance of the announcement was the evidence that the officials responsible for it had not abandoned their jargon in a moment of stress. The power companies soon provided similar comfort, with their talk of "outage." It was little wonder that we saw no panic around us. We were obviously still in the same steady hands. Also, we were learning that we didn't really have to believe—as we would have thought we did—that someone, somewhere, knows what is going on. Our building's maintenance men, when we called them, hadn't known. And when the maintenance men and the rest of us got calls through to families, friends, neighbors, newspapers, and the police, no explanations were forthcoming. Even Dandy Dan and the other radio announcers admitted that they knew nothing, and so did Con Ed itself, and so did Mayor Wagner, and so did Governor Rockefeller, and President Johnson. Nobody in this whole world knew what was going on. Contrary to what we would have assumed, there was no "they" in that entire black night. Everyone had become a part of the same large, amorphous "we"—and we didn't know a damn thing. And yet we appeared to be surviving.

G*ORT verada nicto!* We started down our building's inky, endless stairwell toward the street. We were pleased to note (for future reference) that two matches, carefully tended, were enough to light the distance between one floor and the next. Walking down eighteen flights to the lobby, we used exactly thirty-six matches. As we reached the second floor, a door into the stairwell opened and a solid-looking young man, carrying a candle in a candleholder, stepped out and invited us into his office for a cup of coffee. His office was the Greater New York Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America. We followed him into an enormous room filled with desks. On almost every desk there was a candle in a candleholder, and about twenty men and women—some of them Boy Scout workers and some of them guests from other parts of the building—sat around drinking coffee and eating sandwiches. We joined them briefly, and then, heartened by our wayside stop, walked down our last flight of stairs. As we headed out of the lobby onto Forty-third Street, a young woman emerged from the record shop on our ground floor, greeted us politely, and told us that at five-twenty-seven what she had been doing was listening to the Rolling Stones' record of "Satisfaction." As the lights in the shop had faded, she said, her record had gradually run down—slower and slower, lower and lower—until it stopped. As it happened, a colleague of ours joined us at that moment and told us a parallel story. He had been across the street at Stern's, where he had been buying a box of Belgian cookies when the lights in the store began to dim. He chanced at that moment to be looking toward the escalator descending to the main floor, and as the lights dimmed, the people on the escalator glided down more and more slowly, until, at last, they were scarcely moving at all. Then darkness. Our friend had felt that the entire store was going into slow motion and then subsiding to a halt, and he hadn't been at all sure that anything would ever start moving again.

Our next-door neighbor to the west is a firehouse, and we dropped in to see how things were going there. The firehouse was lit with several candles and one kerosene lantern, and looked like a firehouse in a Currier & Ives. The firemen, in black rubber raincoats, were standing around sipping coffee between calls. "We've had a lot of false alarms—mostly from restaurants," one fireman said. "People are crowding into bars and restaurants, and the additional warmth sometimes sets off alarms. We've had some real alarms, too. So far tonight, we've pulled about a dozen people out of stalled elevators and we've resuscitated one man who had a heart attack." A gong rang. The men put down their coffee cups and piled into a big red rescue truck that was waiting outside. With a clang of bells and a whirling stream of flickering red-and-white lights, the truck was off.

We decided at that point to set out on the long walk home—some forty blocks uptown. We headed west on Forty-third Street, which was far from crowded. People walked swiftly, alone or in small groups, and the ones in groups were chattering. Some were carrying flashlights, and some were listening to transistors. They appeared, on the whole, calm and either alert or a bit bemused. Cleaning women stood in semicircles outside a couple of buildings, looking up at the windows and speaking softly in Polish; apparently they weren't yet sure that it would be all right for them not to report for work. In a Bickford's coffee shop at the corner of Sixth Avenue, a number of patrons sat at a candlelit counter. To the west, Times Square was black, except for four windows at the top of the Paramount Building that reflected the light of the moon. We turned north on Sixth, and at Forty-fourth Street we found a policeman directing a comparatively thin flow of automobile traffic. "People have a way of solving their own problems," he said to us when we greeted him. "Look at them! Trucks are taking people out to Brooklyn and the Bronx. Other people are walking across the bridges for the first time in their lives. There's absolutely no panic, and there's little confusion, and I don't think there will be very much crime. Life goes on." The foot traffic had now increased considerably. It was hard to tell, at Forty-fifth and Sixth, where the line in front of a telephone booth ended and the much thicker line of people waiting for buses began. Two small boys with a bongo drum were entertaining a third crowd with an impromptu concert. The windows of Modell Pawnbrokers, near Forty-sixth Street, had been emptied of jewelry, but in one window two gold wedding rings, left behind, were glimmering faintly. A high-school teacher from Flatbush—a young man in a leather jacket—brought us tidings of what it had been like in the subways, where, we knew, hundreds of thousands of people had been trapped. "I was stuck down there for two hours," the teacher told us. "Nobody said anything for about twenty minutes—that's how long it took to break the ice. Then the conductor came around to tell us that smokers could light up. He said that even non-smokers could light up, and that made us laugh. Soon everyone was talking and getting acquainted. Now I'm trying to hitch a ride to Flatbush." Inside the Meadow Brook National Bank, at Forty-eighth Street, three candles flickered. A block beyond, a



procession of young men and women carrying candles suddenly turned onto Sixth Avenue, marching with mock solemnity and singing "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." The moon was no longer yellow; it was more distant, and white. The moonlight lay on the streets like thick snow, and we had a curious, persistent feeling that we were leaving footprints in it. Something was odd about buildings and corners in this beautiful light. The city presented a tilted aspect, and even our fellow-pedestrians, chattering with implacable cheerfulness, appeared foreshortened as they passed; they made us think of people running downhill. It was a block more before we understood: The shadows, for once, all fell in the same direction—away from the easterly, all-illuminating moon. (When was the last time one could plainly see one's moonshadow while walking up Sixth Avenue?) We were in a night forest, and, for a change, home lay not merely uptown but north. We did not see a single building or a single face that was not made handsomer by this experimental but highly satisfactory lighting system. The walkers hurrying toward us resembled a vast party of night skiers, and although they were strangers, we were aware that the moon had altered them, shadowing their eyes and blanching color from their clothes. They talked and laughed incessantly, anxious not to become altogether lost.

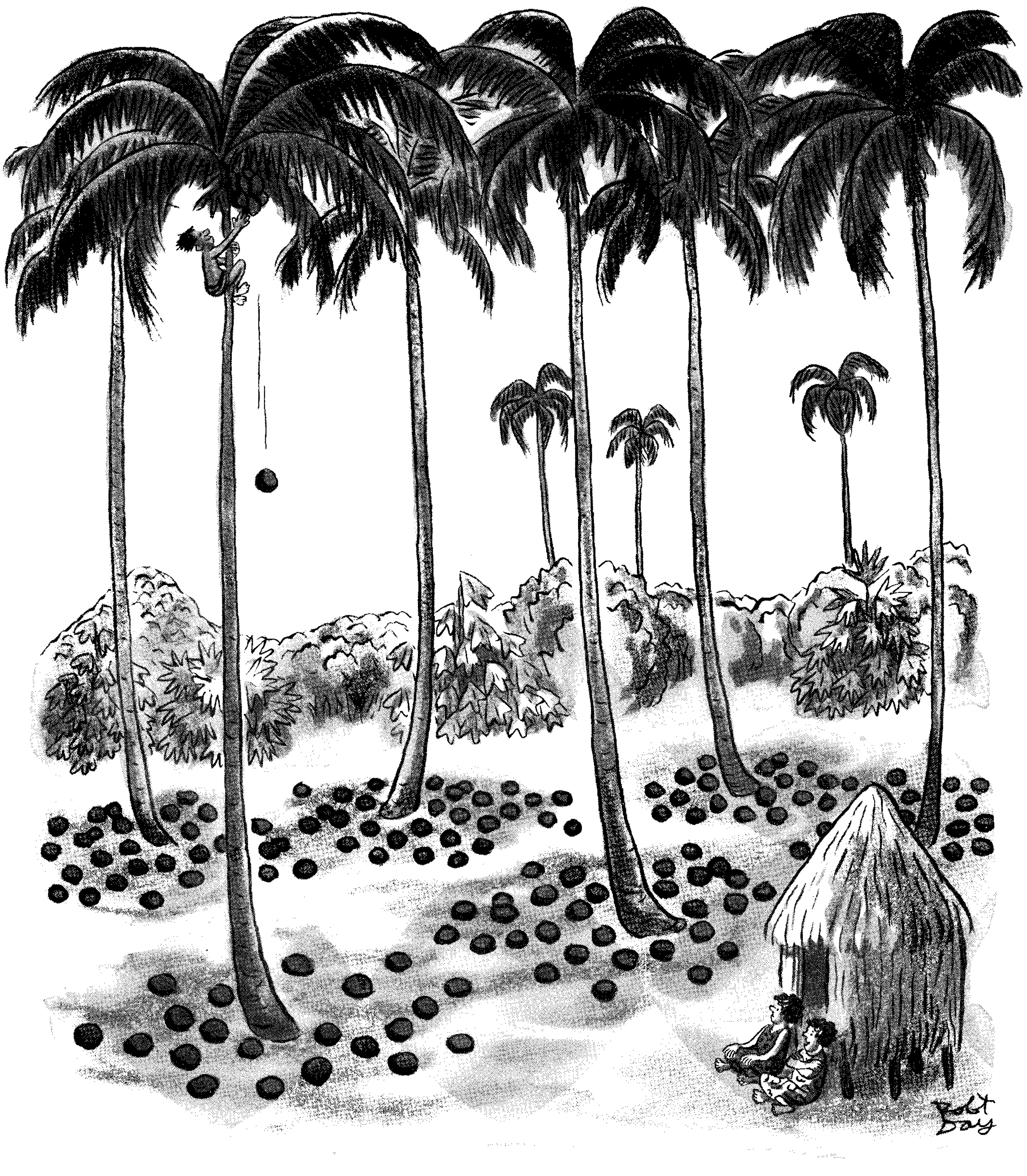
We went over to Fifth Avenue and began to encounter crowds. They were thickest at the bus stops, spilling almost to the middle of the Avenue. As each automobile crept by, the people standing nearest it bent forward, in an effort to show, by urgent, winning smiles, their reliability and their special need for a lift. One bus, bulging like a troop transport, groaned to a stop in front of St. Patrick's and was almost knocked off its wheels by the sudden press of unquenchable optimists. The crowds grew smaller as we progressed north. There was candle glow in the big Doubleday's, and a self-appointed traffic cop in topcoat and fedora was helping out in front of Bergdorf's. Then, a few steps away, we came upon the Plaza Hotel by moonlight—a gigantic, snowy iceberg riding the night sea, its sheer face split by the prowlike black shadow of the Sherry-Netherland. We were halted in our tracks by this astonishment, and stood still until we had the vision by heart.

We walked to Madison Avenue. There we saw people waiting at darkened intersections for a nonexistent light to change before they ventured to cross an empty street. We saw a boy meet a girl and heard them decide to escort each other. "I'm from California," the boy said, and the girl said, "Oh, how nice! I'm from Michigan." We saw a portly woman in an evening cloak and a tiara heading uptown. Had she gone home and changed her clothes in the dark? Had she been dressed that way ever since the lights went out? We passed three policemen laughing. We passed a man wearing a miner's helmet, complete with working headlight. A pudgy man in a blazer zipped by on a bicycle. Two elderly men walked past us, one of them saying to the other, "It just came over the radio that they've got lights on the West Coast." We heard a woman say to a friend, "Harry's office is down on Wall Street, you know. It's 65 Wall Street. And, well, when there was all that worry about Cuba, well, Harry and I made this plan. We agreed that if anything ever happened—you know, anything really serious—and we couldn't contact each other, or anything, well, one of us would stay where he was and the other would start walking." Before long, we went into a wood-panelled bar, lit by several red candles. It was jammed. We heard someone say, "On toast? On *toast*?" The regular pianist was missing, and one of the customers, a man of sixty or so, had taken over at the piano. "Would you like to hear something I wrote when I was seventeen?" he sadly asked the room at large. Everyone said yes, and he played a bubbly and delicate tune from another day.

Resuming our walk up Madison Avenue, we came upon a group of about thirty men and women gathered around an open manhole. One of the men had a flashlight, and in its beam we could see a lady descending into the abyss by a metal ladder. She was hardly out of sight before another member of the group peeled off and started down. (Memories of "The Madwoman of Chaillot.") As the people aboveground waited their turn, the conversation among them was brisk and genial—almost cocktail-party. When it was a lady's turn to go, she would generally give somebody her handbag to hold, and a couple of the gentlemen would lower her into position on the ladder by the elbows. When it was the turn of one of the nimbler gentlemen, he would generally take along a couple of handbags and perhaps a parcel or two. We were extremely puzzled. There was no subway under Madison Avenue, and, in any case, we would have expected people to be popping *out* of manholes, not disappearing into them, into what, for all we knew on this deranged night, was Hell. We asked a young man on the fringe of the now considerably dwindled group what was going on. "It's not as loony as it looks," he said. "At the bottom of this manhole, there's a tricky little passage that leads over to the New York Central tracks. We were all stuck on a train for Westchester when the power went off. After two or three hours of sitting there in the dark, one of the fellows in our car who just happened to have this flashlight—he was taking it home to his son for a birthday present—went exploring and found this passage. He came back and got us, and we all came up for a little fresh air, and a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the bar over there. Now we're going back down to wait until the power comes on."

Judith Shahn

WHEN, following our long walk, we arrived at our apartment building, the lobby door was opened for us by the superintendent. He is a Maltese, a sturdy, good-looking man with liquid black eyes and a glittering smile, and he was holding a candle, in whose light his face seemed to reflect more vividly than ever before the years he had lived on his ancient native island of conquerors and colonists—of Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Swabians, Turks, Englishmen. "You're one of the last to get back," he told us, and there was relief in his voice. As he led us across the dark but suddenly congenial lobby, we remembered that our superintendent breeds rare birds—exotic finches and warblers—housing them in a small room at the rear of the building, which he keeps warm with an electric heater. When we inquired about the birds, he told us that they were fine, and that when he had gone in to check on them, they had sung to his candle. He went on to say that there had been no mishaps in the building, that all the tenants



"I'll say this for him—he's a good provider."

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were well, and that earlier in the evening a retired pediatrician living on the third floor—an elderly man who had practiced medicine for forty-five years—had climbed ten flights of stairs to examine a fretful infant and reassure its anxious mother. Bidding the superintendent good night, we began our own considerable climb, accompanied by the echoes of our footsteps in the stairwell, and again striking matches—two to a flight—as we went. On the fourth floor, we passed a candle that one of our fellow-tenants had set on the landing outside his door, and from then on our eerie ascent was guided by the glow of other candles, on other landings. As we approached the seventh floor, we heard a woman's whispery voice calling down to us. "John?" she said, and then, more hopefully, "John?" She was standing in the doorway, wearing a housecoat, and as we passed by, the expression of worry on her shadowed face—an expression that seemed to epitomize all such vigils—changed to disappointment, and then, quickly, to a smile of greeting. A few moments later, we unlocked the door of our own apartment, and on a table just inside the entrance we came upon the last candle of the night. It welcomed us home.

THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT

IT is a little past twelve on a mid-November night with a waning moon, and it has been a thorny evening. Tenants' meetings! I am trying to collect my thoughts, punctuated though they may be by distant pistol shots. The apartment-house foyer, among whose imposing furnishings I am wandering, waiting, is dim. Neither the overbearing youth at the switchboard nor the elderly night doorman on his simulated-alabaster bench alongside the internally lighted fountain has paid me the least heed. As a rule, I do not relish going unnoticed, but in a way I am grateful, for something is out of kilter in this place, and I need time and quiet to thresh it out.

I am aware that hoping that fifty-odd disparate occupants might behave like ladies and gentlemen is demented. God knows I should have foreseen what happened tonight; after all, I have had the honor of knowing the older ones a good while. My name is Huddleston, and my parents *and* grandparents lived here. Tonight we elected and dismissed committees, signed and rescinded petitions, and all with rancor. Indeed, almost everyone was ill-behaved except Arthur Cramm, the big, crew-cut young man, the newest of us. The others consider him a parvenu, but he seems constructive to me, if a mite unhinged. No one else in the place has a spark of leadership.

"I think the powder-room pipes are on the fritz," the switchboard operator says, nodding across the foyer.

"What, *again?*" says the elderly doorman.

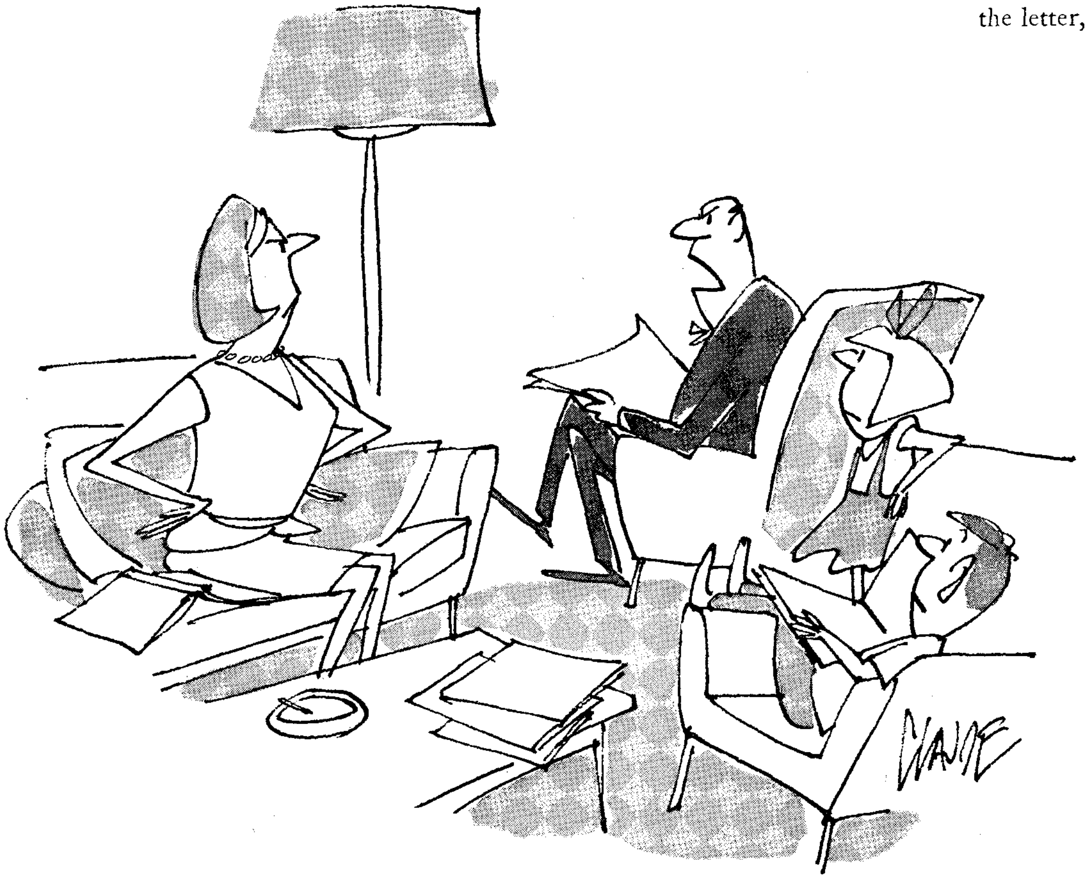
I may be more out of sorts than need be tonight. I have been off for my annual breather, and I am sorry to be home. It was only a quick trip to Stonington for yet another reënactment. (The Old South has nothing on New England when it comes to reënactments. Bell-mouthed muskets. Three-cornered hats. War paint and feathers. Transcendentalists.) But the presence of Edwin Huddleston III is expected, come what may, every year in late Indian summer, at Stonington, where I drowned in 1948, and something makes me keep on trotting up there, I wish I knew what. I contribute my modest performance (an inopportune yaw in a five-o'clock change of wind, a few bubbles, and there I go again), and I leave. I carry a splashing sound with me all the time, and that is what is bugging—his word—the switchboard boy.

I am waiting here for Arthur, who is trying to pick up the pieces after the meeting. I wonder what can be keeping him. His manner is peremptory, I know, but he is kind. He understands what a person, a tenant (we consider ourselves the true tenants), is up against. He had *his* contretemps just after he came to the old building that stood on this spot. Blew himself up.

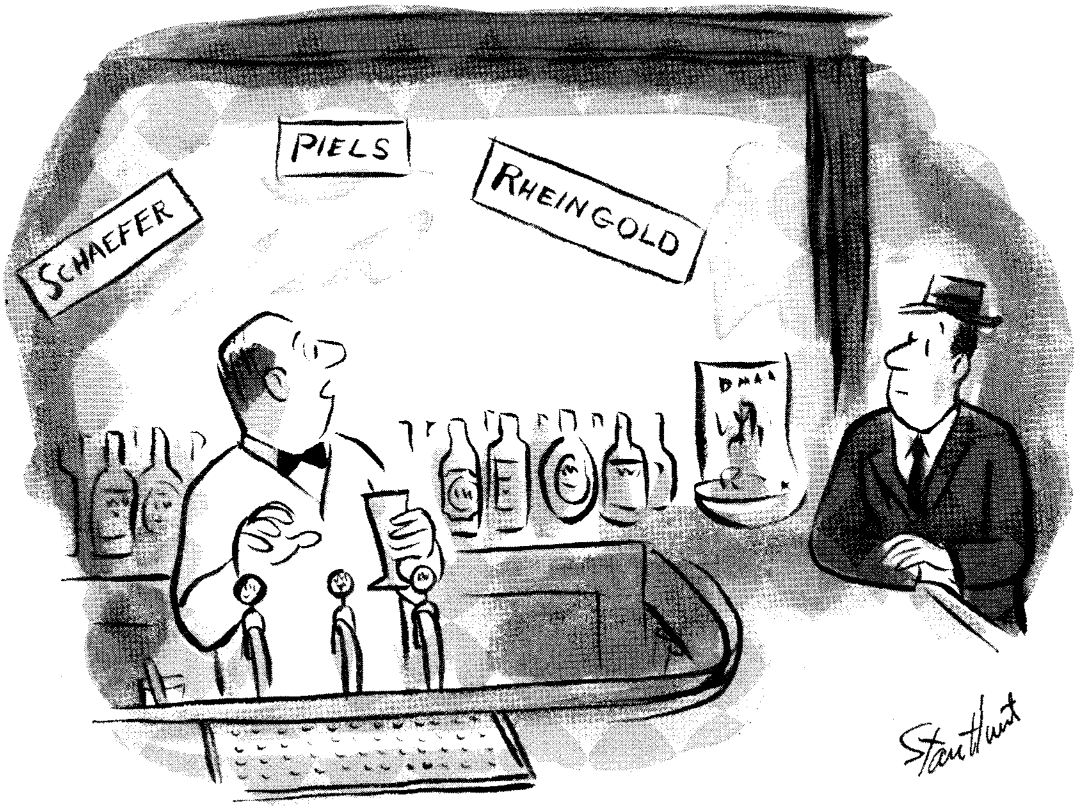
Now the doorman is admitting a lady in a mink stole and light-blue stretch pants; her husband, rolling his cigar back and forth across his mouth, comes after her. They are carnates, of course—corporeals. Like the doorman, like the switchboard operator and hundreds more in this dreadful new construction where all of *us* are grotesquely confined. An elevator chimes, opens, and swallows the couple in rosy light and muted Rimski-Korsakov. From the Teenage Go-Go Lounge downstairs (it is next to the sauna bath) insensate sounds are rising. But even through these I can hear, now and then, short, muffled reports from up where the old attic was. Colonel Flemming of Burnside's Corps dispatching himself again. Bang, bang! Well—midnight. The waning moon.

I suppose what I am trying to thresh out is—what has happened to community values? In the old place, we kept our distance, as city dwellers will, but we were responsible and civil. We had our assignments—some tedious, some bizarre—and we carried them out to the letter, ours not to reason why. Miss Emma Flemming, the Colonel's aunt, sat weeping in the second-floor-front bay window, always writing the same letter and tearing it up. She died of a decline. 1851. Blighted love. Mrs. Amanda Daley (a collateral Flemming relative, turn of the century, a fine figure of a woman) used to rustle up the curving staircase, stripping off her elegant pale-lavender, bloodstained gloves, and run weeping along the halls looking for a place to hide them.

That house was already a hundred years old when it was made into flats, and even then it kept its character. Shadowy ceilings, enormous closets, dead air space in the walls; niches, recesses, drafts. Conditions were perfect. And the people who lived in it respected us. They often saw Miss Emma at work at her marquetry desk. (We, on this



"It'll be a great day dawning when everyone is seen and not heard!"



"Are you having more than one?"

side, must be believed to be seen.) They recognized the sound of the Colonel's pistol, and—if I may—of the Stonington surf. Now Miss Emma works unseen in a conversation pit, talked through by carnates. I am myself mistaken for faulty plumbing. I have not had the heart to find out how the laundress is faring. She has asthma—though she joined us through the agency of a runaway horse—and for fifty faithful years she wheezed up the old wooden steps from the basement, her basket creaking, at eleven each Monday night. The people of those days set their clocks by her. Now the clocks are electromatic and there are no wooden steps. I have heard that she has taken to throwing objets d'art, but surely that is gossip. *What* has become of Arthur? Probably he stopped off again to talk to that waif from Kentucky. Something Keely. The boy who still hasn't found out that he is dead.

ARTHUR is a compulsive amateur. In his earlier dimension, he went in for almost everything, including the occult. (He came over here full of egregious misconceptions. Thought we were all reliving misdeeds in order to amend them. Rubbish. Who *knows* why we do what we do?) Arthur has a Master's—social psychology—but for a year or so he attended a college of pharmacy, and that is how he came to blow himself up. Alchemy. He made a permanent hobby of collateral research. Ran onto some seventeenth-century recipe and got it wrong. His assignment, like mine, is simply to reënact, which he can do without so much as getting his feet wet. He winds the show up standing in a blue flame of striking beauty. The rest of the time, he is followed by a suggestion of burning sulphur, which he resents as having pejorative implications. His current spare-time interest is the reaction of the individual to contemporary stress, and he feels that in this building he is in clover. I can see why.

Stress we have, and the reactions are dismally apparent. If Arthur can reverse the trend with his line of patter ("Adjust," he importunes Miss Emma and Mrs. Daley, and the man who carries his head—I forget his name—and the boy in the Buster Brown suit, who hasn't the foggiest notion what Arthur's talking about), if Arthur can make all or most of the tenants of this place relate and adjust, my hat is off. Little Keely is another matter. He is a sad, dark-eyed young man—a drifter. He had an odd job as a roofer's helper and fell from the attic down a disused dumbwaiter shaft. I suppose he may have run across the Colonel up there, I don't know. The Colonel is pretty surprising. At any rate, Keely sits in any dark corner he can find, tilting a half-gallon brown jug, which is empty, to his lips. He is confused. He is still waiting for his payday, after which he says he intends to go straight home, where his father is honing for him. His daddy. Arthur takes a particular interest in Keely, feeling that if he can make him discover that he is dead (whatever that is), he will be able to adjust.

Keely is, of course, an innocent. "He has to find out for himself," Arthur says. "The best I can do is get him to talk, and then sort of nudge him along. Maybe work toward a little transference. But it's not easy. He hasn't got any contemporary stress you could sink your teeth in. He says he's catching onto our up-North ways and by now they don't scare him—I suppose he means things like my detonation and you still wearing that sopping pea jacket. It must give you chills."

I am not in the least uncomfortable in these clothes, and Arthur knows it. Yes, but how can we possibly go about our assignments free of stress? Arthur has tried out-of-hours group therapy, occupational therapy, what all. Not one of us is able to do his work decently. Sometimes I wonder if we are not being tested. I see no other way to explain our fix in what I still manage to hope is a rational universe. First, down crashes our duly assigned—our lovely—place of revenance. Of course, we expected appropriate relocation; delay was merely red tape. And then, all around us, up and up went *this*. Urban renewal! Small wonder community values suffer. There is no attic now for Colonel Flemming. He is in a laundry chute. (Arthur discovered he shot himself as some sort of political protest in 1908. Country going to hell in a handbasket. Theodore Roosevelt's fault. But what good did it do to find out? The Colonel is still in the chute, free association or no, and the resonance there hurts his head. Besides, he's supposed to pace.) Mrs. Daley is required to startle people. In the old days, she was always good for a corporeal gasp or scream. Now if a credulous sort does manage to catch a glimpse of her, he just turns glassy-eyed and goes on by. New York. After a hearty beginning, even Arthur showed signs of doubt. "Everyone's threatened with loss of identity," he would sometimes say. "All but maybe Keely and you and me. Still, I keep *trying*."

A young man in a turtleneck sweater is escorting three little barbered dogs across the lobby. Once, any dog would have known that I was here, would have bristled and whined—but no. The atmosphere of this less than stately mansion is too numbing; there is no *gloom* to it. Well, some of my colleagues are—turning. They doubt the validity of the controlling directives, and though I deplore it with every fibre, I understand.

Take Emil Dignan, the pianoforte teacher. (March 14, 1888. Pneumonia.) Until recently, he was plucking minor chords on piano strings to warn of snow, but now there are no pianos. At present, he keeps switching on the television in Apartment 15-D. (A fellow in England was exorcised for doing that sort of thing. The denizens of 15-D just call in a repairman. Again and again.) I don't say that what Mr. Dignan does *is* turning to mischief, precisely; he is merely impaled and incredulous, I am sure. Nevertheless, it verges. I think of Henry Beeson. He set out to be a Post-Impressionist painter but took to drink. Died in a speakeasy. Henry is directed to sit astride the northeast gable and howl, but there are no gables here. All he does now is turn the pictures in 8-A to the walls. He insists that this is a simple critique, but I fear it is something more.

Less and more. Stress. Lack of purpose. Loss of identity. "You live long enough in their houses, you begin to live their way," Arthur said only tonight, before he left me.

In recent weeks, matters have been moving toward what I suppose was all along inevitable. More and more of the tenants have been neglecting their assignments and striking out on their own. At first, they pretended that all they wanted was a change of pace. Every few nights, Mrs. Daley would set the clocks and watches in 18-F to different times. The Colonel would emerge and shoot out all the fire-exit light bulbs. Miss Emma would work herself into a pet and dematerialize something—a transistor radio, perhaps, or a pair of cufflinks, or the Sunday *Times*. She is very good, really. The carnates concerned would be up in arms, and Miss Emma could relax and feel noticed again. Well, recreation is one thing, mischief is another. Arthur got up a meeting, hoping that social activism would succeed where psychology hadn't. He wanted us all to sign a petition for redress of grievances. His optimism is sometimes almost alarming. Exactly whom would we take the petition *to*? The meeting failed, naturally. In the first place, we are not normally the kind of people who sing folk songs and protest. In the second, the trend to irresponsible behavior seemed, regrettably, to be bearing fruit. I could never subscribe to it, nor, I am sure, could Arthur. I have long believed that one should make the current manifestation as decent and as orderly as possible, since, after all, we do not know what is next. Still, the corporeal inhabitants of the place were becoming aware of us.

Or so we believed. It is true that sounds are often noted when presences are not, and certainly those people know when their pictures face the wall and their bulbs are broken. But then they had *their* "tenants'" meeting. I won't go into detail. I know all of us were undone. I will only say that they aired their discontent at length and none of us was credited—none—not one. 6-B would have it that there are sneak thieves in the place—Miss Emma's diversions. 19-H yammers about alcoholic neighbors—our extracurricular marksman. But what most of them unburdened themselves of were wails about the condition of the building. They say it is shoddy, jerry-built, thrown together by greedy men. 15-D blames his nightly TV troubles on short circuits. (He was in very short temper from lack of sleep.) 12-C comes yet again with that plumbing tale of woe that I am sick of. 9-B complains that his laundry chute is buckling. The Colonel was outraged. There are, of course, a great many more in our group than I have mentioned. Their activities, assigned and otherwise, also went unacknowledged and were ascribed to thin walls and noisy disposal units, sinking foundations, and unreliable air-conditioners. (Poor Johnny Hatch—unloaded gun, 1902! I remember when

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SALAMIS

A treatise of the Subtle Body,
Dark van of winter-pledging stars,
Spearheads of the advancing deep
Of seas whose soft commotions keep
The tracery of ships' lace spars.
Another island: another small eternity;
Many tonight must smell the thunder,
Look up uneasily from yellowing books—
Is the work of art really a work of nature
To mobilize the sense of wonder,
Revise all time's nomenclature?

On the dark piers to roam, to anonymize,
A blue rust dusted to tones of soots,
Plum dark, the countenances move in mist
And the seaman's ironshod boots
On the wet quays loiter and list,
And some lost tug hoots and hoots.

A night of leave-takings and summaries,
Inventory of the capes unwinding
In their old smoke and cursing spray,
In scarves of smoking suds—
Never to leave, perhaps, never to go away,
And yet, past the heart's reminding,
See the soft underthrust of water sway
The spending loin come combing out
Ringlets washed back from a dead sea-king's
Face, a helm of gold, a mask
In the autumnal water's writhing.
To remain and realize were the harder task.

—Lawrence Durrell

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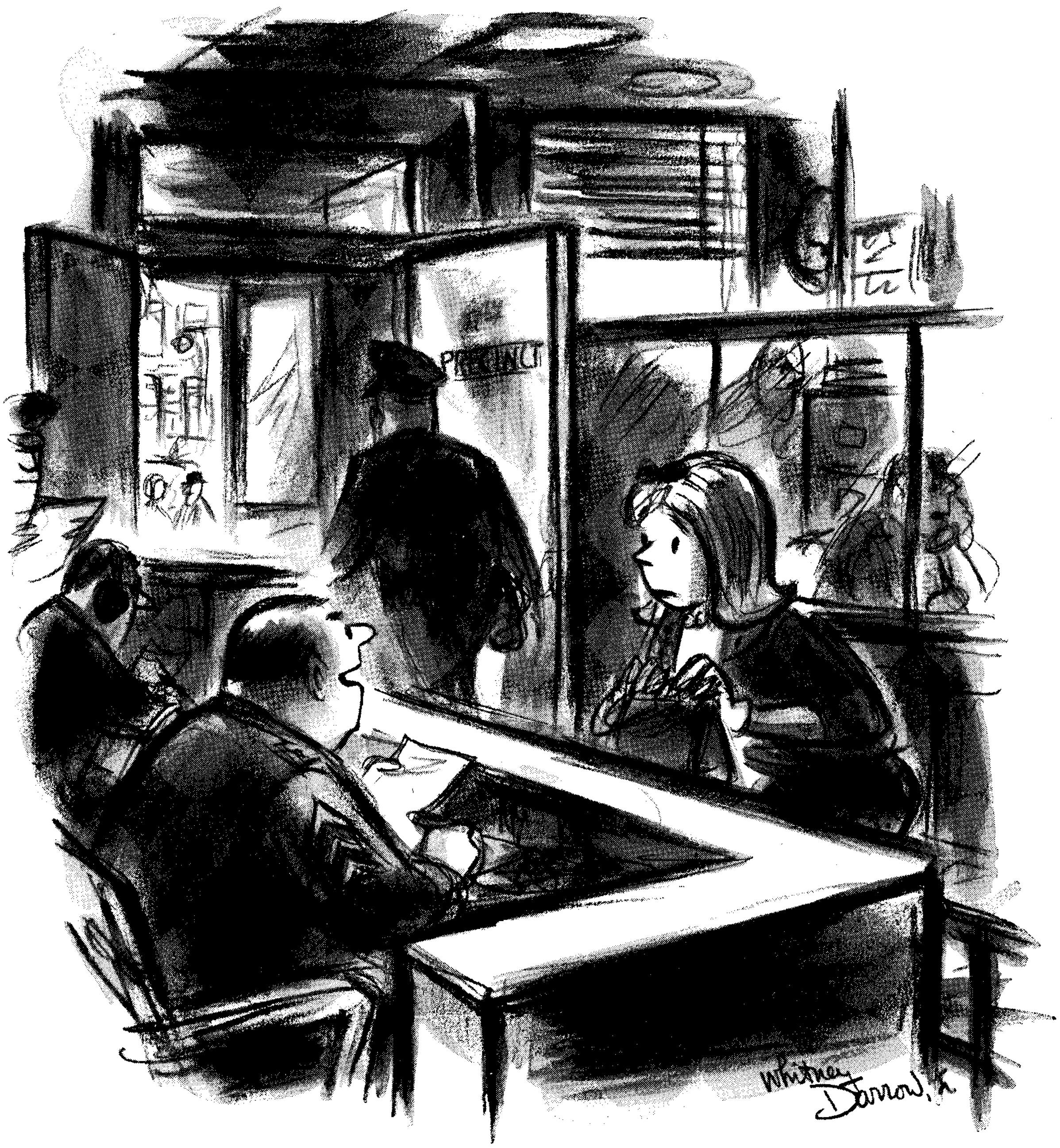
that slow, clammy chill of his would go to a person's marrow. I felt it more than once in the old days.) And so on. The meeting was long, and ended with the signing of a petition to a landlord whose identity the signers at least knew. Redress of grievances!

The impact on the discarnate community was shattering. Discipline, or what was left of it, went to the winds. Tonight's meeting was an attempt to stem the tide. Only Arthur and I held out in the end. (Young Keely didn't go. Felt it wasn't his place to.) The rest are determined to have what they call fun from here on out. Have fun and attract attention, no matter of what sort. I fear it may be joyless. "The mechanized environment," Arthur says. "Crowding. Loss of mission. They might as well be carnates."

That, I suppose, is the answer to my question, but I must wait a little longer to be sure.



"But after all, Mrs. Harper, four hours doesn't seem very long to have a husband missing."

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ARTHUR has been back. The place is in darkness. He had indeed stopped to talk to Keely. He has told him, at last, that he is dead. "If *you* say so, Mr. Cramm" was all Keely said, and then he went around the building turning off the lights. Arthur thought at first that it might be mischief, but no—just a form of mourning. Keely went right back to his jug and his corner. He says he wants to do what is right, as expected of him by his daddy. He is, as I have pointed out, an innocent.

Arthur hopes to haunt tremendously well tonight. He esteems his assignment highly—"I hope you won't consider me vain if I say it's untypical"—and he thinks that in the total dark he ought to show up nicely. *Some*one will surely see him and acknowledge him, and then perhaps the community will come to its senses. I don't know. The Colonel keeps shooting, but only for nuisance value. I hear he no longer bothers to point the pistol at himself.

Already Arthur should be burning in the basement, gemlike and dedicated. The switchboard boy comes running down the lobby with a flashlight. The doorman is still sitting on his bench. "Fuse boxes on the fritz," the boy says, breathless. "Hissing—sputtering—blue light all around them. What a joint!"

The two of them hurry away. Poor Arthur! *I* know. Here he comes. He is overturning ivy pots and spinning mobiles. I cannot wholly blame him. There have been times when I was tempted. I am sorely tempted now, but I am still going to hold out. I want to see what happens—and I have other reasons. I will not be outdone in character by a little mountaineer. I must go and—in a manner of speaking—bid goodbye to Arthur, and then I might just splash along and have a drink with Keely. We can think about the rational universe later. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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In addition to Aldrich, the committee includes the governor's secretary, counsel and budget director and the commissioner of agriculture, commerce, conservation, education, health-mental health, housing, labor and social welfare.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

Fellow by the name of Pooh-Bah.

EYES AND NO EYES; OR, THE ART OF SEEING

WHEN my father got home from his Boston studio just before dinner at night, he would go at once to my mother's studio, on the north side of our house in Dedham, and see how her day's work had progressed.

"I need a crit!" she would cry, embracing him at the front door. The slang abbreviation, used by callow art students, carried certain nuances that, as a child growing up in that house, I was sensitive to. It suggested the relationship of master and pupil, and this in turn suggested an attitude of respect on my mother's part, which, while deeply sincere, was also a delicate and needed attention. My father, besides teaching anatomy and life drawing, was an art critic of note and phenomenally informed on art in general, but was not so successful a painter as my mother. When I was a child, she had more portrait orders than she could fill, and her prices were steadily rising. My father supported the household on his salary from the Boston Museum School; the money my mother earned was put carefully away in order to provide for an old age that, alas, since my father died at sixty-six, they never shared.

She was always successful, right from the start. My father told me with pride how, at the openings of exhibitions of even her earliest genre paintings and those charcoal drawings for which she had developed a sharpened-point technique wholly her own, one Boston dealer used to put up a velvet cord across the entrance until the cream of the buying cream had had a preliminary view. When the cord was taken down, every picture in the show would have been sold. Another dealer often used to say to her, "I can sell anything you do." By the time I was ten, my mother had become largely engaged in the painting of portraits. Certain intramural mysteries—the private jokes, the secret language of portrait painters—I picked up (in that village of commuting stockbrokers and bankers) the way a little Christian child in pagan Rome might have picked up the trick of how to draw fish in the sand with his toe.

My father would stand in the white-walled room—lamplit around half past six in the evening, or, if the season was summer, in the strong light of day—backing away from the canvas on the big easel and coming up close again to indicate with his thumb something he felt needed fixing. He was heavyset, with a walrus mustache that half concealed his mouth. He had a way of letting his hand drop to his side with a hard slap after making such an indication. Since he carried loose kitchen matches in his pocket to light his pipe with, at least once, in his life class, a student had timidly to say, "Mr. Hale, there's smoke coming out of your pocket."

My mother sat on her high painting stool, her chin propped on her fist, paying rapt attention; she looked like a Pre-Raphaelite damozel leaning out from the gold bar of Heaven; the room they were in was small and square. It had been just an ordinary room, until its whole north wall was replaced by windows, with short sash curtains that enabled my mother to make innumerable adjustments in the exact degree of that essential to painting as she knew it—the light.

On dark days she always called off a portrait sitting. She said she couldn't see anything when it was dark. Her eyes were certainly very different from lay eyes. When she and I went out shopping together, I could peer into the dark recesses behind a shopwindow and make out all sorts of objects—loaves of bread or garden rakes or magazines or whatever we might be looking for—while my mother, confronted by anything in deep shadow, would all her life simply say, "I can't see a thing."

One of her great artistic coups was inventing for herself a way of doing charcoal drawings of scenes in the falling snow—church spires, farmhouses, heavy-laden pines, which she indicated only as dark forms, leaving white paper for snow. These drawings were among the most sought-after examples of her work. On bitter, blizzardy winter mornings when my father and I would leave the house to walk to the village, a mile away, he to the train and I to school, he would remark, "Well, there's one comfort. She'll get something wonderful out of this."

When he was giving a criticism of one of my mother's portraits, he was likely to end up by saying, "Well! How do *they* like it?" Then they would laugh and make awful faces at each other.

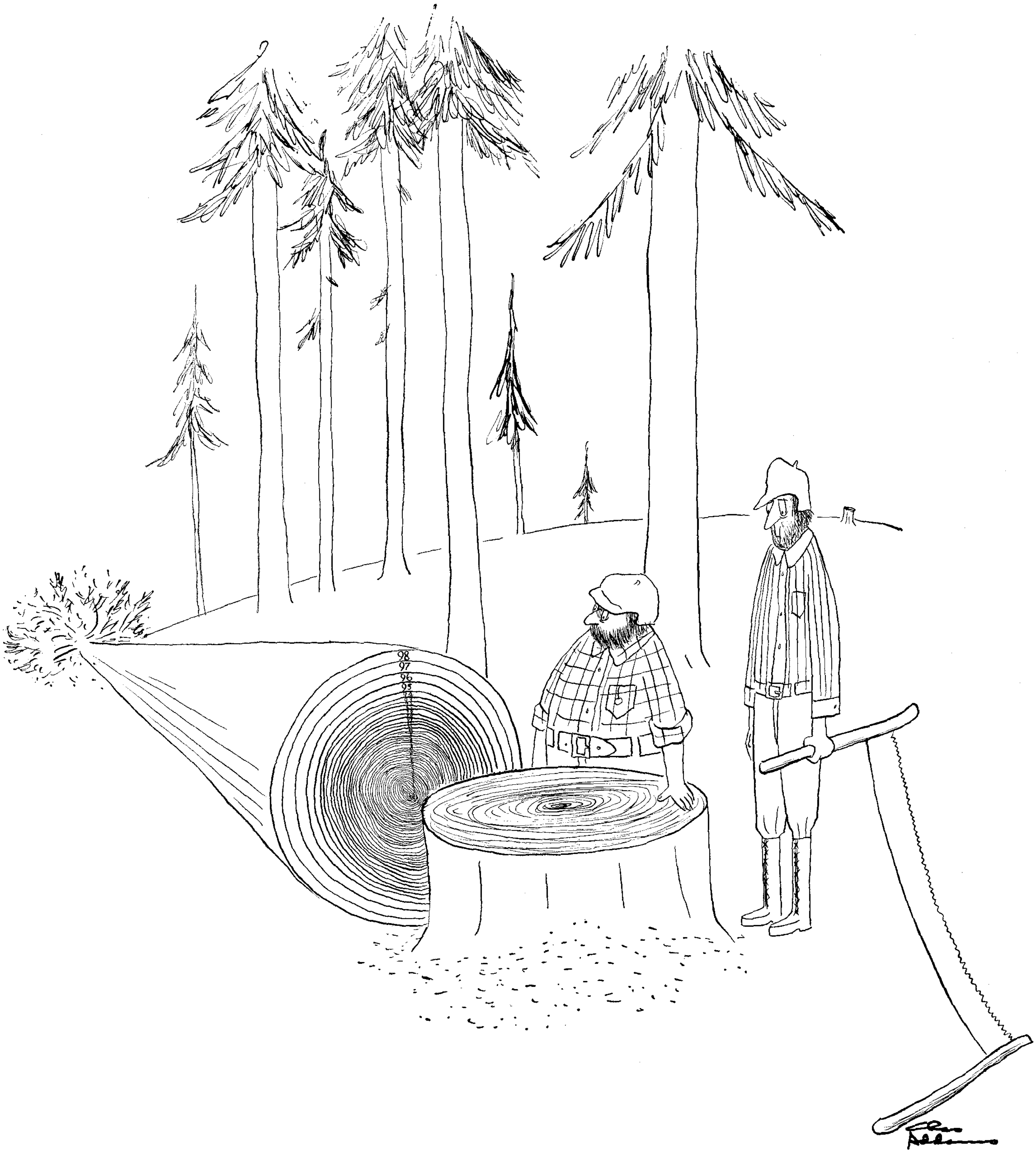
But it was not always a laughing matter. Sometimes my mother was driven to despair by an objection a sitter, or a sitter's family, had made. "You know what Mr. G—— said? 'I can't exactly say why, but somehow that just isn't my Margaret.' " She used the mocking tones in which, in our family, laymen were quoted.

" 'A portrait's a picture with something the matter with the mouth,' " my father would say, quoting Sargent.

Faced with real live laymen, my mother was very timid and anything but mocking. Sometimes this got her into trouble. A Mrs. W—— had ordered a portrait of herself, and Mrs. W——'s domineering old mother insisted that her daughter sit in a favorite pale-blue chiffon evening dress with a pale-blue feather boa. "She looks so awful in it," my mother told my father. "Like a glass of skim milk. I don't see it that way."

"Just tell them so," my father advised. "Tell them you can't see it. You can't paint what you can't see."

My mother couldn't tell them so, however, and when the portrait of the blond, blue-eyed Mrs. W—— was finished the family did not like it. My



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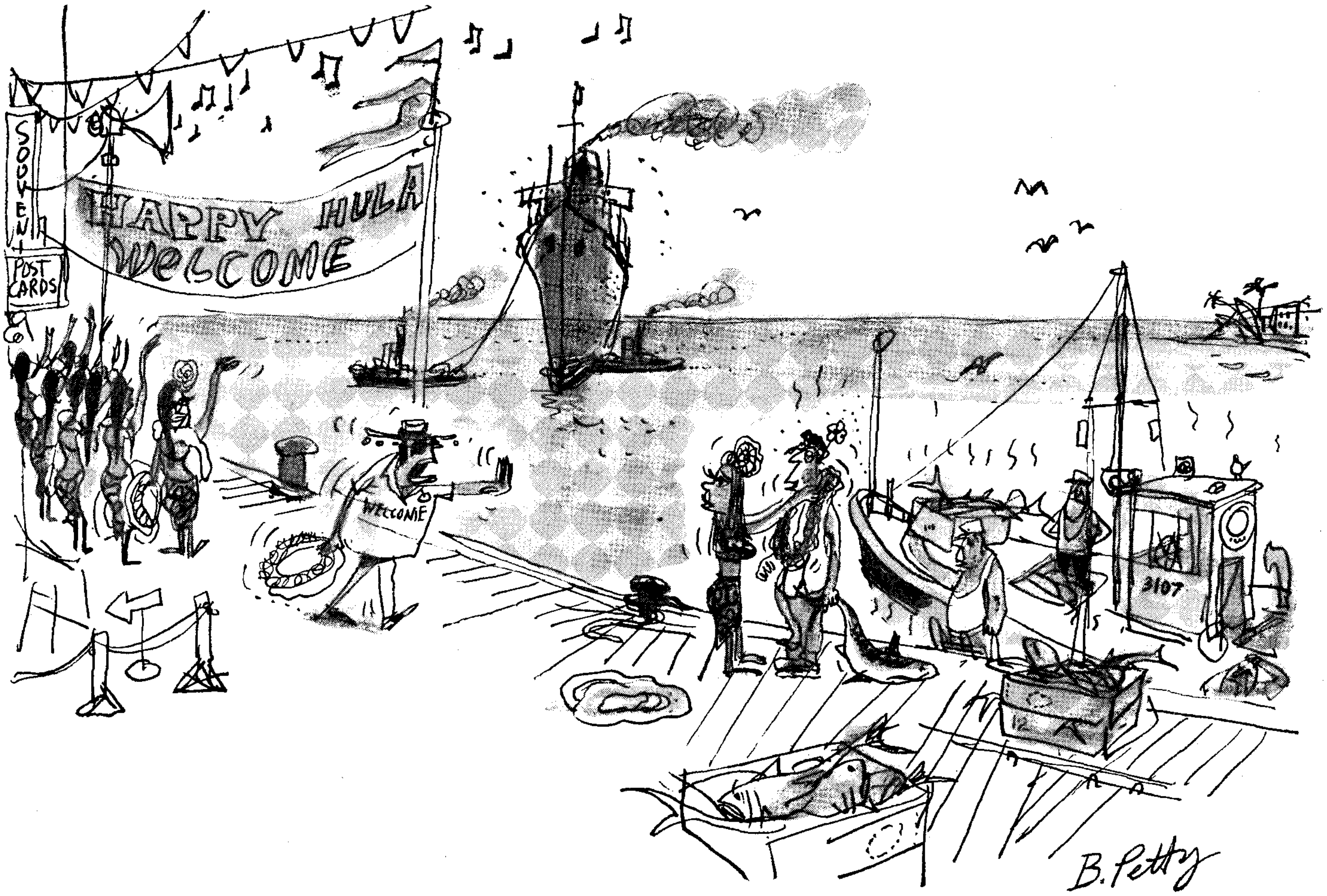
mother withdrew the canvas and painted another picture on its back, of our garden door, seen from outside in full sunlight. The other day, when I was going over old pictures, I came on Mrs. W——, looking at me after thirty years. There she was, pale and wishy-washy, on the back side of a painting of a brilliant green door, a scarlet trumpet vine, and glimmering white china glimpsed within the interior.

My parents believed that a portrait should only be ordered because the client wanted that particular artist's view. The client presumably admired the artist's other work; in commissioning a portrait, he was in effect paying to see himself, his wife, or his children through those eyes. Yet clients were forever making their preposterous demands, not only about the mouth or the dress but about how a sitter was to be posed and what he was to be doing.

A rich, fashionable, and nice Mrs. B—— ordered a portrait of her four-year-old son. Children that young generally proved difficult to keep still, but Mrs. B—— took the time to come with the boy herself and read to him during sittings. Reading aloud was an essential in painting children, but was too often performed by some nurse who



"Not them, Lola!"

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read tonelessly, and bored the child, which led to wriggling and squirming. Mrs. B——'s voice was low, an excellent thing in woman; her choice of reading matter just absorbing enough. The portrait of the fat little tow-haired boy, wearing blue overalls and holding a red zinnia he had snatched out of a vase the first morning, showed every promising sign for four or five sittings. Mrs. B—— loved it. Then, one day, she brought her husband to see it.

"He hated it and he hated me," my mother reported to my father that night. "He slammed around this room, scowling and objecting to everything. What am I going to *do*?"

"Ignore him," my father advised.

"I can ignore his saying it doesn't look like his child. And I can endure his showing he didn't think it was any good," she said, though doubtfully. "But he says he won't have any son of his painted holding a flower."

"Oh, for God's sake!" my father said.

In the end, my mother took the flower out and painted the little boy with his hands clasped across his middle. Mr. B—— accepted the portrait, though still scowling and objecting and refraining from one complimentary word. Years later, when I was grown up, I heard through friends of Mr. B——'s, who knew nothing of the history of the painting, that the old man, now a widower, loved the portrait of his son so dearly that he kept it in the Beacon Street library that was his favorite room, and moved it to his Nahant library every summer.

While people who paid for portraits by my mother might get their own way about what they wore in them, I, who had been since infancy the built-in, free artist's model around that house, never had any such say. My mother had drawn me at the age of six weeks in my bassinet; propped up against pillows, at the age of six months, on a background of patterned roses. At the age of one, seated in a baby carriage, I made a spot in an Impressionist painting by my father. There is a portrait of me at six wearing a dark-blue straw hat with red cherries, but that is the only article of apparel in a picture of me I remember having any fondness for, and even in that portrait I look glum. At seven I was posed with my hair parted in the middle and tied with two bows, too tight, which hurt. A prize-winning painting of my mother's called "Nancy and the Map of Europe" shows me and my large doll, dressed in identical blue cotton-crêpe dresses, with waistlines up under the armpits, and white guimpes. I hated dresses with high waistlines, because the other girls wore dresses with low waistlines. For that matter, I hated my doll, too. I had to pose so much in my childhood that when I reached the age of about thirteen I finally figured out a requirement of my own. I wouldn't pose, I said, unless I could be painted with a book. So all subsequent pictures show me in the act of reading. Several are silhouetted against a window; some show the book, some don't; but all have the eyes downcast.

It was a day of knee-length skirts and hip-length waists, slave necklaces and cloche hats. My parents thought the fashions utterly hideous. (I suppose they would think the same today.) They were right, of course. They seem always to have been right when it was a matter of how things looked. A Miss H—— was painted by my mother as a débutante in a silver lace dress with a flame-colored rose on one hip. The dress ended just above the knee. My mother pled with the girl's mother to allow her to let the dress down or else cut the picture off above the edge of the dress—anything to avoid painting those two, separate knees. But the H——s were in the full swing of fashionable taste and brushed her pleas aside. They were delighted with the portrait when my mother finished it—knees and all. Years went by. So much later it seemed almost another life, my mother ran into an aged, sweet-faced Mrs. H—— at a tea. She pressed my mother's hand in hers and said, "I have a little idea! Would you—could you—touch up Carolyn's portrait? I don't know if it is possible to add a little something, just to cover the knees? I wonder if you can visualize what I mean. . . ."

"Can I visualize what she means!" my mother snorted to me. My father was dead by that time. "*Can* I visualize!"

She did paint in some silver lace over those knees, which had, Mrs. H—— confessed, caused the picture to be relegated to the attic. It had to be a piece of real silver lace, though. Mrs. H—— had to find such a piece, and it had to be tacked onto a silvery-gray dress for a live model to wear. My mother and father had the utmost contempt for painters who painted things out of their heads. Not that they wanted to paint what is sometimes called photographically; far from it. They wanted to "render the object"—an immensely subtle process involving the interplay of the painter's subjective view with the way the light actually fell upon the object. The conflict—rather, the marriage—of objectivity and subjectivity was what made art such a wildly exciting and magical thing to my parents that they cared about literally nothing else, except maybe me. To have made up a piece of silver lace out of her head would, in my mother's view, have been unintelligent, boring, and by her standards ultimately impossible. How could she possibly know, unless she saw, just how the light would make it look?

As an art student for some fifteen years in Paris, my father spent a good deal of time at Giverny, close to Monet, and was influenced by Impressionist theories. What seemed important to him and, through him, to my mother about Monet's haystacks, cathedrals, and water lilies was that, painted at a different time of day and hence in a different light, each picture was in effect of a totally different subject from the others in the same series. Objects existed as seen in the light of the moment. Half an hour later, in another light, they became quite other objects.

In his class in life drawing at the Museum School, moreover, my father taught his students to render the nude in strict light and shade. Some pupils seemed never to be able to learn to find the edge of the shadow, on one side of which all was visible and to be shown, on the other side of which all was considered invisible. I took that class, when I was eighteen. I can see my father now, standing under the stark atelier skylight in his rumpled old gray suit, backing up from some student's smudgy charcoal drawing and coming up to it again, making gestures with his thumb (he never touched a pupil's drawing) and wearing a pained expression.

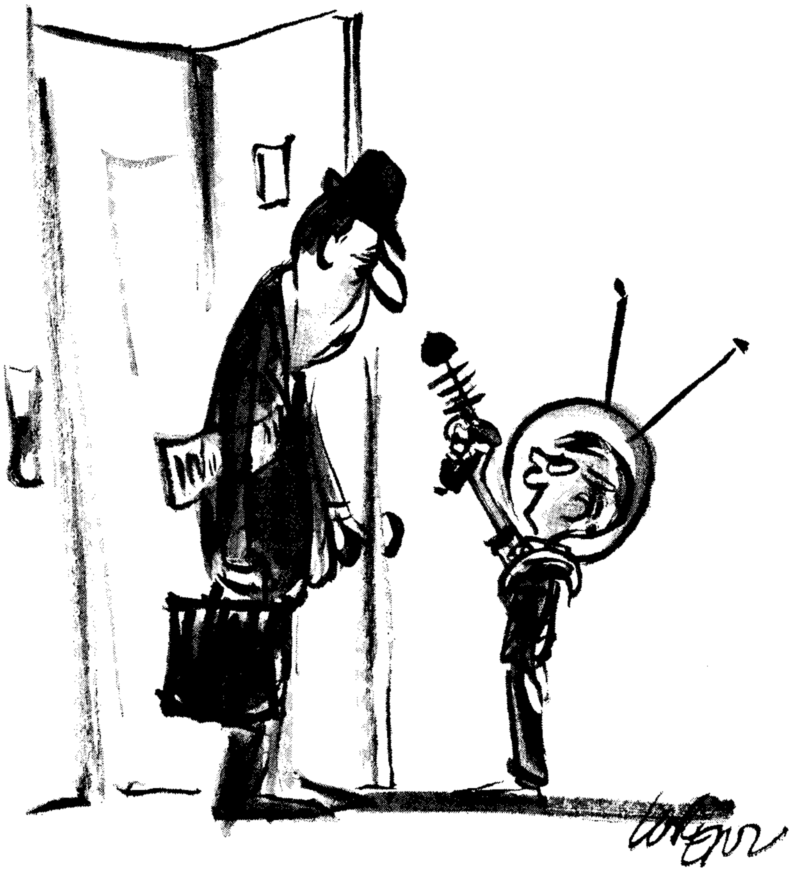
"Where the light falls is the light. Where the light does *not* fall is the shadow. Chiaroscuro, the clear and the obscure. Don't go mucking your drawing up with half-lights." Half-lights were the snare that seduced the undertrained; the greatest sin was to go peering into the shadow.

When my mother looked at things (and her life was given over to looking at things; in any unfamiliar house she used to keep crying "Look at that! Look at that!" about a chair, a picture, a china bowl of flowers, until she became embarrassed by the realization that nobody else joined her), she looked with a kind of innocent, once-born stare. I can see that now, too. She held her eyes very wide open and simply stared, as though confronted by the first day of creation.

Often she saw things quite differently from other people. Colors, for instance, appeared different to her from what they seemed to me to be. She would keep talking about a blue house on the road to Gloucester, and I couldn't imagine what she was talking about, and then one day we would be driving that road together and she would cry, "There's the blue house! Look at that!" I would look, and it would be white.

"You're so *literary*," my father and mother used to complain to me. This was in no sense a compliment but referred to the instantaneous reflex of reading into color what I figured it had to be, instead of seeing it for what—in that light—it was. I remember a dress my mother owned in the latter part of her life. She called it her black dress. Although it was a very dark dress, I couldn't help knowing that it was really navy blue. It did take peering to see that, though, and my mother never peered. She just stared, and her vision and the image met for what they were.

Then there was the portrait my mother painted of Miss R——, another Boston débutante of the late twenties, whom she posed sitting sidewise, leaning forward, arms resting on a table, head turned so that it was seen three-quarters. For once, my mother plucked up the courage to assert what the sitter



"Die like a dog, Earthling!"

was to wear. Miss R—— and her mother wanted the dress in which Miss R—— had made her début. I don't think I ever saw it, but I can imagine it—hip-girdled, knee-exposing, "snappy," as we used to say. But my mother had her way, and painted Miss R—— in a Chinese robe that a missionary in-law of ours brought back from China, of dark-blue, stiff, gauzy material encrusted with gold-embroidered dragons. Only, in the painting, it was green with silver.

The R——s viewed the finished painting with pronounced disfavor. Not only was a mere three-quarters of their daughter's face visible (and, they may have reasoned, they were paying for the whole face) but she was wearing a garment that didn't remotely resemble any clothes they admired, or, for that matter, the actual Chinese robe, either—a robe demonstrably dark blue, not green. They let it be known, politely, that they could not accept the portrait.

My mother never minded when a portrait came back on her hands, because, flooded with orders as she was in those days, she always needed something to send to the exhibitions, all over the country, to which her work was invited. Portraits in private hands were hard to borrow, for people hate lending portraits; it is as if one asked for the fireplace out of their living room.

Somewhere beyond our ken Miss R—— grew older, got married, had children, lost her husband, began acquiring grandchildren, and then, out of the blue, years later, when my mother had come to Virginia to live near me, came a letter from Miss R—— to ask whether, if the portrait was still in existence, she might see it with a view to buying it. She did see it, and bought it with enthusiasm.

It was not only the clothing of women my mother found unpaintable. Male clothing was even worse. "That awful V," she called the effect a man's collar and tie make, and she invented a way to circumvent having to paint it by getting men sitters to wear scarves. (Men sitters seem to have been more amenable than women, perhaps because the artist was so beautiful.) I can remember only one portrait of hers of a man not wearing a scarf—that of the Reverend Dr. Lyman Rutledge, whom she painted in his academic robes, which came up high enough partly to obscure "that awful V."

Little boys, back in the days of Miss R——'s youth, presented no problem, since, for best, they wore light-colored linen suits with lace or linen collars and, for every day, shorts, that showed their bare legs. By my mother's latter days, however, even the smallest boys had taken to dressing like "dreadful little men," in dark suits with shirts, ties, and long pants—"two long black tubes" she called them.

MY mother's apartment in Virginia was small, what is locally called a duplex—half of a one-story house. She had chosen it entirely because the principal room had a view window that went up to the ceiling and let in enough light to make it suitable for a studio. She had an ingrained prejudice against the custom of keeping window shades at half mast. Any window shade over which *she* had any control was instantly raised to the top. What other people call the glare she called the light.

In the South, she discovered, people were not accustomed to thinking in terms of her rather high prices for portraits. If she wanted to go on getting portrait orders, she would have to lower them. She did want to go on getting them. She never even considered the contrary. Nothing irritated her more when she was an old lady than to have someone say, "Do you still paint?" She reduced her prices to less than a third of her Northern high. Even so, there were difficulties. The wife of a multimillionaire Detroiter who had retired to Albemarle County came up to me one day in the grocery store and, after beating about the bush, said she had seen some of my mother's portrait drawings and would love to have her grandsons done. How much, she ventured with hesitation to ask, did my mother charge? I told her. (It was now less than two hundred dollars for a drawing.) "Oh," cried the Detroit lady, in her mink coat. "Oh! I'm afraid I couldn't possibly afford that!" And she hurried away to the meat counter.

The Southern ladies, too, experienced great mortification in bringing themselves to speak of money to so beautiful and elegant a person as my mother. They came to me to ask her portrait prices in a sort of agony. "I just *couldn't* ask her how much she *charges*," said the mother of two sons who were later done by my mother with vast success. "She's such a *lady*."

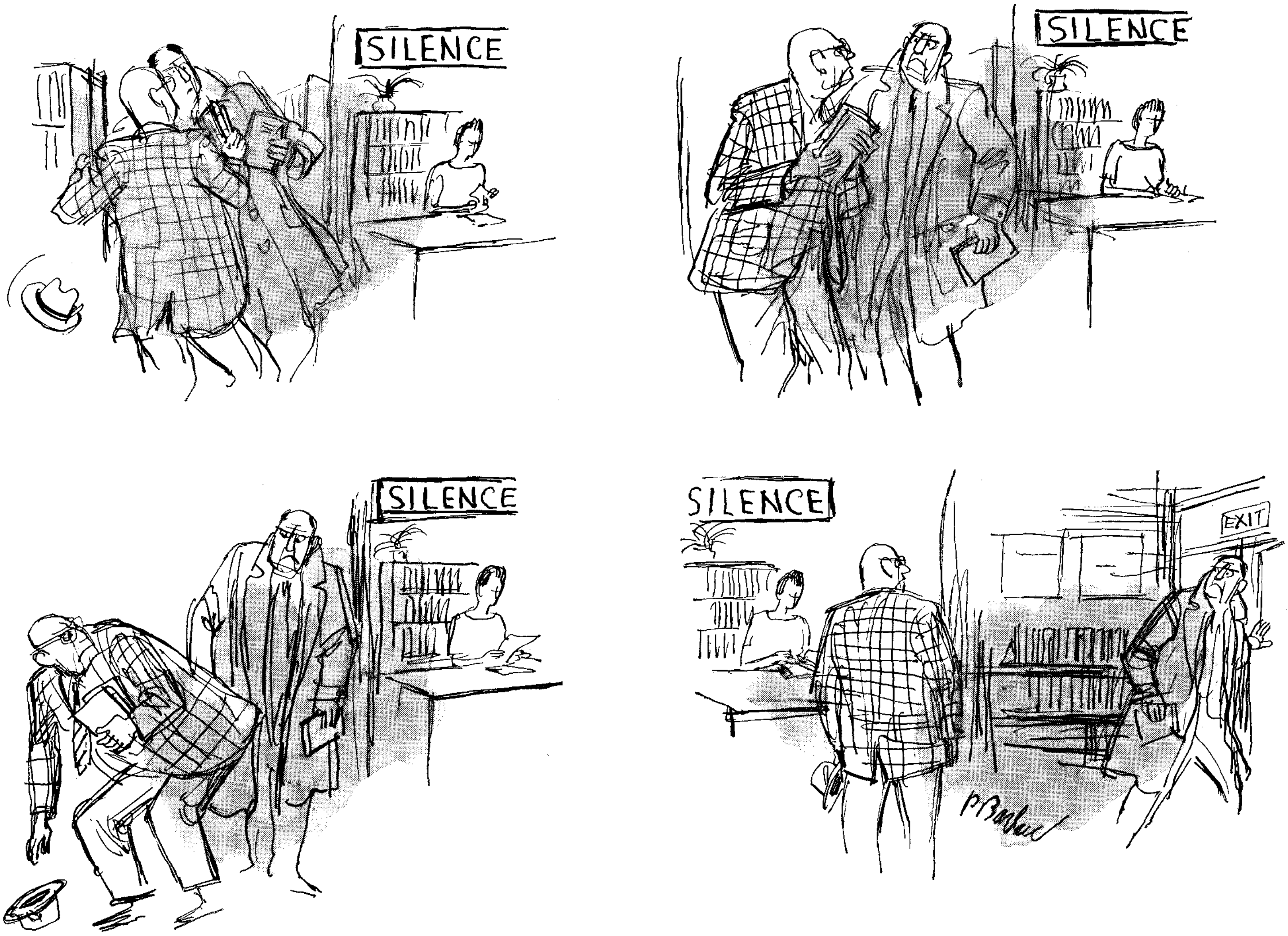
My mother felt no such qualms. "Good heavens! Does she think I do it for nothing?" she'd say. "You'd think I was some damned amateur."

My mother never swore, normally; but to my father amateurs were always "damned amateurs," and my father's locutions lived on in my mother's vocabulary. His principles, too, remained forever hers. Once when some sitter's hard-luck story had tempted her to present him with his portrait (it is amazing the impoverishment people who think nothing of new Buicks feel when it comes to portraits), she ended by stiffening and saying, "No. Your father used to say, 'Never give away your work. People don't value what they don't have to pay for.' "

The portraits she did in Virginia were much admired, and contented clients went out of their way to bring prospective sitters to her. One such client telephoned to ask if she might bring a Mrs. W—— to tea on Thursday to see examples of my mother's work. My mother spent the intervening days hanging additional pictures, which had been out in her little storeroom, on the walls. When four o'clock Thursday came, the two women arrived. They drank tea, chattered volubly, stayed for an hour or so, and then made their departure. At the door my mother's client said, "I'm *so* sorry you weren't able to find some pictures for us to look at."

"I was so stunned I couldn't think of one word to say," my mother told me next day. "I just stood there gaping, with this whole place plastered with my work in back of me. What did they think I was going to do—push them in their faces?"

She could never get used to the idea that most people don't use their eyes except to keep from running into things. She never learned not to feel wounded when, for example, she'd made some charming arrangement of flowers for the table, or placed a yellow chair in a



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telling position against a rose toile curtain, and not one person at the party for which the effect had been planned made any comment. "Nobody liked it!" she'd wail. I had to keep persuading her that other people didn't see what she saw. "You mean they didn't *see* it? But it was right in front of them," she'd cry with an incredulity undiminished over the years.

I and my friends were really hardly any better, being writers and fairly sightless too. Once, at our seashore place in Massachusetts, after a number of literary people had passed through for a longer or shorter time, all with eyes downcast to the glacial boulders underfoot or the murmurous water below, while they talked and talked of their own and other writers' work, my mother exploded.

"Here they've come to what is *probably* the most beautiful view on the Eastern Seaboard," she said, "and they don't look at one thing! They might just as well stay in New York."

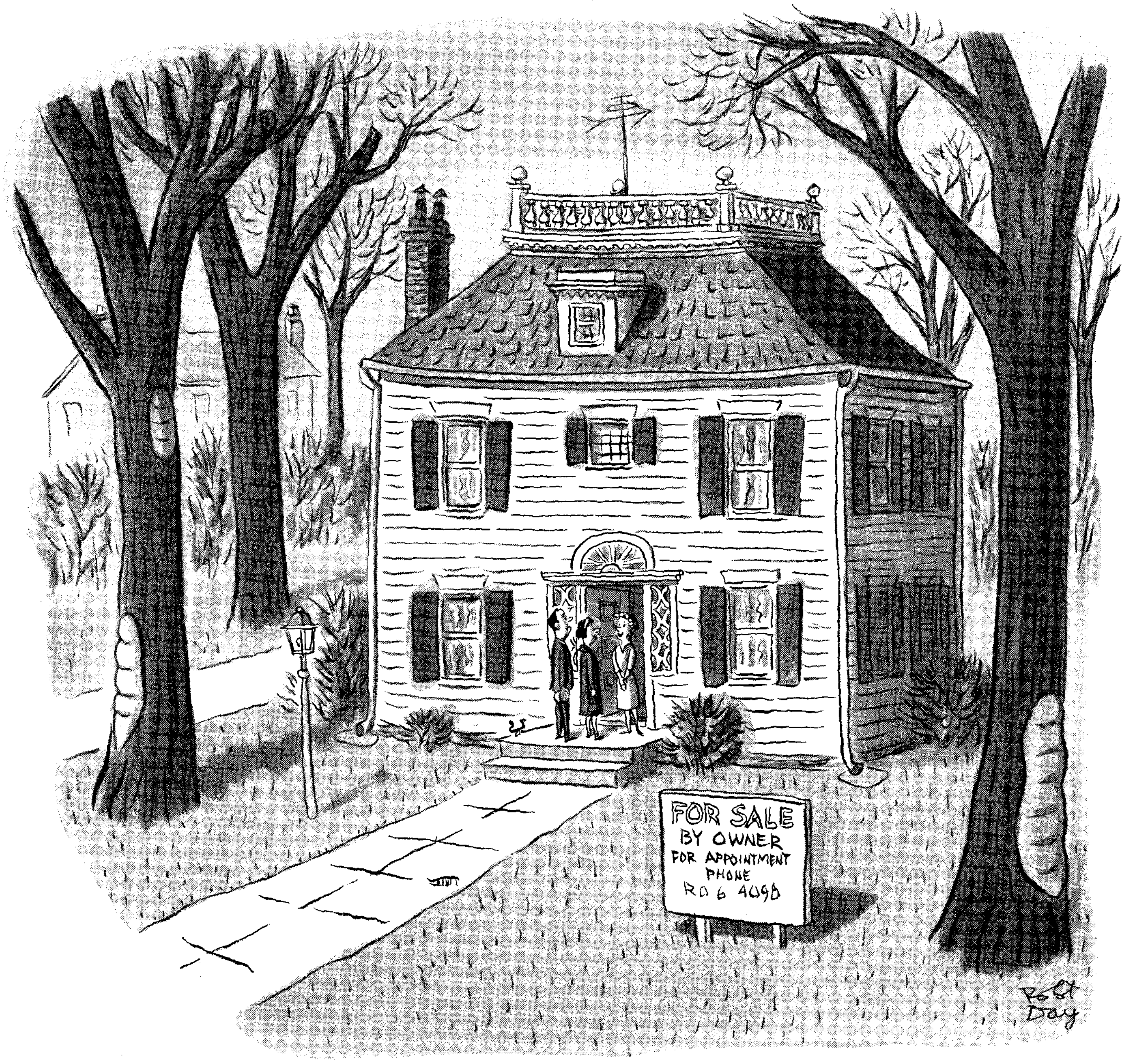
If art as she understood it alienated her from the sightless all her life, during her last years it alienated her from modern painters as well. They, too, gazed at the ground, painted by electric light, peered into the shadow—all of which was against her artistic religion. Years before, my father had been fond of declaring that modernists—meaning painters since Cézanne—were in effect saying, "Let me look into the interior of my belly."

That attitude in modern painting was what profoundly distressed her. It was not at all that modern pictures were abstractions. "Every good painting is basically an abstraction," my father used to say. Or that they were not representational. Her dismay was different from the layman's dismay. What depressed her was the loss of that rapturous meeting between the artist's private vision and the shimmering world of objects. To her it amounted to a loss of soul.

ALTHOUGH there always remained a demand for my mother's portraits—"When a woman wants a portrait of her children, she wants it to look like them," she would comment grimly—her work went out of style within her own lifetime. No longer was she invited to show at all the big exhibitions over the country. She did still show at some, and she did still win an occasional prize; but she, who had once sold every picture out of her exhibitions before they officially opened, now experienced that pendulum swing of fashion which, in the art of painting, is perhaps more extreme than in any other.

She had only contempt for painters of her own generation who, cannily trimming their sails to the prevailing winds, turned out Abstract Expressionism. She couldn't believe they were being honest. She couldn't believe that anyone who had ever got into intimate artistic relation with the natural world could be satisfied by communion with self alone. Half of reality had been abandoned, it seemed to her; the inner half remained, alone and impotent. If it was against her religion to go peering into the shadow, it was even more against it to avert the eyes from that world upon which the light falls.

The year my mother died, at eighty-three, we went to Italy to see the pictures. She had seen the British and French paintings years before, but never the Italian. Among exclaiming



"My husband and I are only asking for what we've put into it—eighty-seven thousand six hundred and fifty dollars and forty-two cents."

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sightseers looking up at the blackened Tintorettos that line the dim walls and ceilings of the Scuola San Rocco, in Venice, my mother merely stared at the pictures for a bit and said, "I can't see anything at all."

"But look!" the friend travelling with us cried. "Just look—hard—at the wonderful drapery in that one above!"

"I can't see a thing," my mother repeated. Where the light fell was the light. Where the light did not fall was the shadow. Chiaroscuro—the clear and the obscure.

She loved looking at such paintings as had been provided with spotlights, in various galleries and churches, and she loved looking at everything in the Uffizi, where the light falls white and strong. Most of everything in Italy she loved the radiant Tuscan landscape. As she stared at the undulating olive groves we drove through, the walled towns, the castle-topped hills, I could see by her engrossed look that the special marriage of subject and object was occurring for her.

We sailed home from Genoa on an American liner. It was making the last leg of a Mediterranean cruise, and we shared a table with a retired admiral and his wife—affable people of the world. My mother and the admiral's wife, who was called something like Mrs. Haughton, seemed made to get on with each other, as two antique, elegant, and still beautiful women. Mrs. Haughton plied my mother with questions—about her genealogy, receiving answers most gratifying to her; about the problem of becoming dress for the elderly; about mutual acquaintances, of which they discovered several. Most of these were ex-sitters of my mother's—a relationship Mrs. Haughton found it slightly difficult to grasp. "Oh, you're *artistic!*" she finally exclaimed, her face clearing. My mother winced.

One day the Haughtons turned up for lunch, full of a party they had just been to in the captain's quarters. It had been a cocoa party, they reported, making a good story of it. The captain, it appeared, was a teetotaller. At noon Mrs. Haughton, as the oldest lady present, had been given the honor of pulling the cord that blew the ship's whistle. You could see what a kick the pretty old lady got out of it. "When you heard that great WHOOOO, that was me!" she said.

I took it for granted the Haughtons rated their invitation to the bridge as old Navy people. But next day we, too, found an engraved card slipped under our stateroom door inviting us to the captain's quarters at half after eleven. The captain turned out to be a handsome man of some sixty years, who told me that in his seafaring youth he had been so terrified by a tidal wave off Madeira that he never touched liquor again. The guests were handed cards printed with a recipe for the cocoa we were drinking, which was excellent. As noon approached, the captain asked my mother, delicately, if she thought perhaps she was the senior lady present.

"Yes indeed; I'm a great-grandmother," she replied.

"That beats all the grandmothers here!" the captain declared, and invited her to blow the ship's whistle at twelve.

The time came, and we all—some eight or ten of us—trooped out onto a little deck off the chartroom, where a sharp breeze was blowing. In the brilliant sunshine the ocean all around us was ruffled into peaks.

The moment came; my mother pulled the cord; and the great, deep, thrilling whistle sounded. Then we went inside. Everyone congratulated my mother on being the oldest lady present, on being a great-grandmother, on blowing the whistle.

At lunch the admiral's lady leaned across the table, her eyes sparkling. "I hear it was you who blew the whistle today!" she said. "*How* exciting!"

After lunch, when we had gone to our stateroom for a nap, my mother said, "What's so wonderful about blowing a whistle? Here I've given my whole life to painting and nobody on board says one single word about my work. All they notice is that I'm the oldest woman alive, for pity's sake."

I started to tell her no one on board would ever have heard of her work; but I couldn't.

"Did you see, though," my mother continued, "the way the ocean looked, when we went out, with the sun on it? Bright, transparent green."

"I'd call it blue," I had to say.

"You would," she said. Affectionately.

—Nancy Hale

THE STONE

The stone found me in bright sunlight
around 9th and Stuyvesant Streets and
found, if not a friend, at
least a travelling companion.
Kicking, we crossed
Third Avenue, then Cooper Square, a-
voiding the traffic in our oblique and
random way, a cab almost got him, and I had
to wait a few seconds, crowding
in from the triangular portion edged about
with signs, safety island, crossed
Lafayette, him catching between the cobbles, then
with a judicious blow
from the toes of my foot (right), well, a
soccer kick aiming for height, we cleared
the curb and turned left down Lafayette,
that long block,
with a wide sidewalk and plenty of room to maneuver
in over metal cellar doorways or swinging
out toward the curb edge. The low worn
curb at 4th was a cinch to make, and
at Great Jones Street the driveway into a
gas station promised no impediment. But
then he rolled suddenly to the right
as though following an old gentleman in a long
coat, and at the same time I was addressed
by a painter I know and his girl on their way
to Washington Square, and as I looked up to
answer,
I heard the small sound. He had fallen
in his run, into water gathered in a sunken
plate which they lift to tighten or loosen
something to do with the city water supply I think,
and sank out of sight.
I spoke to Simeon and Dee
about a loft it turned out he hadn't gotten, but
felt so desolate at having lost him they didn't
stay long, I looked at the puddle, explained
we'd come all the way from beyond Cooper Square,
they hurried away.
I suppose I could have used my hands, picked him
out and continued, he'd have been dry by the time
we got home, but just as I decided to abandon him
the sun disappeared.
I continued on down Bleecker finally,
a warm front moving in from the west, the
cirrus clotting into alto-cumulus, sun seeping through
as the front thickened, but not shining, the air turned
cool, and there were pigeons
circling
over the buildings at
West Broadway, and over them a gull, a
young man with a beard and torn army jacket walked
a big mutt on a short leash teaching him to heel.
The mutt was fine, trotting alongside, nuzzling
lightly at his master's chino pants, the young
man smiled, the dog smiled too, and on they went.
They had each other.
I had left him there in the puddle, our game
over, no fair using hands I had told myself.
Not that he could have smiled.
The sun gone in.
He had been shaped like a drunken pyramid, ir-
regularly triangular.
I liked him.

—Paul Blackburn

PROFILES

THE NEW THEOLOGIAN

II—THE EKKLESIA

ONLY in the last few years has theology been taking widespread cognizance of the strictures of science, the demands of secularism, and the growing sense of cosmic despair, even though these things have been about, in combination, for several centuries, finding expression during that time in the works of Descartes, Newton, and Laplace, of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Hardy. As change loomed, some philosophers and theologians maintained that theology had been able to keep her counsel for all those centuries merely because of her long-established privileged position, while others contended that she had to ignore outside influences, because the men who talked about God, by definition, could never reach an understanding with the men who talked about science. When the first group of philosophers and theologians went on to declare that the era of ascendancy for theology was at last over—in their view, it had been coming to a close since Copernicus—and that any further delay in the accommodation of theology to the world would condemn the discipline to death by quarantine and by default, the second group argued that, on the contrary, theology was a science in itself, that the word of God, as much of it as was revealed to us, was the same for all time, and that any attempt to revamp the old language and doctrines, however archaic they might appear, would require of theology an alliance so compromising that it would be another form of death. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the opposing views, events today have seemed to favor the group committed to change and adjustment. Not only did the Right Reverend John Robinson, the Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich and the author of "Honest to God," and Langdon Gilkey, a professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School who, at forty-six, prides himself on keeping abreast of matters theological, think that they had been passed over in favor of, say, Paul van Buren—who, they were ready to grant, represented something of a movement—but even the late Paul Tillich, one of the preëminent Protestant theologians, seemed to feel that he had become vestigial. In the draft of an essay on the so-called Christian Radicals, Langdon Gilkey wrote, "This split in theological consciousness just the 'other side of forty' is illustrated in Tillich's remark to me last spring [1964], 'Vy, Langdon, am I so soon on ze dust heap of history?'—and in my answer, 'Don't feel too sorry for yourself—I'm there already too!' "

In my initial reading, a couple of years ago, of "Honest to God," of the criticism of Robinson that appeared in all sections of the British press, and of some other theological works, I had started out by taking it for granted that the Bishop's was a minority view, and probably an avant-garde one. Even though his text was larded with abundant quotations from Tillich, the distinguished Protestant theologian Rudolf Bultmann, and the German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer (who was executed by the Nazis), and his cry was echoed in many quarters, it seemed to me that the Bishop had so neglected the great differences, and resulting tensions, among his sources, and had so forced the similarities that what he had presented was a mixture all his own. Also, the cause that he and other theologians espoused—known as the New Theology, or the complete merging of Christianity and the secular world, so that an urgent question became, as Bonhoeffer put it for all of them, "In what way are we in a religionless and secular sense Christians, in what way are we the *Ekklesia*, 'those who are called forth,' not conceiving of ourselves religiously as specially favored, but as wholly belonging to the world?"—at first sight looked so hopeless that I did not credit it with a significant following. The more I read, however, and the more I talked with theologians, the more obvious it became that "Honest to God," and some similarly oriented books—"Soundings: Essays Concerning Christian Understanding," from the hands of a dozen dons and professors, mostly from Cambridge; "Objections to Christian Belief," this time by a group of four Cambridge theologians; and "God Is No More," by Werner Pelz—were mirrors of the contemporary theological world at large, reflecting, interestingly, even the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Arthur Michael Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ramsey had unequivocally censured both Robinson and his ideas and his decision to air them in a newspaper (the *Observer*) prior to book publication, yet less than two years after the appearance of "Honest to God" the Archbishop was himself in print in a rival paper, the *Sunday Times*, with some of Robinson's ideas, which he seemed in the meantime to have casually made his own. For instance, he rejected certain Biblical language, on the ground that it was an obstacle to present-day believers. "The Creeds belong to Christendom and have Catholic authority," he wrote. "But what of their English text? Again and again one finds that the phrase 'He descended into hell' is a stumbling block. It conveys to people that Christ went to the place of the damned, for that is what 'hell' normally suggests. But the word in the original text meant no such thing—only the realm of departed spirits: Christ truly and completely died, and his sovereignty reaches both to this world and the next." Thus, it was soon impressed upon me that the prophets of change were swaying even the high and the mighty, and I was left wondering what would remain of Christianity when the prophecies were fulfilled.

At the time, I was living in the United States, and, wishing to learn something about the new turns in Christian theology and some of the men who were responsible for them, I had made a start by having conversations in this country with Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, and Paul van Buren. Now I went to Britain, and continued my quest in Cambridge and Southwark. It was generally thought that Cambridge and Southwark together formed an axis of new, or "heretical," theology, even though one could hardly imagine two places more dissimilar. Cambridge still managed to keep a little of the character of a market town, set deep in the country, where certain aspects of the twentieth century, like its industry, had hardly been noticed, while Southwark was an impoverished industrial and working-class section of Greater London. Yet Cambridge was the university of nearly all the so-called "Southwark fellow-travellers" and of some non-fellow-travelling Southwark clerics as well, including the diocesan bishop himself, the Right Reverend Arthur Mervyn Stockwood; Cambridge was where "Soundings" had originated, the product of a close group of theologians who had been meeting regularly in the University of Cambridge for some years to discuss ideas, and the results of whose discussions were reputed to be as radical in character as any theories knocking about in the theological world.

A Cambridge don I knew said to me, "I think as a rule it's deplorable when people classify and lump things together, but in the case of Cambridge and Southwark this has some validity. Such radicals as there are, in fact, can be met with in these two places, and all of them got their education at Cambridge during the flowering here of a sort of second humanism—remember Robinson's emphasis on rationalism and love—and all of them found the world outside, when they had to go out into it, something of a shock. Perhaps partly because of this, and partly because Oxford philosophy has never had much influence at Cambridge, another characteristic of the radicals is philosophical confusion. You see, the faculties here are so isolated from one another that the Tripos of Moral Sciences has got narrower and narrower. Anthony Flew, now at the University of Keele, once read a paper to a Moral Science society here in which he uttered the name 'Plato,' and it was as though he had uttered a four-letter word. Ancients and Moderns aren't mixed here, as they are at Oxford. At Cambridge, Plato is studied only in the Classics faculty. There has always been a touch of King's College religion about Cambridge—the very beautiful King's Chapel, with its very beautiful choir, where anyone, religious or not, would like to go to church—which means a touch of intellectualism and eccentricity. For instance, Richard Braithwaite, who is a professor of Moral Philosophy here, was persuaded—philosophically—to become a Christian in his adult life, but only after an exchange of several letters between him and his baptizing chaplain in which were listed certain things in the Christian religion that, it was agreed, Braithwaite would not be expected to accept. I don't actually know that there was such a correspondence, but Braithwaite behaved as though a private treaty had been made, with a table of exemptions for him, and everyone in Cambridge believed that this was so. When he was baptized, practically everybody who was anybody in Cambridge was there, except Wittgenstein."

Yet my friend, upon being pushed, was unable to name any radicals. In fact, in his opinion almost all the men whose names were bandied about in the newspapers as Cambridge radicals and the bogymen of Christianity—A. R. Vidler, Fellow and Dean of King's College; H. A. Williams, Fellow and Dean of Trinity; Donald M. MacKinnon, Professor of Divinity and Fellow of Corpus Christi; Howard Eugene Root, Fellow and Dean of Emmanuel; J. S. Bezzant, Fellow and Dean of St. John's; and Reverend Canon Hugh William Montefiore, Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge (before that, Fellow and Dean of Gonville and Caius)—were conservatives of one stripe or another. My friend said, "Vidler is a church historian, not a theologian, and was for a long time an

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Anglo-Catholic, and a lot of that still sticks to him. Williams, I suppose, is a radical, but he tries everything on his pulses, and he is always painting with words, saying things just to evoke criticism, exaggerating to get the maximum amount of response. He was in psychoanalysis for a number of years, and talks about it. This is his honesty, if you like. MacKinnon is mostly conservative, and he is such a monologuist that he was never even considered for the 'Soundings' discussion group. Bezzant's appearance in 'Objections to Christian Belief' was surprising. He belongs to the previous generation, and his ideas are set. Montefiore has left academic life because he wants to pursue his career in the hierarchy of the church. Root hasn't written much. He just had time off to write, but he went as an observer to the Vatican Council instead."

Still, Vidler, the editor of "Soundings," was referred to everywhere as a "midwife" of theology, and not only of theology at Cambridge but of theology in England at large, because for a quarter of a century he had edited the most important journal of the discipline, called *Theology*. For the last ten years or so, he has been Dean of King's College, and therefore, as a matter of course, the high pundit of that King's College religion. No one interested in theological matters goes up to Cambridge without paying his respects to Vidler, and when I went along for my darshana, I discovered that he lived on Staircase X, near the Backs and at the opposite end of the college from E. M. Forster. On the front door of his rooms, which were a few flights up, there was a sign asking visitors to walk in and knock at the door of an inner room. I followed instructions, and, upon being bidden to enter the inner sanctum, found Vidler, a massive man with a neatly trimmed white beard and enormous black eyebrows, sitting on a sofa. He was wearing a black shirt, a black collar, and a white tie, in the fashion of eminent divines of old, before the era of the dog collar. He was, in fact, a study in black and white, but, surprisingly, a bottle-green corduroy jacket, a purple tie, and a gray fur hat were lying on a chair, making one think that whatever he did had a touch of deliberation about it. Over the fireplace—the only wall space without books—was a watercolor of Lamb House, where Henry James once lived, and on the mantelpiece beneath it was a collection of Staffordshire pottery figures, including one of John Wesley. In a corner stood a glass case holding a number of mustache cups, which have not been seen about since the First World War, when soldiers had to shave off their whiskers in order to fight. (The elegance of some of the cups recalled the era of the third Marquis of Salisbury and the eighth Duke of Devonshire, two Victorians remembered for, among other things, their magnificent mustaches, widely emulated.) The windows of Vidler's room looked out on the river and on Clare Bridge, which many consider the loveliest bridge in England.

"It's difficult to discover who the radicals are, exactly," I said when we had exchanged greetings. "For one thing, they don't seem to have written very much."

Vidler had in his hand a large-bowled pipe of the type called a twister. He now crouched down in front of the fireplace, in which a coal fire was burning, and slowly lit the twister with a spill. Having returned to the sofa, he said, "Oh, well, most of them are radicals only in discussion; when people trust each other and meet among friends, they can say things freely. In any case, at Oxford there is the tradition of being learned and putting things out, but at Cambridge the tradition is much more of debating and going over the same thing again and again. Brooke Foss Westcott and F. J. Hort were great nineteenth-century Cambridge theologians, and Hort started many books, but he didn't publish. Well, he did publish a few books, but they weren't the books he really wanted to write. We agonize over everything here, and somehow never get into print. By the way, I decided some time ago not to offer cigarettes, but if you smoke, please go ahead."

I said I didn't smoke.

He got up and fetched from a cupboard a couple of glasses, a bottle of sherry, and some biscuits. Pouring out some sherry, he said, "I need only one good meal to survive. Even here at King's, I dine in the Hall only once a day. For the rest of the time, I just

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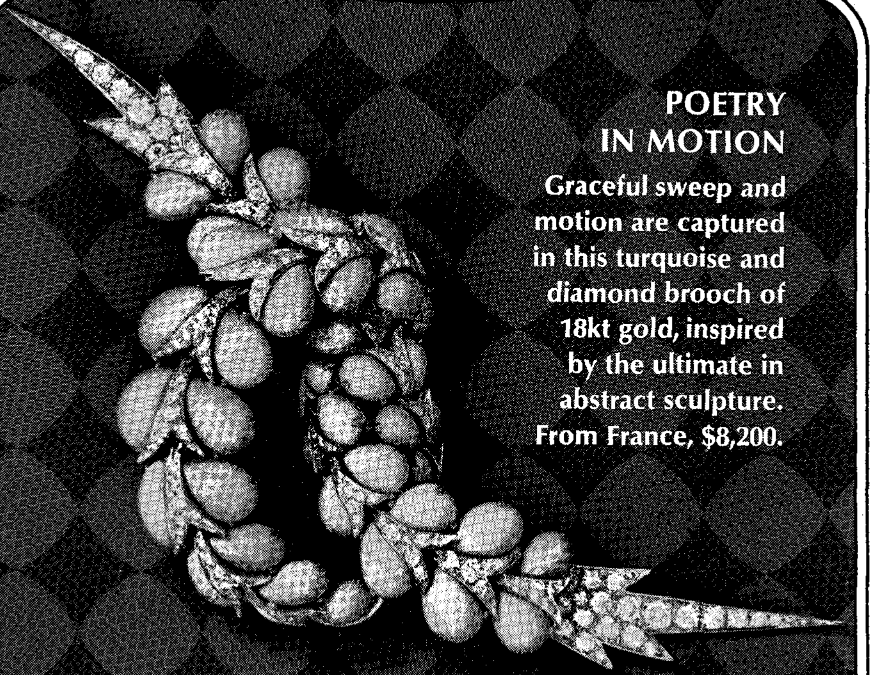

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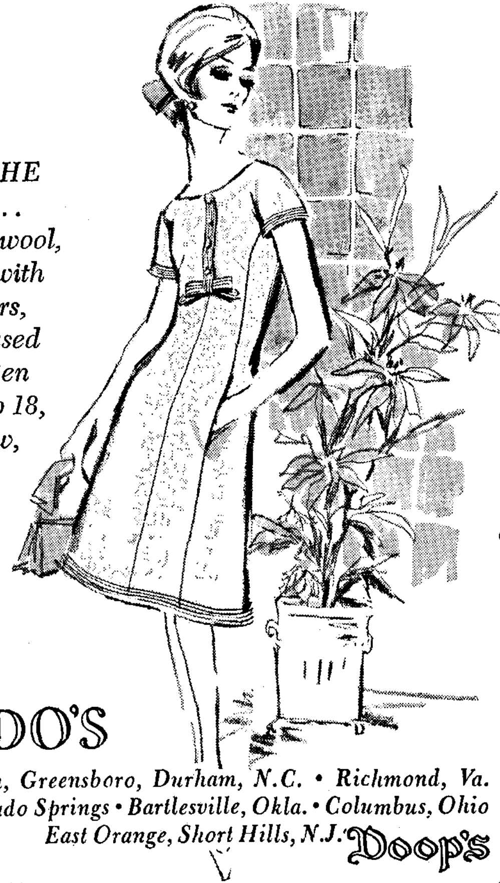

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take snacks. I don't want to get grossly fat, or anything like that."

Over the sherry, I asked him how the "Soundings" group had got started.

He relit his twister at the fire and said, "Oh, well, when I came back to Cambridge in 1956—I had been an undergraduate here before going on to Wells Theological College and the provinces—I thought there should be some kind of discussion of theological problems. There were philosophical analyses and scientific developments, and I thought we should find out how theology could come to terms with them. I got two or three of the younger theologians interested, and we surveyed the available people. We considered Robinson, among others, but excluded him, because we didn't feel that he had the sort of radical attitude we wanted in our group. This was quite a reasonable view at the time, since he was then Dean of Clare and a very conventional New Testament scholar. We didn't include MacKinnon, either."

"Why was that?" I asked.

"Oh, MacKinnon is very good when you get him on his own, but in a group he is one of these people who tend to confuse what others say with their own ideas. You see, MacKinnon gets things on his mind. At the moment, it's the Agony of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. And everything, whatever MacKinnon is talking about, turns into this Agony. Actually, I got the idea of the 'Soundings' group from the Moot. The Moot was thought up by the theologian J. H. Oldham, who's now ninety. It was the best group I have been a member of, and the most high-powered. In the Moot there were T. S. Eliot, Karl Mannheim, Middleton Murry—people like that. The Moot used to meet for long weekends three or four times a year. We used to sit about in a large room. Oldham would sit on a little stool. He was deaf—of course, he wore a machine—and when someone began talking he would move his little stool next to him. The papers read there were circulated among the members. A very few of them found their way into print. I have a complete set of them. When I retire, I hope to do something with them."

Vidler, who was speaking in a rather offhand monotone, continued, "I'm going to retire in 1967; it's the thing I most look forward to. Then I'll be able to spend a little bit more time on my bees, among other things. I used to collect wild bees; now I collect bees with honey. They're much easier to

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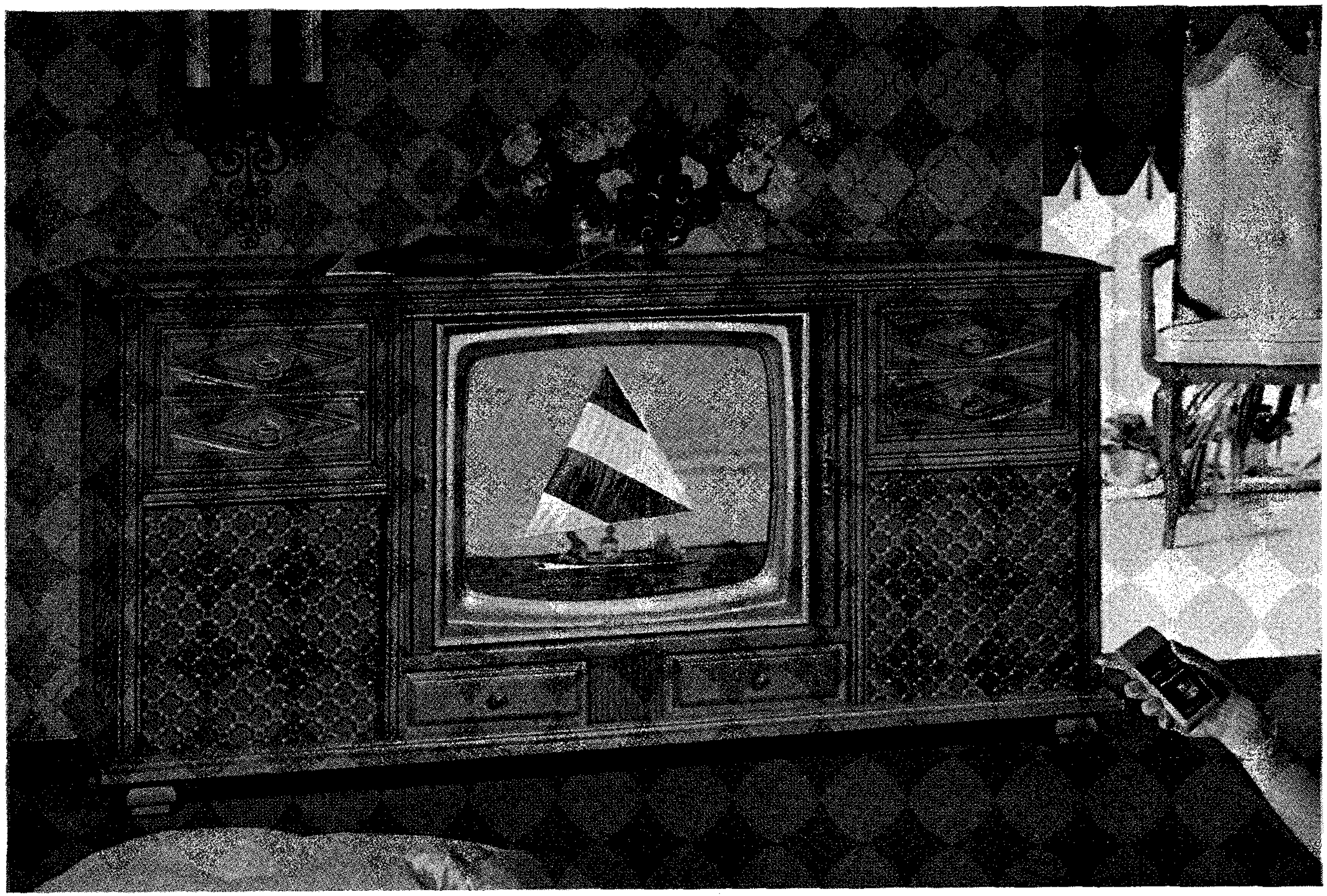

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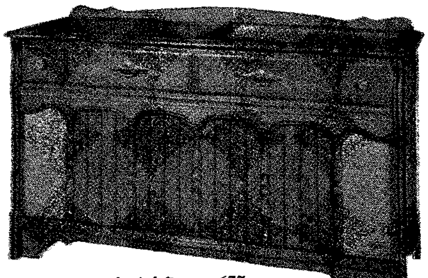

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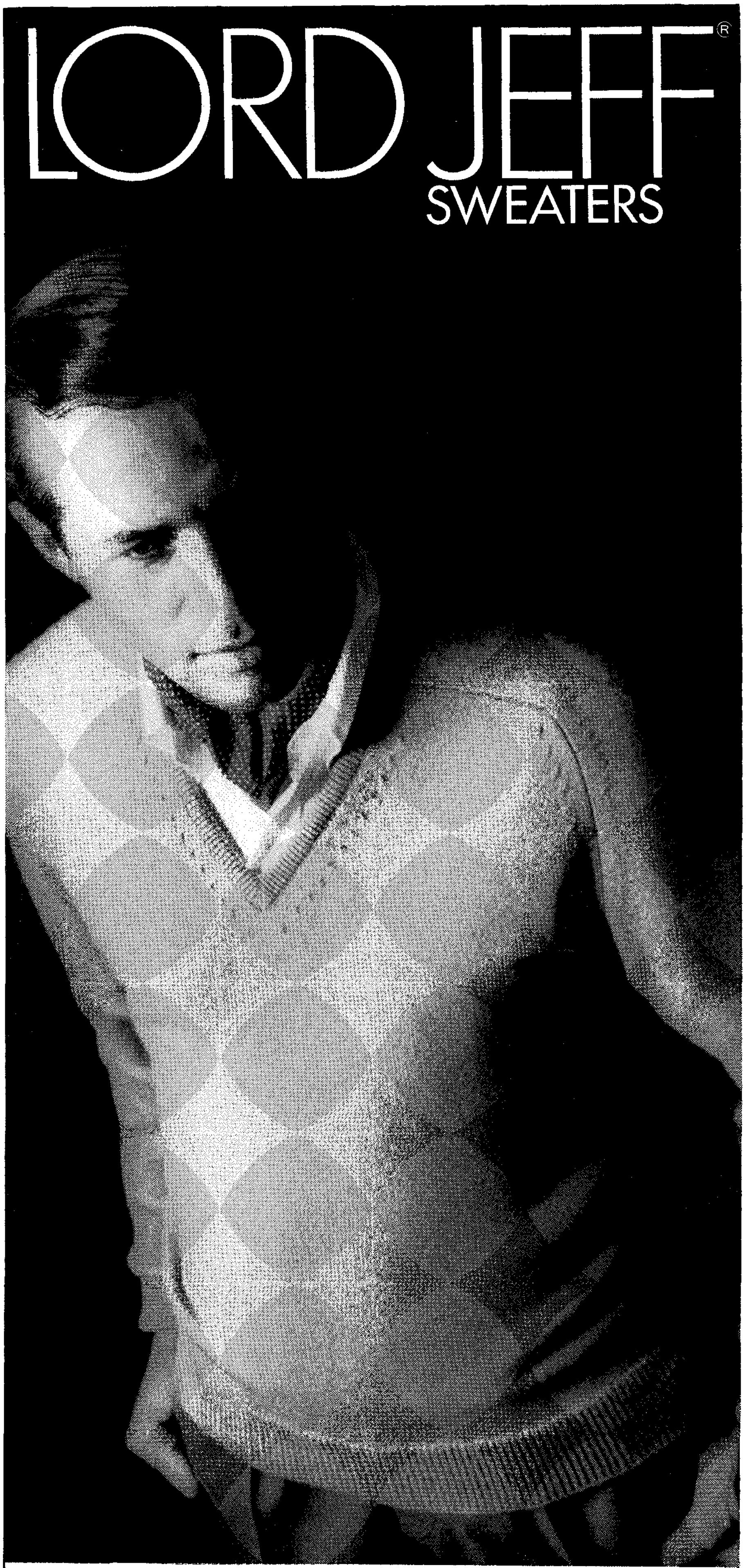
look after—you don't have to do anything about them for months. I'll retire to Rye, Sussex, where I was brought up. My sister—she's a widow—has bought a house there, and many of my old relatives are settling in Rye again. I'll retire to the family house. It was left to me by my father—he was a great local historian of Rye. It's a part of a thirteenth-century medieval house that has survived. My family has been living in it since 1801. It was rather small for my family when I was young, but it'll be just right for a bachelor like me now. About a hundred and fifty yards from us is Henry James's house. When I was two, he kissed me—that sort of thing. I've frequently lived in beautiful places, like Windsor—I was Canon of St. George's Chapel in Windsor. I also served in the slums of Newcastle upon Tyne and Birmingham for a time."

I LOOKED up Williams next—the man renowned for trying his thoughts out on his pulses. He lived on the ground floor of a staircase in Trinity Great Court, the largest quadrangle at Cambridge, which, interestingly, had no right angles. He turned out to be a saturnine sort of person with a beet-red face. He was standing thoughtfully in front of a very hot Esse stove in his sitting room. I remarked that it was quite warm there, and he said, "This stove has a history. A couple of years ago, the thermostat went bad, and it burned up fourteen hours of fuel in two hours. This mantelpiece—or, rather, its predecessor—caught fire. I was sleeping in the bedroom over there. Well, I had the door closed, so I didn't smell anything. But then I heard sort of a row going on outside my door, and I came out to look, and the floor boards and the mantelpiece—or, rather, its predecessor—were on fire. I ran to the porter's lodge in my pajamas, and, of course, the fire guard was here in minutes. The College got me a new Esse stove; otherwise, they knew, I might do more damage to their property! This Esse stove has two thermostats. The nice thing about an Esse stove is that it stays hot twenty-four hours."

Lighting a Player's Gold Leaf Virginia cigarette, Williams went on, "Smoking is a sublimated desire for breast-sucking; that's why they haven't been able to wean people off it, in spite of the medical warnings. I was reading in the *Times* this morning that all the fuss about cigarettes has made Americans smoke more. There is also, I suppose, a strong death wish in people. I've



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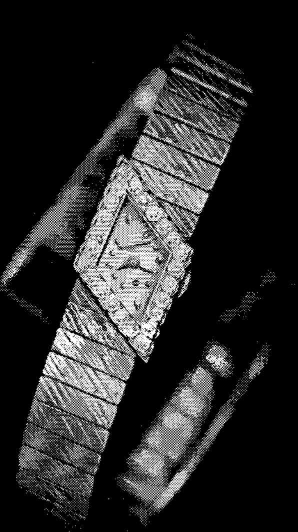

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tried talking psychology with many dons, and this is quite easy, because quite a few of the dons here are in psychoanalysis, I have discovered. And they have the kind of perception that only psychoanalysis can give one. *I* was in psychoanalysis for a few years. It's taught me to cope—nothing more, just to cope. What I learned from psychoanalysis was that what one thought on the conscious level, and thought was sincere, had unconscious origins. Take the Commandment 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Now, it seems almost too easy, but *I* think you love your neighbor more when you come to know the meaning of Auden's lines 'O stand, stand at the window / As the tears scald and start; / You shall love your crooked neighbor / With your crooked heart.' And Christ says in the parable of the sheep and the goats, in St. Matthew, beginning at 25:32, that people who are not Christians can love just as well, and perhaps love more deeply. But the New Testament is full of appeals to the guilt in man. This I want to get away from."

He continued in this vein for some time.

I COULD not bring myself to say farewell to Cambridge without exchanging greetings with Donald MacKinnon, not because he had been passed over for "Soundings" and was a monologuist—I was partial to him on both counts—but because I had made his acquaintance some years before, in connection with something I was writing at the time, and found him to be a good, almost riveting talker. Now MacKinnon was giving lectures on the philosophy of religion, in which he grappled with the Continental theologians—Karl Barth, Bultmann, and Bonhoeffer—and tried to formulate certain propositions, or "truth conditions," to serve as a sort of litmus-paper test for believers. I invited MacKinnon to dine with me at my hotel, and he arrived wearing a duplicate of the bottle-green corduroy jacket in Vidler's room. He ordered jellied madrilène, steak-and-kidney pie, and a large glass of ginger beer with lemon. Then he slowly brought out of a pocket a pencil and a double-edged blade, but he didn't set to work and sharpen the pencil. I remembered from our previous meeting that while he was soliloquizing he had absently whittled a pencil to a long, thin point and then held the pencil by the point between two fingers. The pencil had appeared very fragile, the exposed lead appearing to be always on the verge of break-

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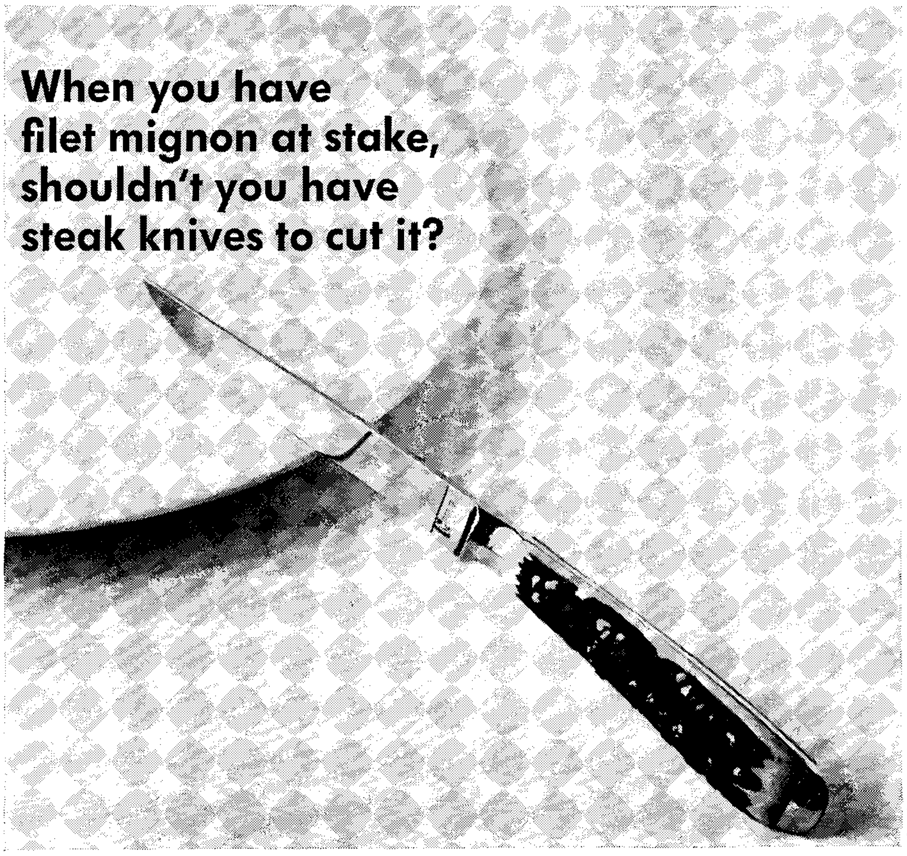

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ing. Eventually, however, the pencil had simply slipped out of his hand, and he had reached for another and proceeded to go through the motions all over again.

Now, however, the pencil and blade remained frozen in his hands as I questioned him about his truth conditions.

He began slowly, enunciating every word as though he were lecturing to a class of dedicated note-takers. "The truth conditions are certain kinds of propositions which a Christian has to believe in order to be a Christian. For example, I would say"—there was a long pause—"God exists. Sorry. Correction. A Christian must believe there is a movement from God to man in the historical figure of Jesus of Nazareth, and it is in relation to Him that faith is asked of men. All right? In His life, death, and resurrection a decisive act—sorry, a decisive deed—was done. This deed, which Karl Barth somewhere refers to as 'the great disturbance,' is significant in time and in eternity. In the Church, which is a part of human history, men and women are effectively reminded of this Person: what He is, what He has done, and what He does. The organ of this recollection is called the Holy Spirit. But it is also given determinate shape and content by the Sacrament. This example of the movement from God to man in the figure of Jesus that I have given you off the cuff requires, as you see, a great deal of qualification and development. Some of the expressions in it are quite liberally vague. To make myself absolutely clear, by a truth condition of a proposition I mean another proposition, which must be true if the proposition in question is to be called true. For instance, there are six books on the corner of this table. If that is true, it is true if, and only if, there are six books on the corner of this table—if there are five books it is false, if there is a sack of potatoes it is false, if there are twenty-five books it is false. Do you see what I mean? Now, as I have demonstrated, Christianity is false if Jesus of Nazareth did not exist. Right? Therefore, the proposition 'Jesus of Nazareth existed' is among the truth conditions of Christianity. There are other truth conditions—and two follow which are definitely controversial. One, that in the explanation of His death Jesus in some sense knew—that is, could formulate in words to Himself, which could be intelligible in theory to others—what He sought to accomplish. All right? According to the Synoptics—that is, the first three Gospels—He performed

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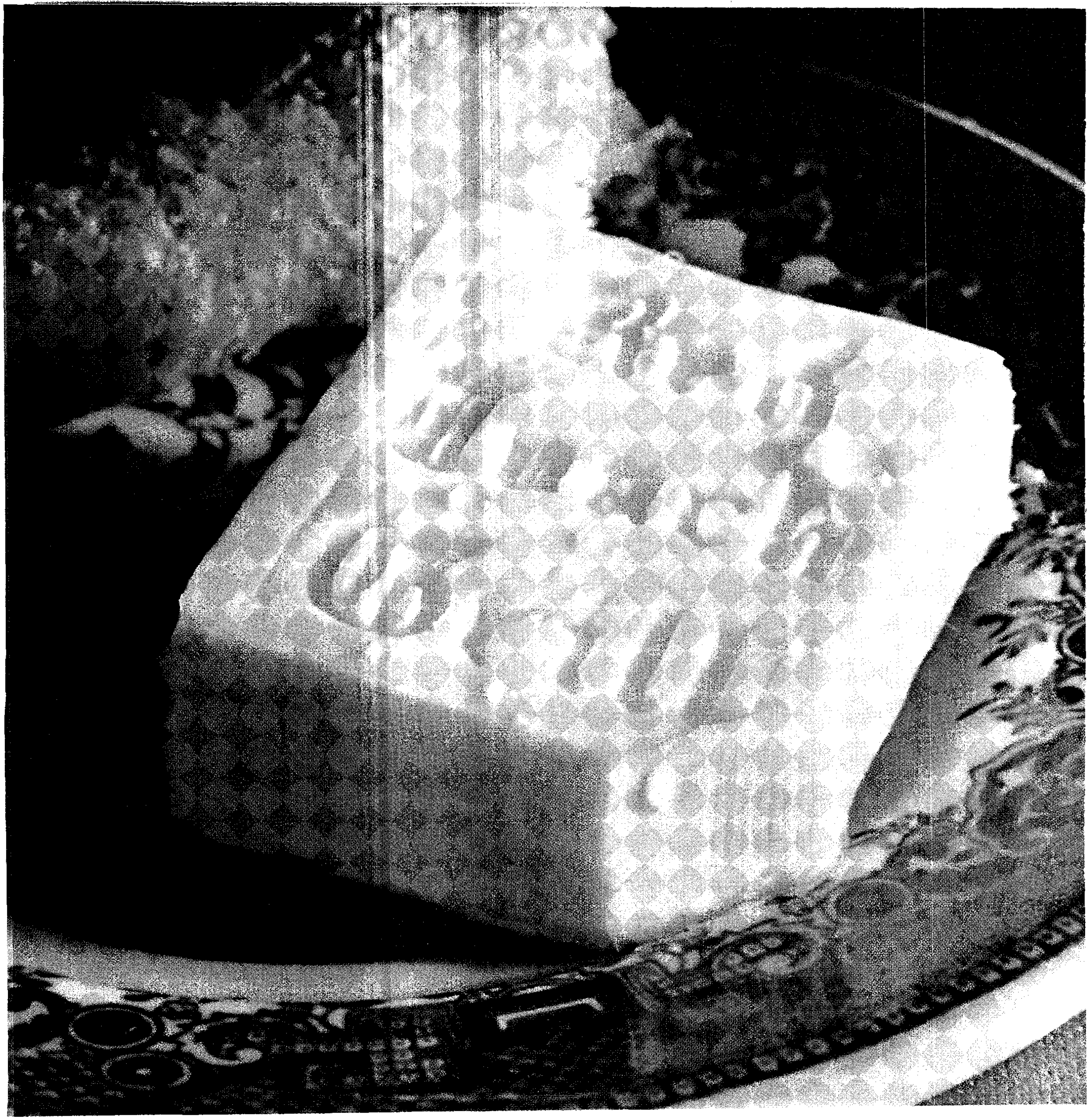

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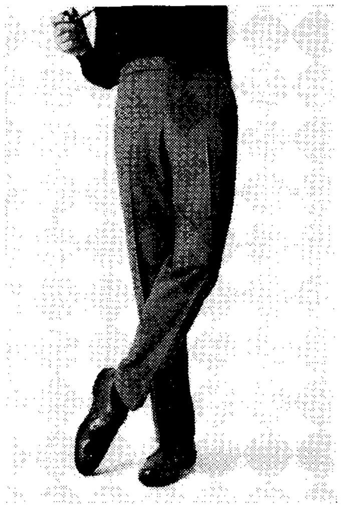
certain actions, which admittedly are variously described, over bread and wine in the upper room at the last meal He took with His disciples, which may or may not have been a Passover. Now, by these actions He seemed to imply that He did in some sense know what He was about. If we must say that in no sense whatever did He know what He was about, then it seems to me that Christianity is false. The second controversial truth condition—it seems to me that Christianity stands or falls by the finding empty of the tomb during the thirty-six hours or so after the death of Jesus on the Cross. Now, the time is unimportant. If the empty tomb was shown to be false, then I would have to abandon what I call my faith. Now, I want to be very careful here. Indeed, I do not—repeat, *not*—identify the empty tomb with the Resurrection. I do not. It is a sign of the Resurrection. I would go further and say that its being emptied of its occupant— No, another way: The event is an element in the Resurrection, but the Resurrection itself, the Father raising the Son from the dead, although in my view it entails the emptying of the tomb, is not identical with that emptying. In other words, there is a very simple piece of logic here: The proposition 'This is a red square' entails the proposition 'This is red,' but the proposition 'This is a red square' is not identical with the proposition 'This is red.' All right? The empty tomb, then, is a sign that the Resurrection was accomplished in time and space, in a truly human environment. It is therefore a sign that is seen for what it is—that death must be itself annihilated. I don't feel the same way about—attach the same importance to—the Second Coming, because that's too incredible, nor would I include the Virgin Birth in my list of truth conditions. Where the Virgin Birth is concerned, all I would say is that I think this matter is frequently discussed today with an absence of true theological seriousness. There are very important questions in regard to the Virgin Birth which have to be thrashed out, but I prefer to call myself agnostic on that point."

MacKinnon shifted the pencil in his hand, but he didn't begin sharpening it. He continued, "You see, there is a query here about the Virgin Birth—whether such a birth withdraws Christ from the conditions of ordinary human existence. There are, you see, critical and exegetical problems here. To go on, where these truth conditions are concerned, someone like Bultmann is half Christian and half not. Sometimes he



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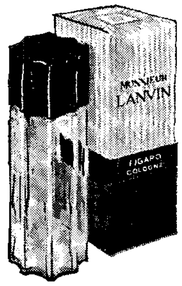

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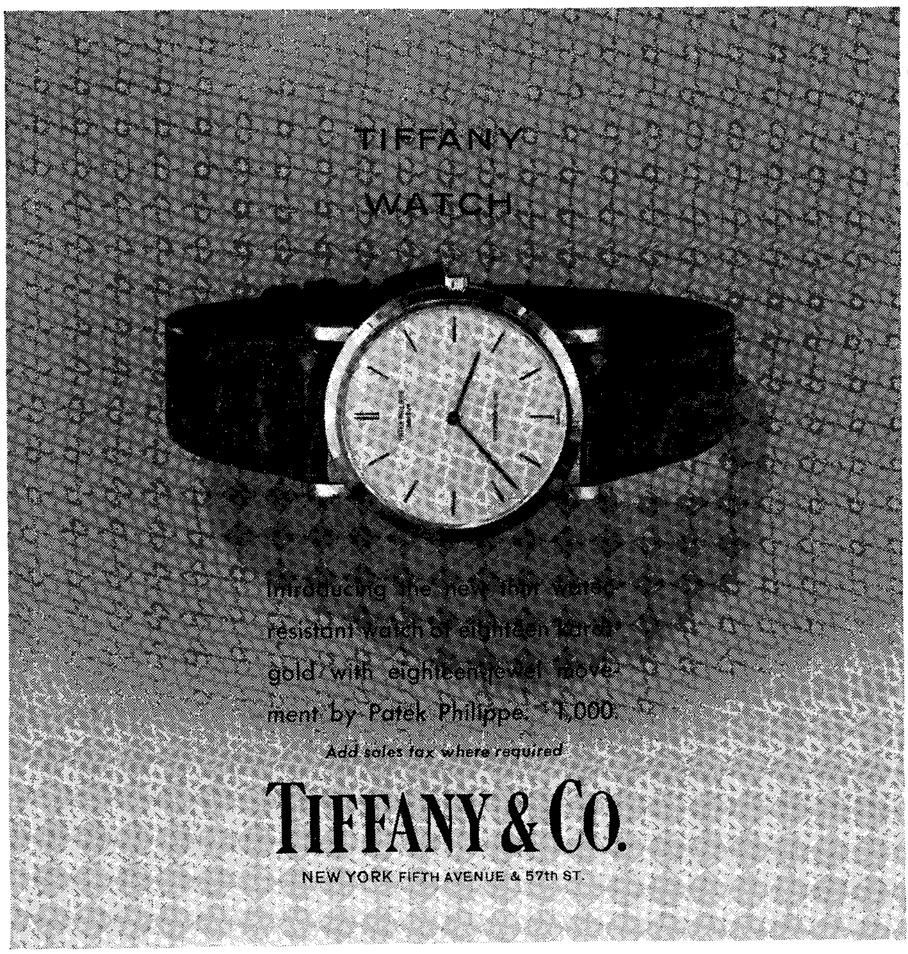

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emphatically is not. In fact, I doubt if he ever is, insofar as the empty tomb is concerned. He does nearly meet some of my other truth conditions, however. I know I have been sounding like a conservative politician being asked if he or a colleague of his is center, left of center, or right of center on an important issue."

Indeed, I thought, the truth conditions had turned out to be as arbitrary as anything else (if the Second Coming was incredible for MacKinnon, why shouldn't the empty tomb be incredible for Bultmann?), but MacKinnon was off on his favorite topic of the year, the Agony of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. "We must substitute for abstract general statements concerning the being and purposes of God and of men statements that show them in terms of, or set them in relation to, Jesus Christ," he said. "We cannot speak of something called the Christian doctrine of man without mention of the prayers of Jesus in the wilderness, on the hillside, and in the garden. Of his compassion for the leper and for the blind, for the tax gatherer and for the prostitute. Of his inexorable sternness toward scribe and Pharisee, the self-righteous heart turned in upon itself. We certainly cannot write of that doctrine of man without, as it were, setting at the heart of our page the laconic, cynical double-entendre of Pilate, '*Ecce homo*.' 'Behold the man.' The impossibility here is a logical possibility. Its disregard is sheer self-contradiction. Is that clear?"

For the first time, it was beginning not to be, possibly because MacKinnon, being very familiar with the theme, had started using a shorthand of his own. There was no retrieving the conversation from the Garden of Gethsemane, though our dinner went on for some time.

MOST commentators have credited both the soul-searching and the conclusions of "Honest to God" to Robinson's experiences in Southwark, a central borough of London on the South Bank of the Thames and connected with the City of London by Blackfriars, London, and Southwark bridges. With a population of about a hundred thousand and an area of a little less than two square miles, the borough has had its own diocesan bishop since 1905. Southwark takes its name from the southward works, or fortifications, of London (numerous Roman remains have been found in the area), and though very few historical monuments survive, it is rich in associations—par-

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ticularly the district bordering the Thames. Here once stood the Bear and the Paris Gardens (used for the popular sports of bearbaiting and bullbaiting), the Globe Theatre, and numerous inns, among which was the Tabard, mentioned by Chaucer in "The Canterbury Tales," and numerous prisons, including Marshalsea, in which Dickens' father was confined. Southwark is also famous for its beautiful diocesan cathedral, of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century origin, which was restored in the nineteenth century and is now called the Cathedral and Collegiate Church of St. Saviour and St. Mary Overie (it contains the graves of the poet Lawrence Fletcher and of Shakespeare's brother Edmund), and for such old established institutions as Guy's Hospital and Bethlem Royal Hospital for the Insane (whence the corruption "bedlam"). In spite of some recent success on the part of real-estate agents in making part of that district on the bank of the river more chic by advertising it as South Chelsea, Southwark as a whole gives the impression of one dirty, mean street after another, and one critic of "Honest to God," perhaps taking his cue more from the evidence of poverty than from the facts of radicalism in the clergy, wrote, "London south of the Thames has become the Red Belt of the Church of England. Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark, is mild enough himself, but he enjoys the company of turbulent priests, and behind every other dog collar in the pulpits under his charge you will as like as not find a secret Aldermaston marcher, a furtive abortion-law reformer, or a militant campaigner for the Socialist Kingdom of God. That is the environment in which Dr. John Robinson, Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich (a division of Southwark), wrote 'Honest to God.'" As far as I could find out, "every other dog collar in the pulpits" referred to, at most, a couple of dozen clerics (altogether there were five hundred and forty clergymen holding full-time appointments in Southwark), who, it was true, had made enough noise in the press to sound like a few hundred, especially to the ear of a writer for the English weekly the *Tribune*, which pictures itself as "political, literary, with Socialist outlook." In any case, the weekly is not known for its devotional writings. These ecclesiastical rowdies had made their presence felt by taking stands on several questions of varying religious importance: Canon John D. Pearce-Higgins, Vice-Provost of Southwark Cathedral, by refusing to sign the

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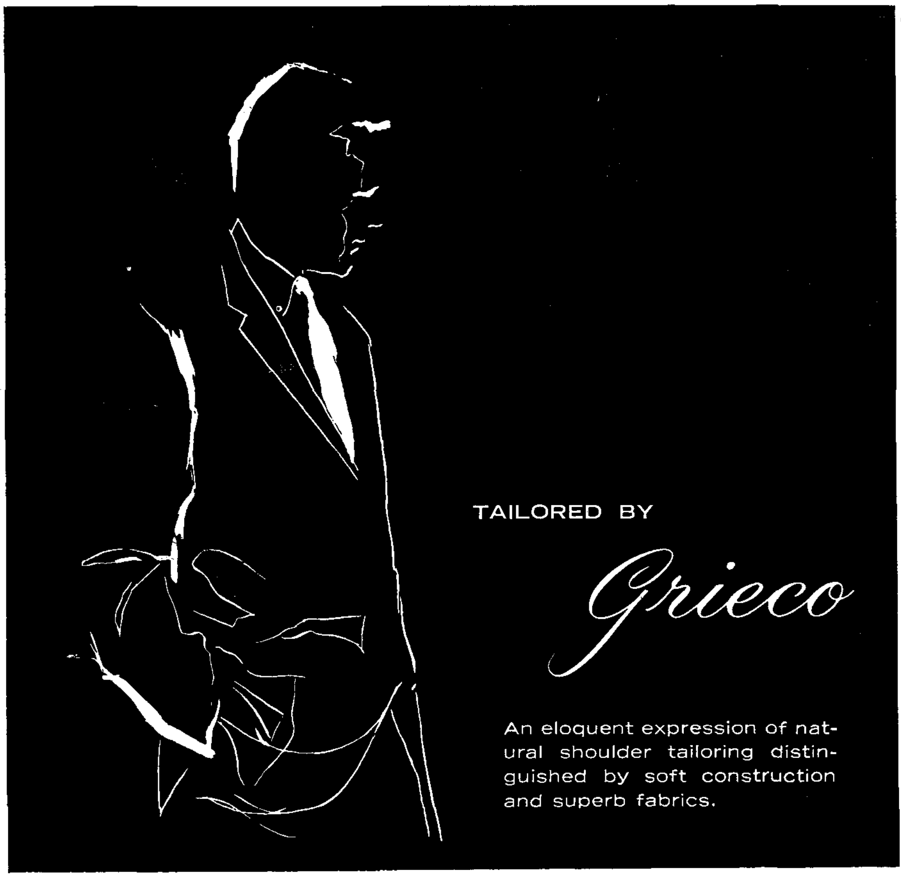

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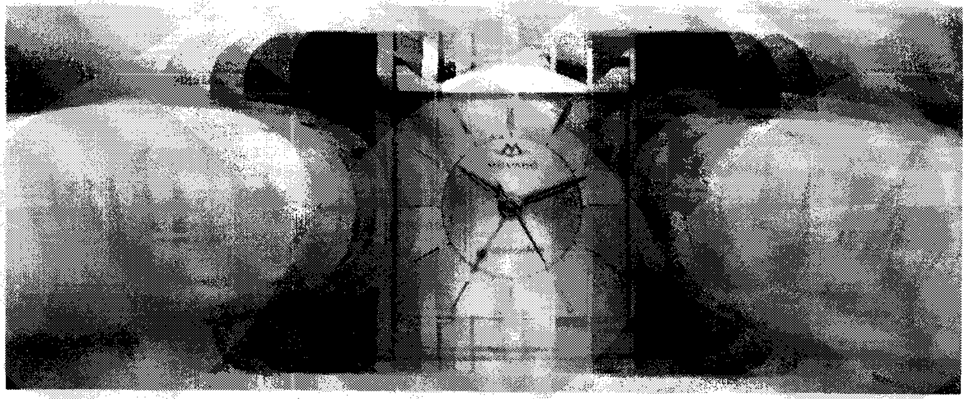
Thirty-nine Articles; Canon Douglas Rhymes by, as one of his colleagues put it, "trying to reconcile the Church's morality with modern psychology. The trouble there is that if he says sexual intercourse outside marriage is not necessarily sinful, the ill-informed take this to mean, 'O.K., chaps, we can all do it;' " the Reverend Dr. Eric James, the director of Parish and People, an association of churchmen concerned with modern solutions to pastoral problems, by going around the country to raise "the banner of radical reform;" and the Rector of St. Mary's, Woolwich, Nicolas Stacey, and a cluster of satellites by trying to make a more worldly place of his Church of St. Mary, which serves a parish of twelve thousand people, most of them living in houses built by the London County Council.

I had first made Robinson's acquaintance through the newspapers in 1960, in connection with the case known as Regina vs. Penguin Books, Ltd., in which the firm was arraigned for its publication of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." In that celebrated trial, which will surely be remembered as one of the most bizarre episodes in literary history, the Bishop had done a brilliant turn or two for the defense. After Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., the counsel for the defense (four years later he became Lord Chancellor in the present Labour government), had asked the Bishop a series of questions designed to impress on the jury the witness's accomplishments—that he had been up at Cambridge; that he had read Classics there, taken a First in theology, and a Doctorate of Philosophy; and that his ordination had necessarily involved him in a special study of ethics—the Bishop was faced with the question, "Is this a book which in your view Christians ought to read?"

"Yes, I think it is," the Bishop had answered.

"What do you say are the ethical merits of the book?" Mr. Gardiner had asked.

"I would not want to be put in a position of arguing this primarily on its ethical merits," Robinson had said. "Clearly, Lawrence did not have a Christian valuation of sex, and the kind of sexual relationship depicted in the book is not one that I would necessarily regard as ideal, but what I think is clear is that what Lawrence is trying to do is to portray the sex relationship as something essentially sacred. Archbishop William Temple . . . once said that Christians do not make jokes about sex for the same reason that they do



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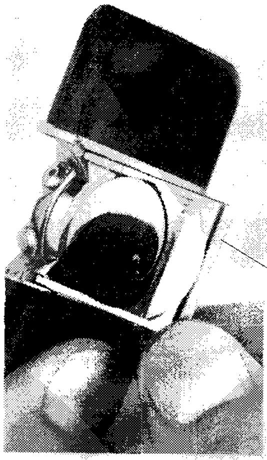

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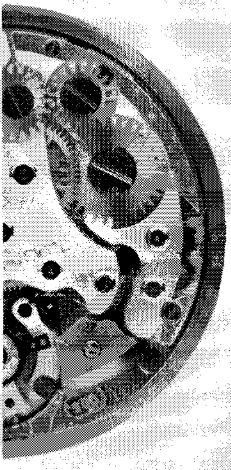

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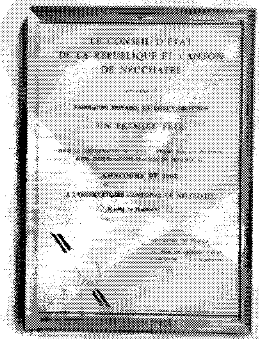

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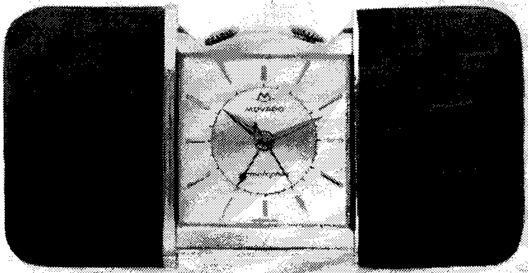

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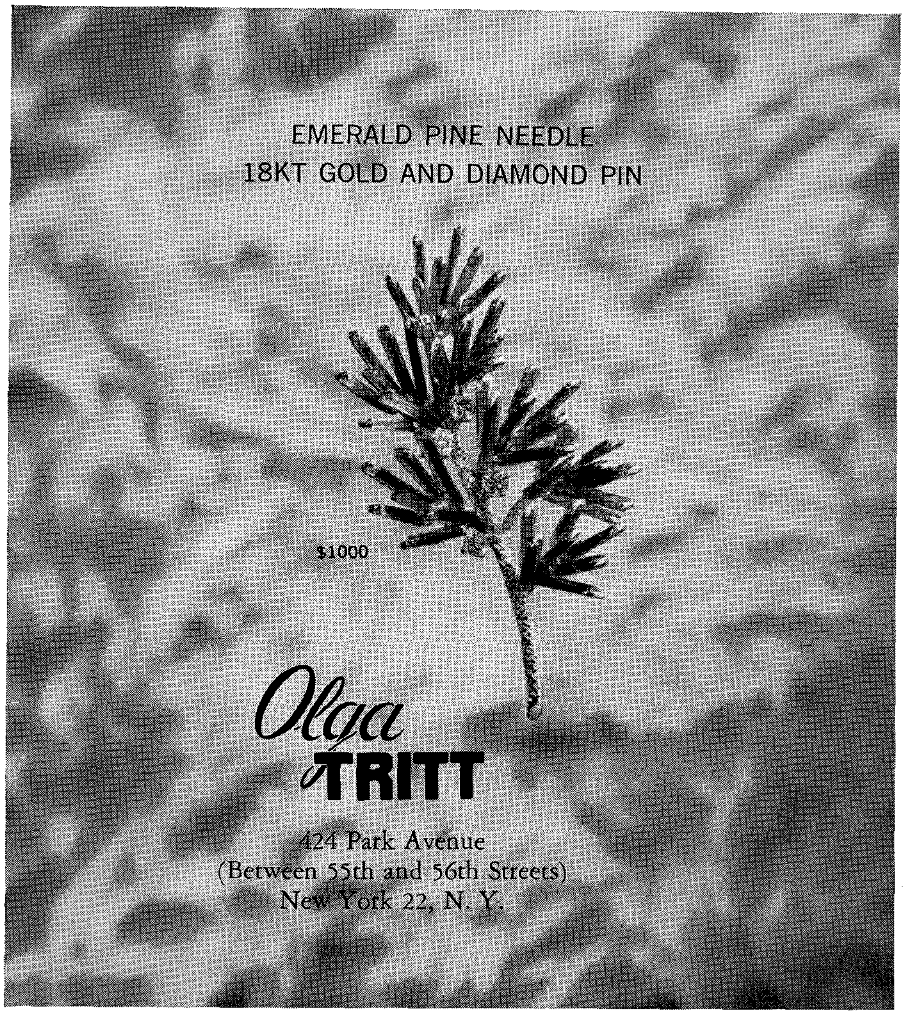
not make jokes about Holy Communion, not because it is sordid but because it is sacred, and I think Lawrence tried to portray this relation as in a real sense something sacred, as in a real sense an act of holy communion."

The debate might be narrowly about "Lady Chatterley," but it was also about Christian morals in general, or so it appeared from a sort of sideshow that was soon put on view in the Christian world. The *Church Times* editorialized:

> Sex in Christian marriage is a communion, and it is holy. Adultery is not. Lawrence passionately believed in the most powerful tenet of most pagan religions, that sex in itself is the ultimate divinity. It was precisely against that corrupting belief that the Christian Church fought and won its long battle in the Roman Empire. . . . That is why it calls for the strongest possible protest, all the more since a bishop is thought to speak for the Church: *the man cannot divorce himself from the office.*

The Bishop had landed in the dock with Lady Chatterley. He replied in a public letter: "For the record, I should like to stress that I did not capitalise these last two words ["holy communion"]. . . . I did not say that *I* thought the relationship between Lady Chatterley and Mellors was an act of holy communion. For the Christian no adulterous union could be so described. . . . To some, of course, the mere juxtaposition of sex and the Holy Communion has seemed blasphemous. I can only reply that the Bible, both in the Old and New Testament, is full of language which uses the most intimate relation between man and woman as the image of God's union with his people."

If Robinson had hedged a little on the particular issue of "Lady Chatterley" and "holy communion," he was subsequently shown to me to be a supporter of many liberal causes. He was a campaigner against capital punishment, on the ground that in Christianity no man was irredeemable; a liturgical innovator (at Clare College, Cambridge, of which he was Dean from 1951 to 1959, the Communion was followed by a communal breakfast at which, under his direction, the unconsecrated portion of the Offertory bread—a loaf baked in the college—was consumed with butter and marmalade); an advocate of granting burial rites to suicides, on the ground that suicide was a social sin and a failure of the whole society; the founder and a co-executive, with his wife and a daughter, of a nebulous company named Christian Initiatives, Ltd., whose purpose was "to main-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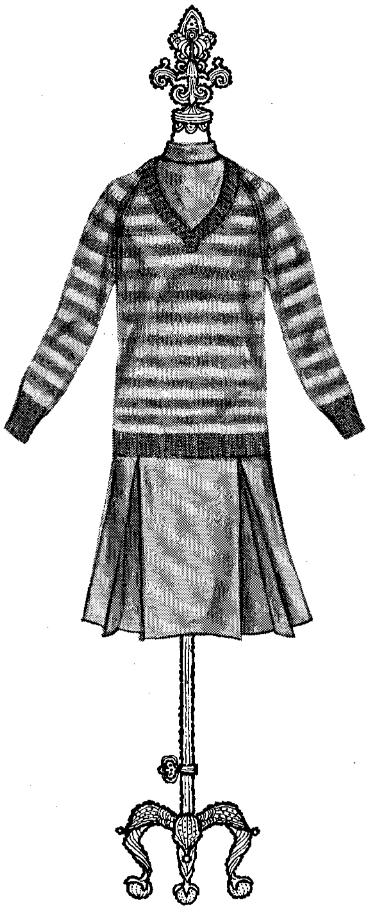
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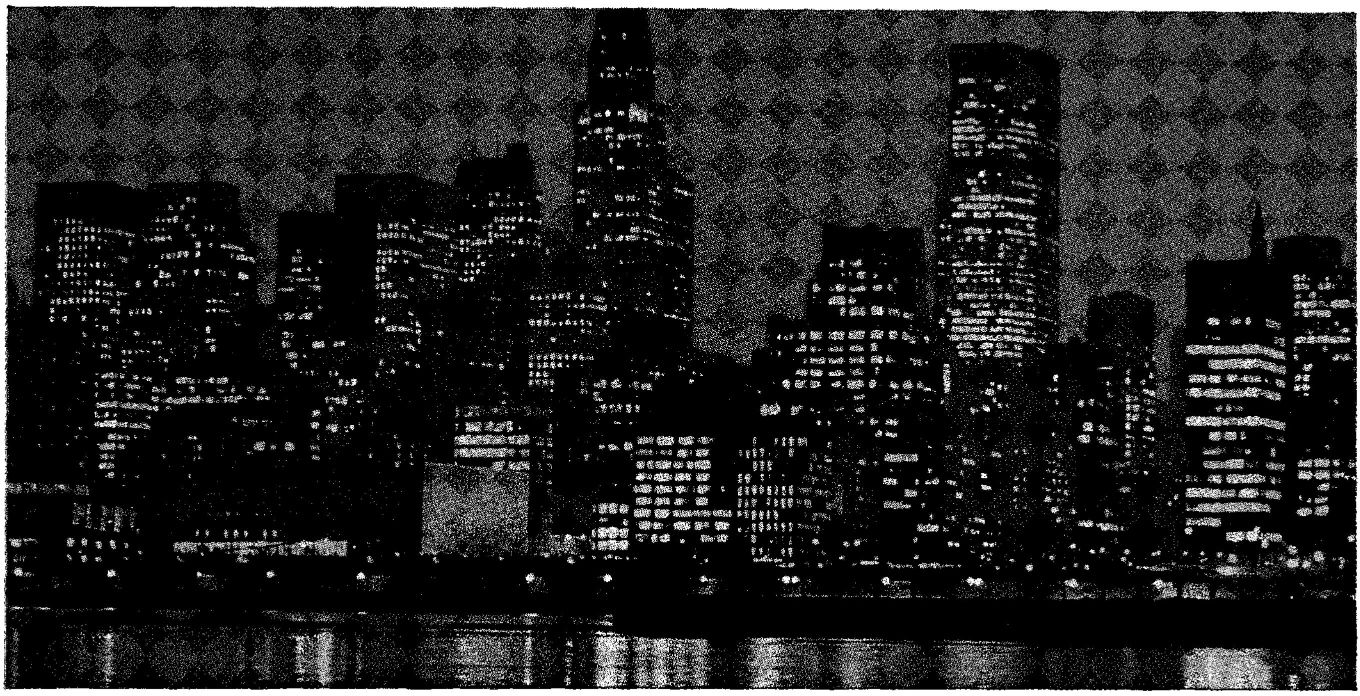

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MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION tain, advance and promote the Christian religion;" a reformer of clerical stipends; and a member of the Homosexual Law Reform Society.

Now and then, to further these causes and interpret the real meaning of Christianity today, he took to journalism, as when he wrote for the *Sunday Mirror* an article that appeared under the title "Did the Miracles Really Happen?" "A miracle-monger, a magic-man, a god in human clothes who could have done anything He liked, if He'd really wanted to?" Robinson wrote. "The impression made by Jesus's teaching was precisely that He was, as we should say, as good as His word. 'What is this? A new kind of teaching! He speaks with authority. When He gives orders, even the unclean spirits submit.' This was love, not merely in talk, but in action, changing the stunted, tortured lives of men, women and children. . . . Or take the feeding of the multitude, when apparently 5,000 were fed as a result of one boy coming out with his sandwiches. . . . That's what love can do."

A sequel to "Did the Miracles Really Happen?," in the next issue of the *Sunday Mirror*, was entitled "It's That Man Again!" and it contended, in the Bishop's unmistakable cadences:

> People think the Church teaches that one afternoon—this year, next year, sometime—Telstar will pick up a picture of Christ descending from the skies with thousands of angels in train, returning to earth to judge the world. . . .
>
> The Second Coming is not something that can be caught by radar or seen on a screen. . . .
>
> To get this truth across, the Bible draws pictures—to make it easier on the imagination.
>
> Thus, there is the familiar picture (painted in glorious Technicolor) of the whole world suddenly being flooded with the presence of Christ—as we should say, "out of the blue.". . .
>
> At any moment, when you least expect it, He may come into your life, like a burglar at dead of night, or the boss walking in when you thought he was on the other side of the world.
>
> This is Jesus speaking, as he constantly did, in parables. No one supposes He'll *literally* knock on the door this evening or enter the office tomorrow morning.
>
> But it makes us stop and think. Suppose our everyday lives were suddenly crossed by His, what should we make of Him or He of us? . . .
>
> *To skin your eyes watching the skies for the return of Christ is as misguided as to wait for the archaeologists to dig up evidence for the fall of Adam. For both are ways of trying to make vivid what Christians believe is true, not just of one moment but of every moment* [The italics are Robinson's]. . . .
>
> Always, at every turn, *"It's that Man again!"* (I chose that title for the first

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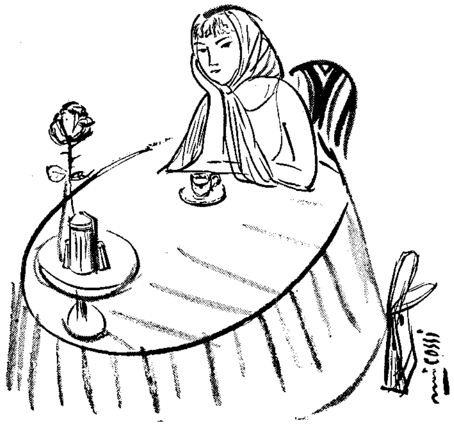
TV programme I ever did, but it was banned by the ITA as blasphemous!)

"Honest to God" was, in a sense, a blending of all these ingredients, including the remains of scholarly interests that had made his early reputation in the narrow but solid world of scholarship, which had been achieved, in some measure, by avoiding theory, punditry, and public controversy and by devoting himself, with brilliant results, to a textual study of the New Testament—a work, in its way, no different from that of any scholar, whatever his field. To find out exactly how "Honest to God" had been prepared, I now went to the Student Christian Movement Press, of London, which is one of the more influential publishing houses in the world of theology, to meet the Reverend David L. Edwards, its managing director and chief editor, and Robinson's publisher. The offices of the S.C.M. Press, situated in Bloomsbury Street, seemed to reflect the halfway status between scholarship and commerce that publishing enjoys, and so, in some degree, did Edwards, a rather donnish figure who nevertheless had a slight air of the publicity man about him.

Edwards scarcely needed a question about "Honest to God" to set him off.

"Our first edition of 'Honest to God' was only six thousand copies," he told me, sitting in front of a gas fire in his office. "I had not found the book all that new. We had been publishing books saying similar things for some time; we had published Bultmann and Tillich and Bonhoeffer. But John Robinson was not a Herr Professor. Tillich and Bultmann were both Herr Professor—Herr Professor is something very big and formal—and Tillich and Bultmann would not stoop to saying things in a personal way, as John Robinson said he had difficulty with prayer. Bultmann's books about demythologizing Christianity contained words like '*kerygma*' and 'myth.' But '*kerygma*' is a Greek word for 'preaching,' and not



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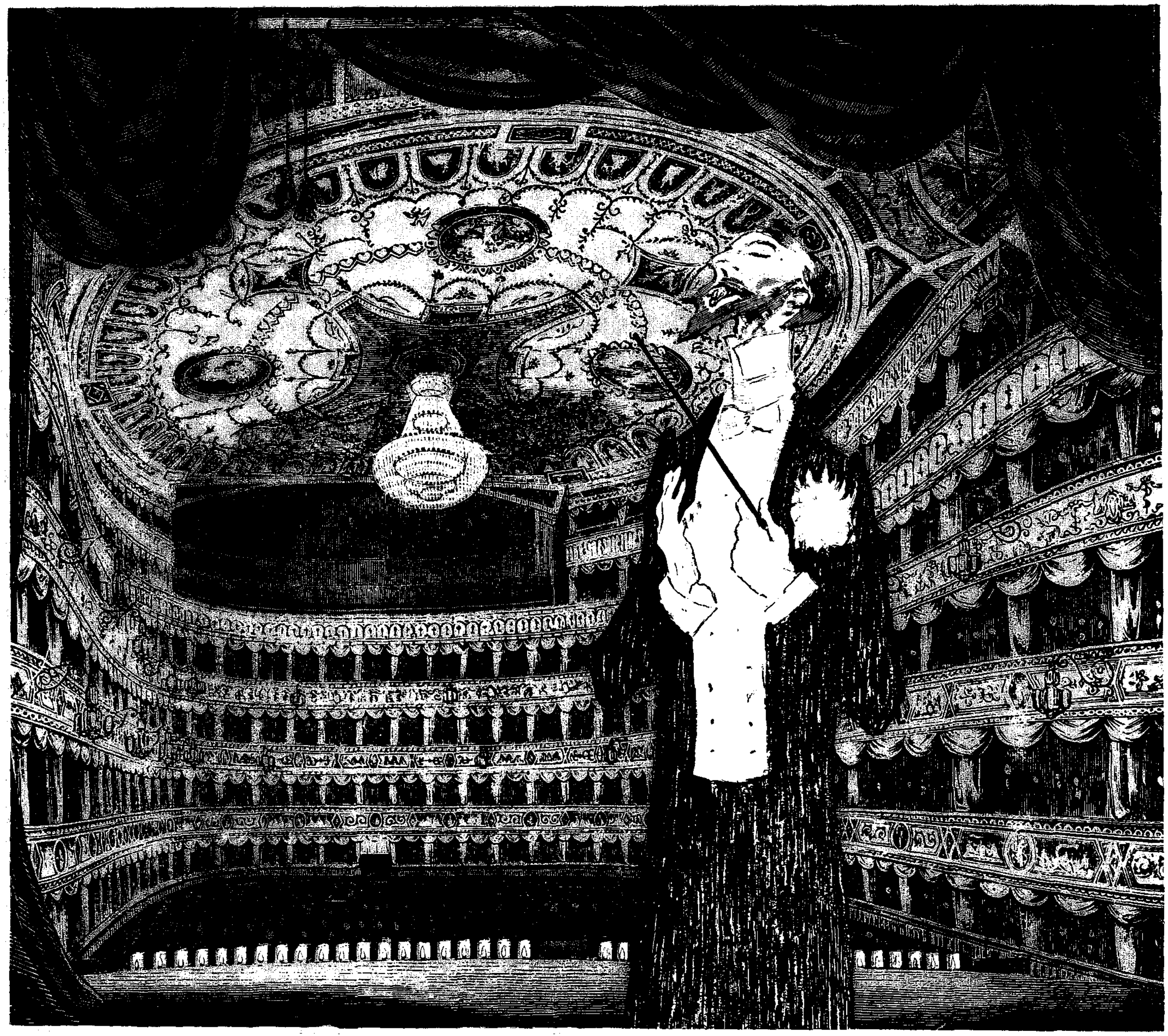

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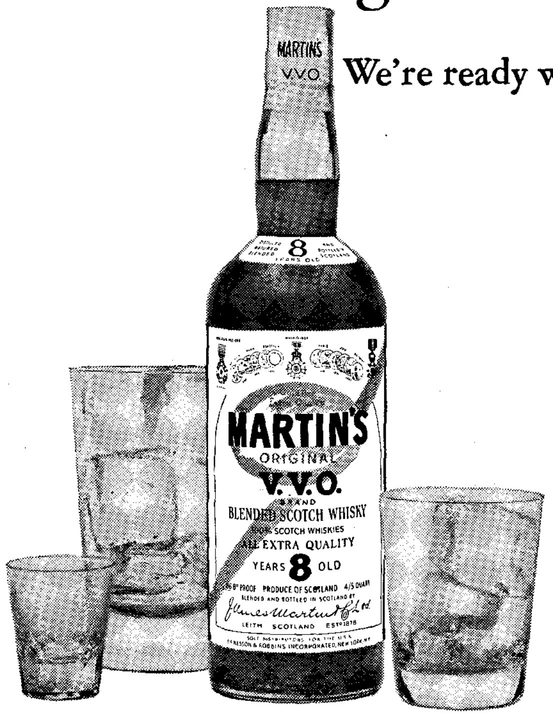

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very many ordinary men know about the word, and he was using the word 'myth' also in a special way—not as an ordinary man uses 'myth,' to say something is untrue. I had known Ivan Yates, a correspondent for the *Observer*, when we were at Oxford, and had kept up with him after going down. I sent him the proofs of 'Honest to God,' with the idea that he might be able to make a little article out of it for the *Observer*, but he sent back the proofs, saying that the book was too theological for the *Observer*. The book was to be published on a Tuesday, and the Saturday but one before that Tuesday Ivan Yates rang me up and said that their main feature for the Sunday before the publication of the book had fallen through, and could John Robinson fill the gap? The Monday after Ivan Yates rang me, he went to see John Robinson, and John Robinson wrote his article, and submitted it two days later. It was printed just as he submitted it, without any changes. I didn't see the article until I opened my *Observer*, and when I saw the headline 'Our Image of God Must Go,' I knew there would be a storm—and the book would sell. John Robinson already had the reputation among journalists of being a bishop who made good copy. He'd got that during the Chatterley trial. Also, other people had been asking questions such as 'Why do unbreakable Christian rules always turn out to be about sex and not about war?'—or the one made on the B.B.C., 'In Christianity, is chastity the highest virtue?'—and such questions had been making the rounds for some time. Others had been asking the question: Was love more important than law? And: Was charity more important than punishment? And John Robinson was, of course, dealing with some of these questions. Later, there was also quite a lot of talk about sex in connection with Christine Keeler—another reason for the continuing success of 'Honest to God.' In a way, sex and the transcendence of God are connected—they are both difficult to speak about. But you must talk to John Robinson. I am much more conservative than John Robinson, and he is always saying that I'm trying to make him out to be more conservative than he is."

BEFORE seeing Robinson, however, I decided to seek out his chief pastor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and ascertain his views. When I called Lambeth Palace, which has been the main residence of the Archbishop from ancient times, in order to re-

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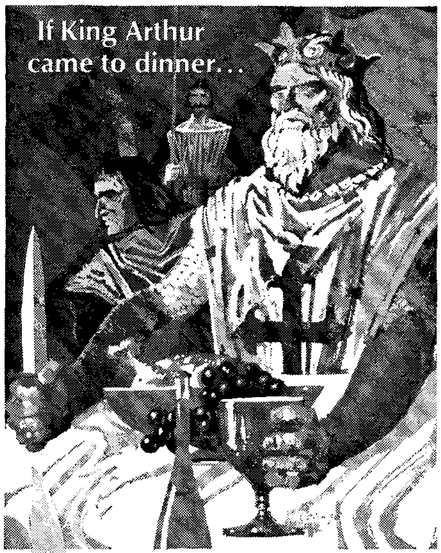
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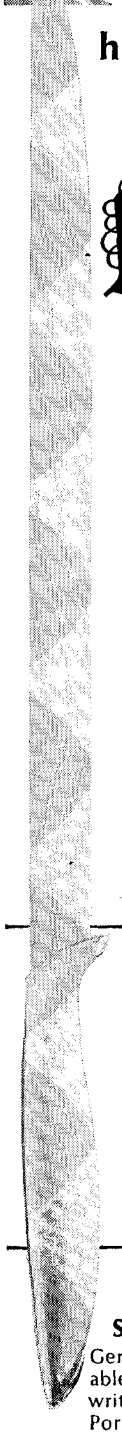

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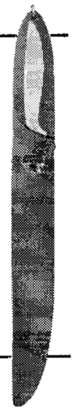

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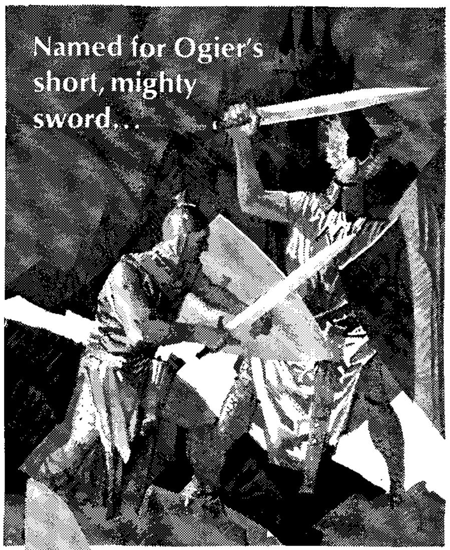
quest an audience, I was handed over to his public-relations officer, a gentleman who identified himself as Colonel R. J. A. Hornby, O.B.E., M.I.P.R. (Member of the Institute of Public Relations). After I had explained my purpose, the Colonel said heartily, "We have very good relations with the press, and I am sure the Archbishop would like to see you. But the Archbishop has not got much small talk. You say to him, 'Your Grace, I am here to get your views on X,' and then he will talk on it. He doesn't go in for 'How are you?' and 'How do you like the weather?' He is known to sit through dinners without saying a word to a dinner partner, on his right, left, or across. I remember the time a publisher of a New York newspaper came over from America to see the Archbishop. They simply sat and stared at each other for fifteen minutes. Luckily, I had the London correspondent of the same newspaper with me, so we chatted and they listened. I warn you, even after you ask him a serious question, there can be long silences. This can go on for quite some time. It's a rather unnerving experience. Sometimes he overdoes the brevity. In the Lords, for example, I think that his speeches are really too short—though, mind you, in the Lords you've got to be short! And most of the things he writes now are like that—short. Also, because he is both a spiritual and a political leader, the context in which he makes his remarks is very important. You might put the question to the Archbishop 'Does Your Grace believe in the Virgin Birth?' and he might say 'No,' but unless you knew the theological arguments behind his answer you might get the Archbishop wrong. You might ask the Archbishop 'Do agnostics go to Heaven?' and he might say 'Yes'—as indeed he would say 'Yes'—but, again, unless you knew the theological arguments you might get him wrong."

I assured the Colonel that I knew something of the theological arguments he had cited, and within a day or two he called to confirm my appointment at Lambeth Palace. He (Colonel Hornby) gave me a sort of dossier on his chief. I learned that Ramsey was born in 1904; was nurtured at Repton, where his immediate predecessor in the see of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher, was then headmaster; went up to Cambridge, where he was President of the Union; studied theology at Cuddesdon; and went on to an unfaltering career in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, as, successively, curate, examining chaplain, Vicar of St. Benedict's Church,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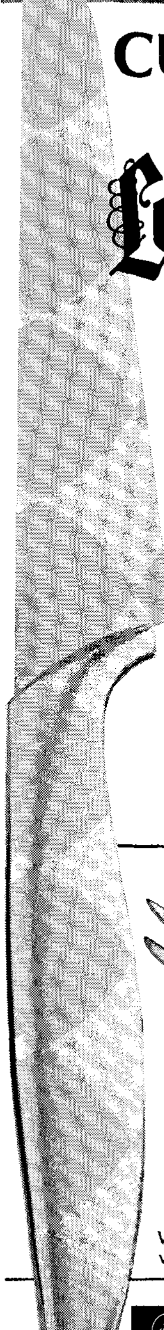

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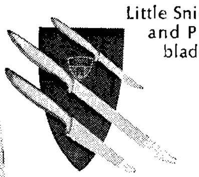

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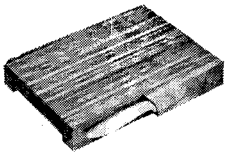

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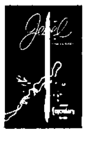

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Cambridge, Canon of Durham Cathedral, Professor of Divinity at Durham University, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, Bishop of Durham, and Archbishop of York, acceding to the see of Canterbury in 1961. He was married, he had no children, and he was the author of such highly esteemed works as "The Gospel and the Catholic Church," "The Resurrection of Christ," and "The Glory of God and the Transfiguration of Christ."

Lambeth Palace lies south of the Thames, near Westminster Bridge, diagonally across from the Houses of Parliament, and not far from such monuments to the modern age as the Imperial Chemical Industries Building and the Vickers Building. The palace itself, furthermore, is a patchwork of periods old and new. The study in which the Archbishop received me gave a similar impression, for the books were old, the bookcases new. Otherwise, there was nothing particularly memorable about it. It had a bay window overlooking the vast enclosed gardens of the Palace, a large, dusty desk in one corner, and little piles of paper on tables here and there, as though the Archbishop did his work wherever he happened to be sitting. The Archbishop himself looked like one's idea of Elijah. He was big and had a high-domed, craggy forehead, a certain amount of white hair, and shaggy eyebrows. He was dressed in a cassock, and was seated, with his shoulders hunched, in an upholstered chair by the fire.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," he said as I entered, and then, unwinding himself, rose to greet me. He offered me his hand from above, in the old-fashioned manner, turning his wrist in such a way that his fingers pointed straight down. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," he said, and reoccupied his seat.

Fearing that the conversation might already have ground to a halt, I asked, "Your Grace, I would like to know your views on 'Honest to God.' "

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, 'Honest to God.' " The Archbishop fell silent. "*I* think that it has *been* some help in the quarters where not many *people* believed in *God*," he said, finally. He had a way of emphasizing the most unexpected word.

"And those quarters where God was already believed in, Your Grace?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, there, too," he said.

I asked how, in his opinion, the dialogue between Christianity and the secular world could best be carried on.

"I think God is to be found within the secular world, and this is an im-

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portant fact to realize," he said. "But the main function of the Church is to bring Christians together in a community."

"Can the apparatus of the Church ever be a hindrance, Your Grace, to the community of Christians?"

"It could be. It is said that there are churches every four hundred yards in England, but in places that are overpopulated there are not enough churches, and there are certainly not enough churches in the world."

I turned back to the theme of "Honest to God," and his initial hostile reaction to it, his subsequent appraisal of it (some had attributed the confusion to his wish to safeguard such delicate progress as had recently been made toward an Anglican and Catholic rapprochement), and, finally, his seeming adoption of some of Robinson's language.

"I speak differently to different kinds of audiences," he replied. "To people in the university, who are intelligent, I speak in one way; to other people I speak in another way. Everyone has tricks of speech, and they're different for different people. I am not self-conscious enough to know what my tricks of speech are. I have read the people Robinson relies on. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. I have read Bultmann. I think I could take an examination on Bultmann. I think his demythologization is based on the fact that he thinks the primitive Christians did not take history as seriously as I think they took history. I think we ought to take history very seriously, because the primitive Christians took history very seriously. I've got a very good grip on Bonhoeffer. In a pamphlet I wrote on Bonhoeffer, I maintain a balance between religionless Christianity—between what Bonhoeffer says—and what the Church is. I could not pass an examination on Tillich, but I have read and reread Barth many times and I have a good grip on his commentary on the Romans ["The Epistle to the Romans"], but his 'Dogmatics' I cannot read—that's very English of me. I value Barth as a prophet but not as a dogmatist. When John Robinson gets cornered, he uses the old traditional imagery—like the hands of God—but the thing is that I use traditional imagery when I'm not cornered; that is the difference. Some of the best criticism of his book was written by Roman Catholics. The reason that Roman Catholic criticisms of him were good was that some of the things he was saying had already been said by the Christian mystics. There is a mystical tradition in Christianity. When there is blackness about the im-

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ages of God, there is finally an illumination. I think in some ways John Robinson is talking about this blackness; he wants to get away from thinking about the images of God, to get beyond it, to get beyond this blackness. I think there are generations of Christians who go through this blackness, but eventually there is another illumination. John Robinson is a good New Testament scholar, but he doesn't know very much about mysticism or philosophy. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Robinson did have a contribution to make. But they talk about South Bank religion; they talk about the Cambridge Movement. Now, I was at Cambridge, and I live here in this house on the South Bank, and I don't have any South Bank religion and I don't belong to any Cambridge Movement. John Robinson himself is conservative in some ways and very radical in others. Vidler is conservative in some ways and radical in others. The trouble is that everyone puts all these people together. There is no such thing as South Bank religion or the Cambridge Movement."

I wondered if the Archbishop's office stood in the way of what he could say, and I asked him whether it was ever a burden to him.

"My office is not a heavy burden," he said. "That would be the moaner's way of thinking about the office. I have my diocese in Canterbury, I have there the duties of a large bishopric, and they take up time. But I'm not a moaner. I don't worry about my duties, and because of that I'm very cheerful."

"Does Your Grace find certain doctrines more difficult to defend than others?" I asked.

"I don't moan about my doctrinal worries, either. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, I would have to go through all of the New Testament, and some doctrines I would have to say were rationalizations, and others I would say are not. I believe the empty tomb was not a rationalization. I think the Resurrection was an event. It was to tell us that Christ is still alive as ever."

ROBINSON lives at 17 Manor Way, Blackheath, a suburb of London. When I went to call on him, I hired a car—he lived an hour's ride from where I was putting up—and a driver, who, by an odd coincidence, turned out to be a native of Blackheath. "So you're going to meet the Bishop," he said. "I am always going up to his house, and if you don't mind my saying so, in my opinion he's not the bishop I would have chosen as my bishop. He's futur-

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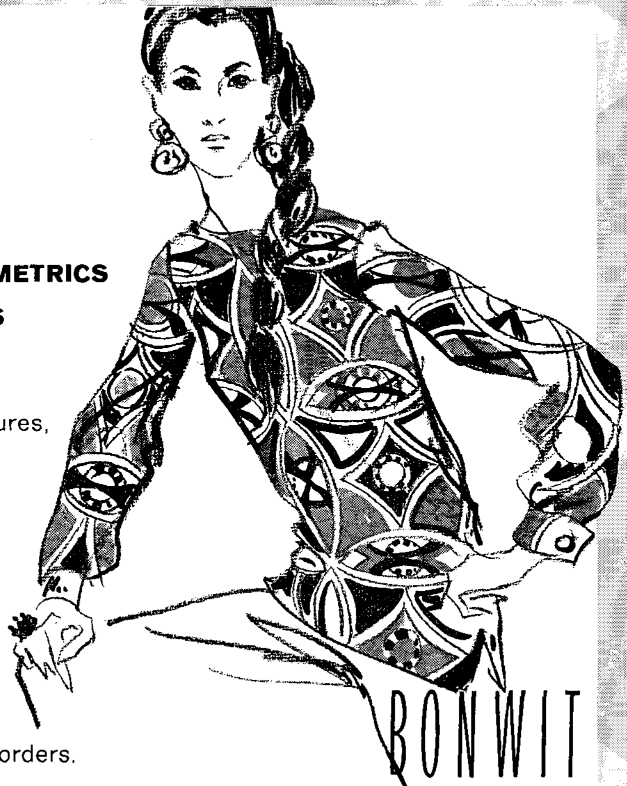

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istic—radical, or something. Anyway, a bishop should be at least ten years older than he is, and much mellower. Now, I agree the Church has to change. It's not modern enough. There are these large, drafty rooms. It's not like home. But he's too contradictory, or something."

The parishioner talked on in a disconnected way, and after a time we turned onto a dirt road and arrived at a large red brick house with a large garden. This was the Bishop's house. When I rang the bell, a boyish-faced man dressed in a dark-blue suit, a mauve tie, and a white shirt half opened the door and looked out. "I am Woolwich," he said. "I can't get the door open any farther, because my wife is painting the hall. If you turn sideways, you can get in."

I managed to get in through the Bishop's door. He pointed to a figure in a mackintosh high up on a ladder, and said, "She's my wife, Ruth. An architect is coming to rewire this whole house. The electricity in the house has gone to hell; none of the wires are grounded anymore, I think. And it has to be wired all over again."

"Be careful, John, paint might drip on you!" his wife called from the ladder. "Just move a little to the right. Keep close to the wall."

The Bishop led the way into a nondescript, littered study, shut the door behind him, and sat down in a chair and chuckled, for no apparent reason. I asked him how he was surviving the debate over "Honest to God," which was continuing, and, indeed, had been given an added impetus by the announcement that a new book of his, "The New Reformation?," would appear shortly.

The Bishop cocked his head toward a row of books along a side wall and said, "These are all either translations of 'Honest to God' or books in which 'Honest to God' is mentioned. Over there, across the room, is a shelfful of scrapbooks of reviews and letters, and this mountain on the floor is some more reviews and letters, which haven't yet been filed away. I did a blitz this morning and got at least half of them cleared up. I occasionally do a blitz, but they keep on coming." His voice was, for the most part, expressionless, his manner mild. "I was able to find time to write 'Honest to God' because of a slipped disc. To tell you the truth, I was doing nothing more strenuous than bending down to tie my shoelaces, and then I got lumbago and then sciatica and then a slipped disc, or what they call a weak disc. I simply stayed in bed

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"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

"Right," we'd answer. "We couldn't have stated it better ourselves."

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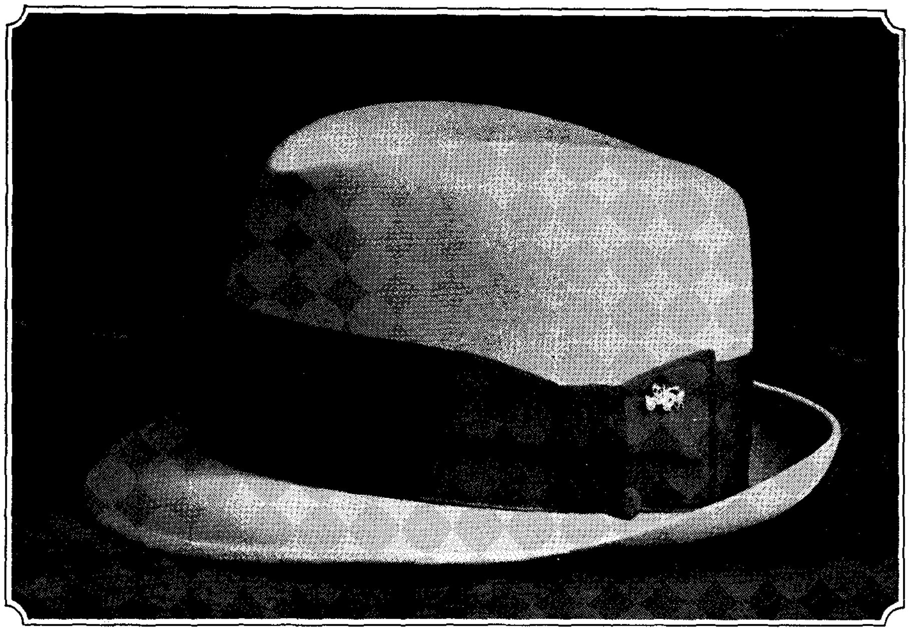

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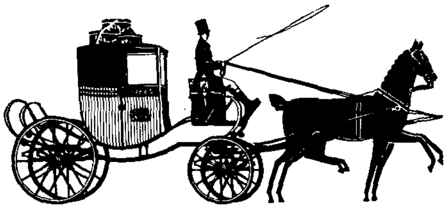

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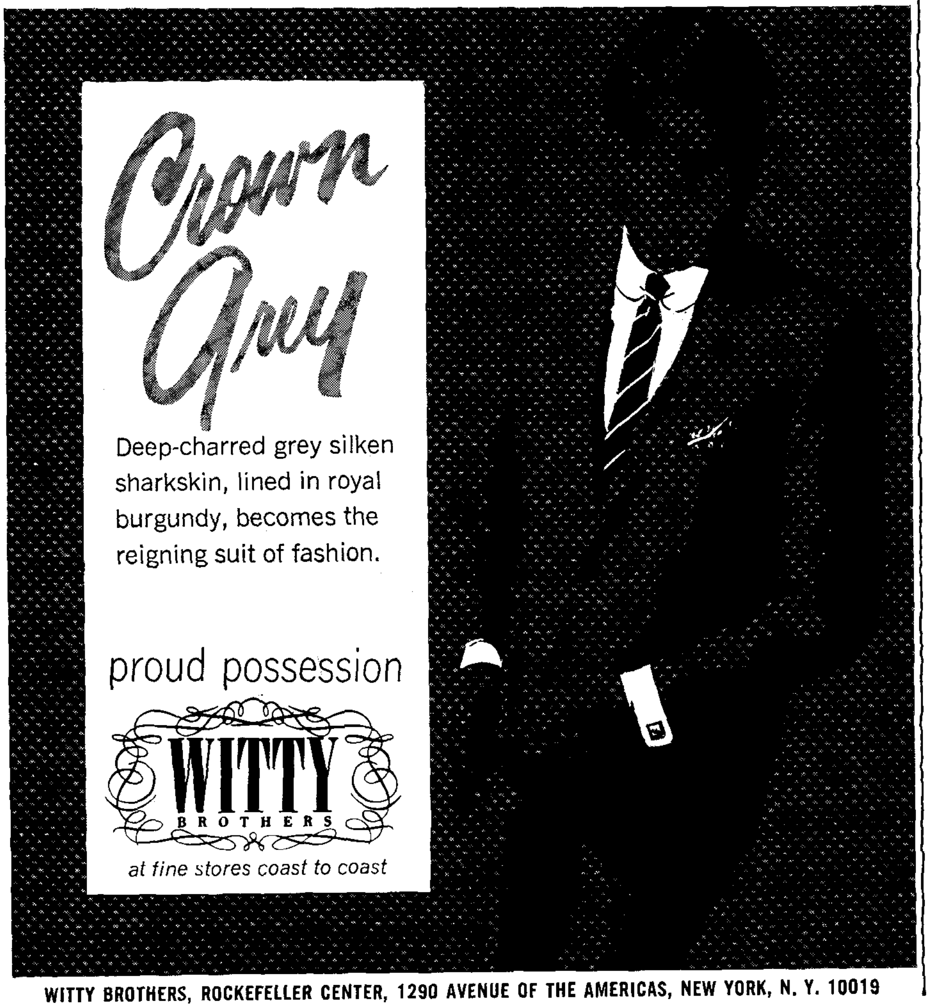

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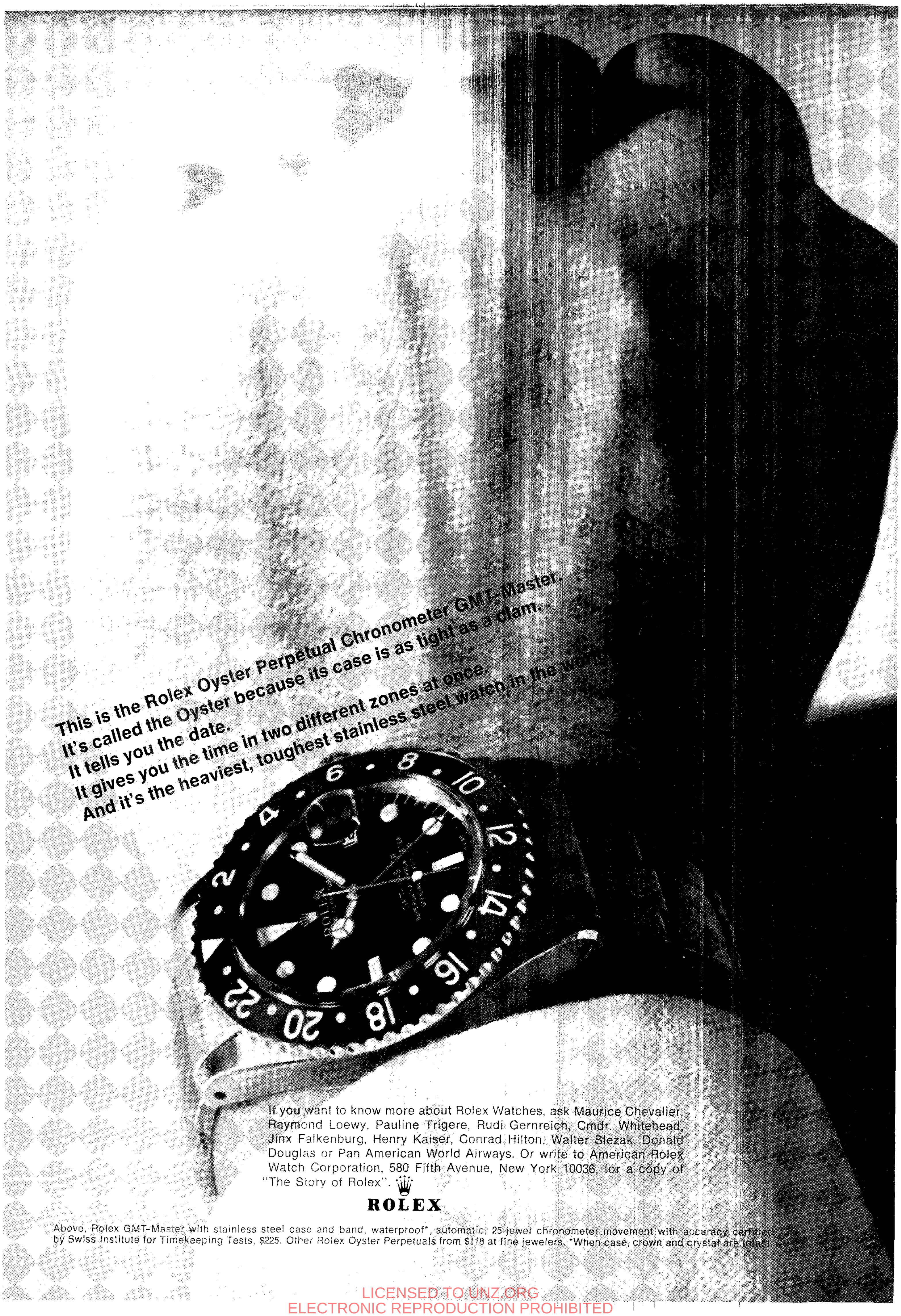
for three months and wrote most of the book. When 'Honest to God' was first suggested as a title, I was against it, because it was too flippant, but now I see it was a good title, refreshing and striking; the phrase has since changed its meaning and come into the English language. Since the book appeared, requests for lectures and interviews have kept coming every day. I don't have time to prepare anything new. On several visits to America, I have given a lecture I worked on and gave at Cambridge some years ago. I have lectured at the Hartford Seminary and Harvard and Cornell, and in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Washington. I have had difficulty finding time to work on my new book. I happened to finish a lecture on atheism—it's called 'Can a Truly Contemporary Person *Not* Be an Atheist?'—at the same time as the book, and I pushed the lecture into the book as an appendix, along with an article my wife wrote, called 'Spiritual Education in a World Without Religion.' I have already given the lecture on atheism in Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Here in England, I gave the lecture as a broadcast on the Third Programme, but that doesn't matter, because no one listens to the Third Programme. I insisted, however, that the broadcast not be printed in the *Listener;* I wanted to sell it to a Sunday paper. More people would see it that way. But now that I have sold it to the *Sunday Times*, the *Listener* is, of course, going to be upset. The *Observer* wanted to excerpt the appendix on atheism, but I decided to give it to the *Sunday Times* because I don't want to be associated with only one Sunday paper. I am going to supervise the *Sunday Times'* excerpting, though. Otherwise, I might come out to be more of an atheist than van Buren." He laughed.

Edwards had given me a set of proofs of "The New Reformation?," and I had read the lecture on atheism. Most of it seemed to be a variation on "Honest to God." In addition, it suffered, I felt, from the same deficiencies that "Honest to God" did. Among other things, the case for atheism was argued better than the case for Christianity.

I said, "To go back to 'Honest to God,' some people find your philosophical excursions the least satisfactory part of the book."

"Writing about philosophy is not my sort of thing," he said. "I agreed just this morning to write a piece for the *New Statesman*. Last year, I criticized the *New Statesman* for its church coverage, so when the editor of the *New*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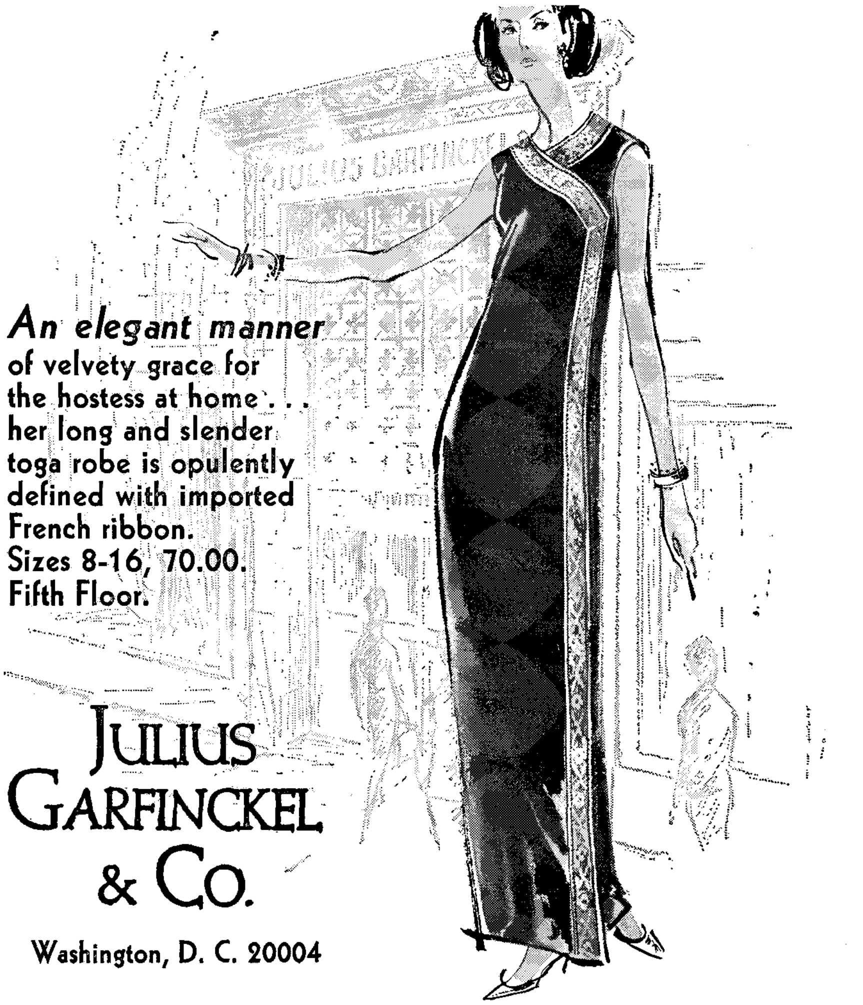

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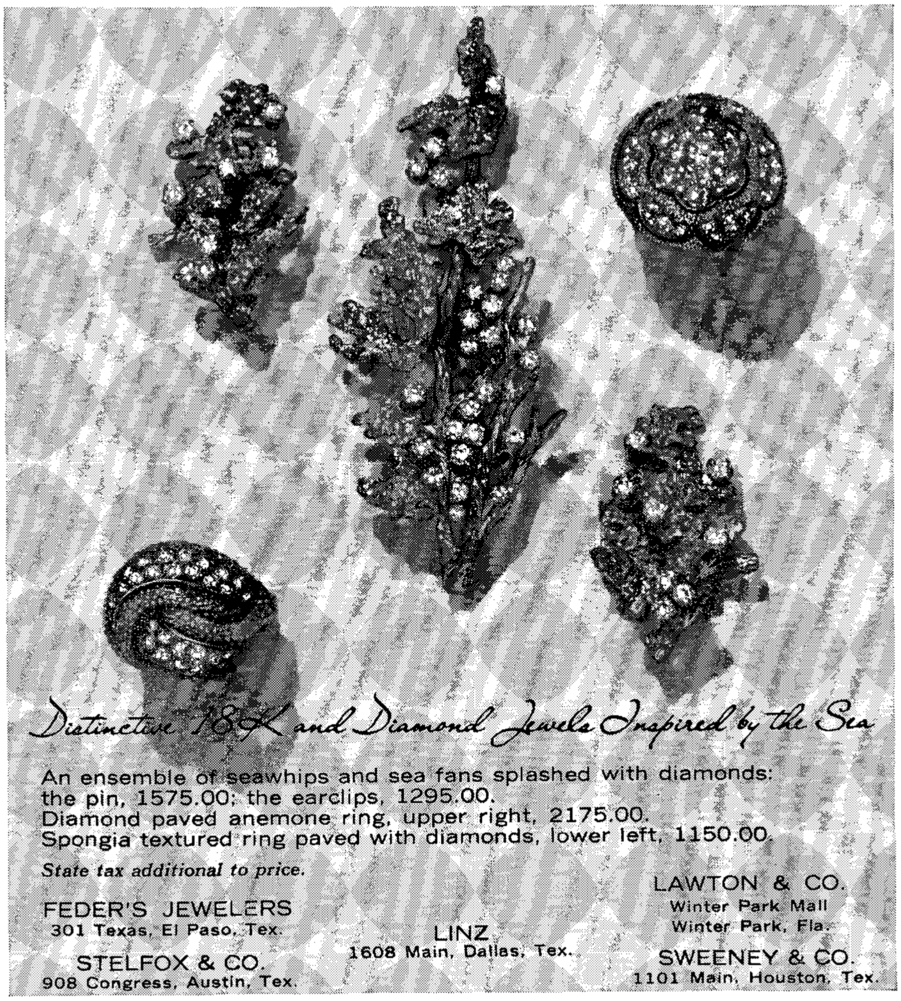

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Statesman wrote to me about writing an article, I accepted. It is all my concern with communication. I want to communicate ideas. And I want to communicate them to different types of people, on different fronts—to *New Statesman* readers and to *Daily Mirror* readers. *Daily Mirror* readers are the invisible audience; they are not in the Church, because they can't find anything in the Church that is for them. They voted with their feet some time ago when they walked out of the Church and didn't come back. I also want to reach what I call hook-and-eye people—people who have eyes but for whom we have no hooks. I think my 'Honest to God' bridged the gulf between the people and the intellectuals. I could have stayed in my ivory tower as a don in Cambridge, talking to academic groups, but I like to be on the edge of a movement for change. It is exciting. And, whatever you want to do, a certain amount of vulgarity is inevitable. I think one can't get anywhere without a certain amount of vulgarity—I would go that far."

I said his book seemed not only to be written for different audiences but also to have been written by two different authors.

"I find my integration in this wish to communicate," he said.

I asked if he had any reply to the charge that "Honest to God" was muddled.

"It's a matter of generations," he said. "I dedicated 'Honest to God' to Stephen and Catherine—my teen-age children—and their generation. The older people think I am muddled. They reacted to 'Honest to God' early on. They were set, and they had their own system and ideas. But I have got a vast number of letters from all sorts of people. Many of them said that they had felt the kind of things I was saying. Some of them had never been able to articulate their feelings, didn't know themselves what they felt, and 'Honest to God,' they said, had articulated their feelings for them."

But his correspondents, however many, might have been muddled themselves, I said.

"Now, everyone agrees that Vidler writes with great distinction," the Bishop said. "He's the editor of *Theology* and he has published many radical authors, but he has never dirtied his own hands. He is just coming out with a book that has a chapter on this whole movement—Christian Radicalism, or whatever you want to call it—and even when he is writing about this movement he stands back from it. He has always sat on the fence, and I have always wanted to push him off that fence. I think if you want to get anywhere you have to be prepared to dirty your hands, you have to be prepared to make a fool of yourself. I am not a philosopher, I have never studied any linguistic philosophy, but I have accepted an invitation to go to a Language of Religion Conference up in Durham to debate Anthony Flew, who *is* a philosopher, because I admire him and because I believe in, as it were, making a fool of myself."

I said some critics had argued that in "Honest to God" he had lumped together people who had nothing in common, most notably his three main sources—Tillich, Bultmann, and Bonhoeffer.

"When I think about it—and I haven't reread the book since I read it in proofs—perhaps the most original thing about the book was combining Bonhoeffer, Tillich, and Bultmann," he said. "In fact, they *are* very different. Tillich says everything is religious, Bonhoeffer wants to do away with religion. Tillich comes from the Hegelian, idealistic tradition, and Bonhoeffer—well, he has nothing in common with this tradition. But they speak to the modern man."

I turned next to a point some critics had made about Robinson's being a radical with the radicals and an orthodox with the orthodox, and chose at random a question on which Robinson had hedged, the physical resurrection of Christ, to ask him about.

"I think the question of whether the tomb was empty or not is a secondary problem, as is the Virgin Birth, or, to take an even more extreme example, the Ascension," he replied. "The Gospel writers really believed that Christ went up in the air. Or take the Christmas story—the skies open up, the angels come, and the star lights the Wise Men to the stable and then halts above it. This is contrary to all we know about the stars."

"But isn't the point that God can do anything—that He did go against the laws of nature?"

"Well, this is still a secondary problem. The important thing is the experience itself, for the people who felt it. The Gospel writers expressed their experience in these pictorial representations. There was a fairly well-established apocalyptic tradition from the old prophets, for instance, and the Gospel writers saw angels in their dreams. Many of their dreams, visions, and pictures came down from their tradition. But what is important is their feeling

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about the significance of their experiences."

"But the miracles are described in a very exact way, and at great length, and I should have thought that the experiences told through them would lose something of their importance if the miracles didn't in fact happen," I said.

"We now know that a lot of physical illnesses are caused by psychological problems," Robinson said. "We don't know enough about how Christ performed His miracles. But in my wife's appendix to 'The New Reformation?' she quotes one of our three daughters on how Christ healed Peter's mother-in-law. The mother-in-law was so fed up with Peter's spending all his time going around with Jesus that she got a temperature and took to her bed. But when Peter brought Christ to the house and she saw what sort of person her son-in-law had been following, then she wanted to—she did—get up and start doing things for people. I think my daughter got fairly close to the heart of that miracle. But that doesn't mean that I don't believe in the miracles."

I saw my opportunity to bring up the criticism most often made of the Bishop—that he wanted both to refuse his cake and have it—and asked if he would care to take a stand on whether the miracles did or did not actually happen.

"That's a secondary problem," he said.

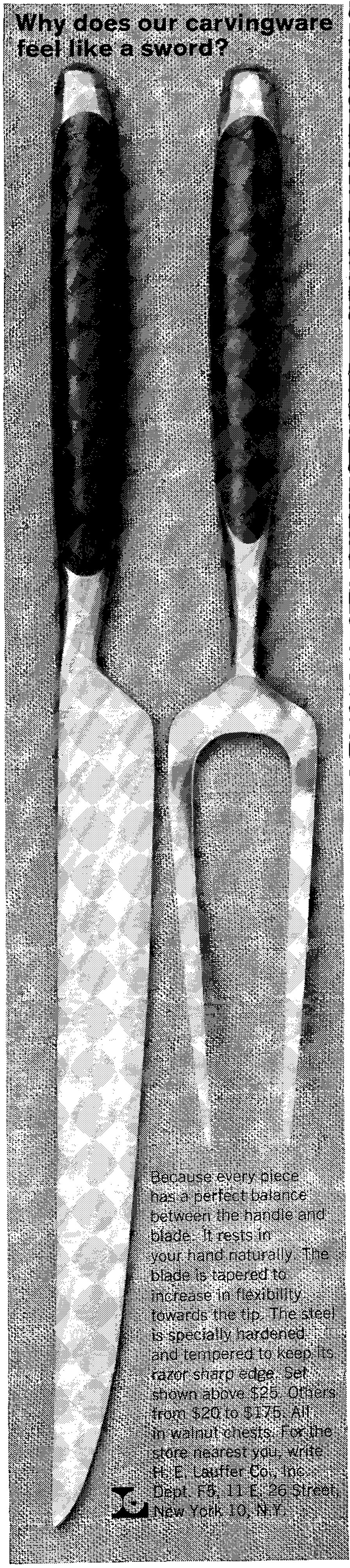
"Then what would you say is a primary one?" I asked.

"The primary concern should be the power of love that Christ exhibited," he said. "Christ showed, as *no one* has shown before or since, the power of love. Matthew, Mark, and Luke are very important to us as accounts of witnesses to this unique revelation, and the importance of the Bible for us derives from its apostolic tradition. I disagree with Barth that Christ is the *final* revelation and that for this unique revelation history is very important. There is, of course, a core of history in Christianity, and that Christ was born in Bethlehem is a historical statement. But there's a difference between historical and theological statements. That Christ was the Son of God is a theological statement, and the way the Gospel writers used it was their expression—their representation—of the life of Jesus."

The telephone rang. Robinson answered it, and after he hung up he remarked, "That on the telephone was a clergyman of mine who has been charged with homosexuality. This is the kind of surroundings in which I must do my theology. The Anglo-Saxons have contributed two problems, two tensions, to the world—homosexuality and the color problem. The Church has been very good with words about homosexuality, but hasn't done anything practical about it. I am on a committee to reform the law, but it would mean more if the Church gave a thousand pounds a year, say, to try to get a reformed law on the books."

Over tea and biscuits, served hurriedly by his wife, Robinson talked, rather shyly, about his distinguished clerical and academic connections, which had made his career as a don and a cleric almost inevitable. Both his father and his maternal grandfather had been canons of Canterbury Cathedral. The relatives of his maternal grandfather, who had also been principal of St. Edmund's Hall, had gone to Oxford, so his brother had gone to Oxford, while he, John, had gone to Cambridge, because his father's relatives had their roots in that university. He had one sister, and she was at present teaching physical training at Roedean, the well-known girls' school. His brother was in Zambia, where he is headmaster of a government school. Though John Robinson had spent his life in the Church of England, he felt that his position as Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich was an equivocal one. Not only was Woolwich a late-comer as bishoprics went but he held his office from the commission, and at the pleasure, of his diocesan bishop, and it was far from common for a suffragan bishop to be given his own diocese. He had thought that he would never live down the "Chatterley" episode, but, with "Honest to God," he had—so completely that in the records of his chroniclers "Chatterley" didn't even rank as Row No. 1 anymore. Just the other day, his wife had shown him a cutting from the Manchester *Evening News & Chronicle*—a story about his new book—headlined " 'HONEST TO GOD' BISHOP ON WAY TO ROW NO. 2?"

Trying another tack on his much discussed ambivalence, I remarked that I had followed the first half of "Can a Truly Contemporary Person *Not* Be an Atheist?" up to the point where he argued that man no longer has any need for the God hypothesis, but that I failed to see how this squared with



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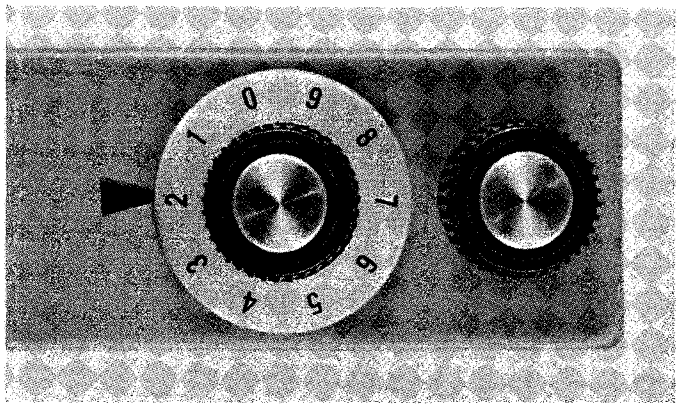

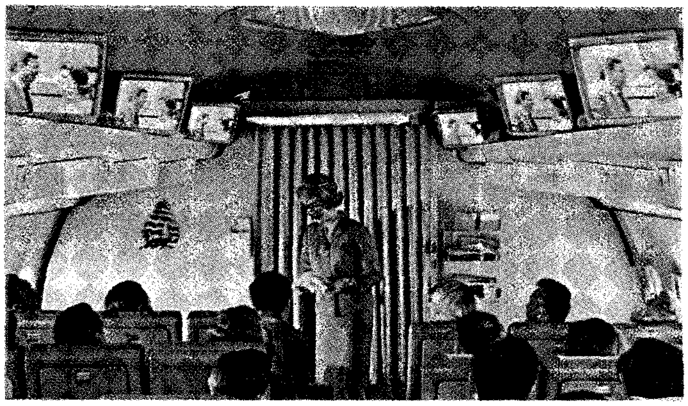

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the rest of the essay, where he had insisted that there is a God nevertheless.

"I believe in both," he said. "Perhaps I'm a schizophrenic."

Subsequent mornings brought a *Sunday Times* with Robinson's picture splashed over the front page of the magazine section, and many more newspapers with reviews of "The New Reformation?" (like one in the *Observer:* "A bolshie bishop is so rare that he cannot go unnoticed, and Dr. Robinson is a twentieth-century Lollard airing truths without which the Church must soon suffocate"). Then came satirical pieces, among them

> "Lord I believe, help Thou
> Mine unbelief" is now,
> Prayingwise, dead and gone.
> Now, says the honest Bish.,
> The Christian can but pray:
> "Lord, I'll believe one day
> (I think (I hope (I wish)))."

And finally, there was that most cherished literary form of all, however debatable its intellectual merits—the omnipresent letter to the editor ("In order to encourage people to swim and to be self-reliant, he is pushing thousands off the raft of faith into the stormy seas of doubt. The pastoral question is whether the casualties will exceed the conquests. Theologically the vital question is whether belief in a transcendental God is a normal preliminary to faith in Christ. All but the most discerning readers might think that the American wisecrack: 'There is no God and Jesus is His Son,' summed up his point of view").

I HAD first come across Rector Nicolas Stacey, perhaps the most vocal member of the group that deafened the *Tribune* writer, when it was proclaimed that he had added a new dimension to Robinson's revolutionary ideas by putting them into practice—a proclamation made in the more intellectual press, whose church editors seemed to go out of their way to play up church mavericks, perhaps because it confirmed the essentially agnostic point of view of their papers, or perhaps simply because it made a good story. A correspondent for the *Guardian* wrote at some length about how Stacey and his group had become the spearhead of a movement to raise church attendance in Southwark, because Mervyn Stockwood, when he took over the diocese, had faced a situation in which only one-half of one per cent of the population attended his riverside churches, while the national average was ten per cent. The correspondent's approval of Stacey's work seemed to be based on the corre-

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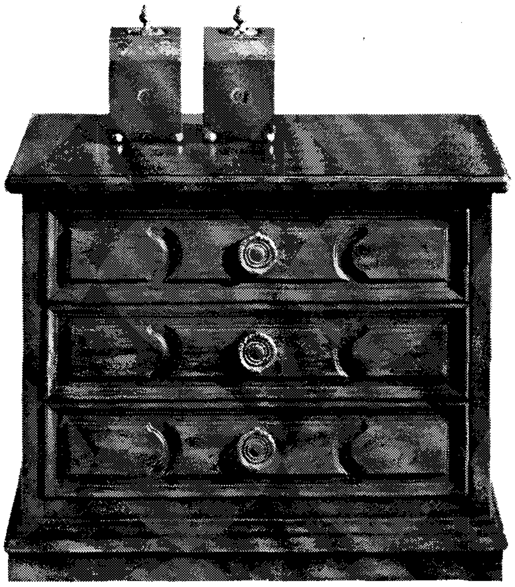

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spondent's admiration for Richard Beeching, ex-chairman of the British Railways Board, who had proposed to make the railways self-supporting by closing down the unprofitable lines, whatever the cost to passengers and interested workers.

The Rector is applying his techniques with Beechingesque ruthlessness. "I had three churches when I took over the parish and I did not need two," he says. "I knocked one down and converted the other into a hall."

When he was in need of money, which those controlling certain grants were reluctant to provide, he let it be known through the press that he would do one day's work a week for £1,000 a year, and invited the offer of "one or two directorships." . . . His jet-age religion is unlikely to please the traditionalists, who sit worrying, in cloisters far removed from Mayhew's London, that the Cross may be supplanted by Brand X.

Seen from Bermondsey or Woolwich, however, it is a timely antidote to those who have long reacted against the murmur of progress by singing "Faith of our Fathers"—or its Anglican equivalent—as loudly as possible. What critics of the South Bank overlook is that agnostics just can't hear them any longer. I suppose we have got used to the noise.

If anything, Stacey was a more swashbuckling character than his admirer made out. There was, for instance, an article by him in the *Color Magazine* of the *Observer*, titled "A Mission's Failure: The Story of One Church in Pagan Britain," which was abundantly illustrated with pictures carrying such captions as "Stacey broods on parish problems," "The Rector plays the fool at a social evening for cubs. One only hopes, he says, it is for Christ's sake," "The Rev. Jeffrey Rowthorn fraternizes with local children as they leave school. But Sunday-school attendance still falls," and "Mods and Rockers [*note*: 'and,' *not* 'or'] often use the coffee house in the church's sealed-off galleries." The captions perfectly caught the tone of the article, which read like a log of ecclesiastical misadventures:

> We have been brazen [Stacey wrote] as a Dean Street publicity agent. In the early stages I pulled a beauty queen on a vegetable barrow through the main shopping street. . . .
>
> The Bishop of Southwark's mandate to me was: "Build up a team of clergy and for God's sake do anything to show the people of Woolwich that the Church exists.". . .
>
> I was chaplain to the Bishop of Birmingham at the time and had seen many young men accept what bishops delight to call "challenges" which are really death warrants. It was the newly-appointed Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. John Robinson, who persuaded me to accept. I had called on him late at night in his suburban home

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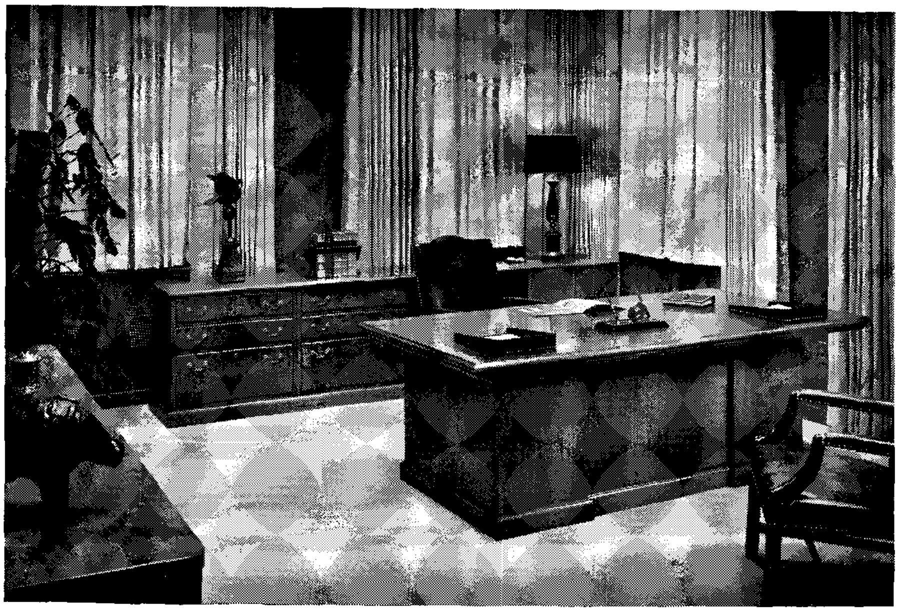

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in Blackheath, having spent hours tramping round the parish. He himself had just come from Clare College, Cambridge, to take on the job of Bishop of Woolwich and was about as depressed as I was. I thought it might be interesting to spend the next few years being depressed about the Church of England together. And so, on the whole, it has proved....

No rector in modern times has had such a team....

Until the *Sun* rose I had a column in the *Daily Herald* for two years, without which we could never have paid the team.

While the team was forming up we rationalised the church buildings. We pulled down one church, after unbelievably complicated legal battles, and turned a terrible little mission church into a hall, now used mainly for Bingo, which, incidentally, has done more to create a community spirit in a slum corner of the parish than anything else we have done. The profits go towards parcels for old people at Christmas.

Our main building task was to transform the enormous Georgian parish church by sealing off the unused galleries and creating a coffee house out of one and a lounge out of the other. In the crypt we put the headquarters of the branch of the Suicide Samaritans.

We came under a barrage of criticism, mainly from outside Woolwich, with the inevitable gibes of "coffee-bar religion." The whole scheme cost £30,000, and since we spent the money before we raised it I nearly landed in prison.... For months a gang of the roughest Rockers in town made the Coffee House their evening headquarters. Every day our professional catering staff do more than 60 lunches for shop and office workers. Many people have come from all over the world to see it. But after Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon had opened it we personally invited every man and woman in the parish—100 at a time—to a Coffee Evening. In spite of the blaze of publicity, only about 5 per cent bothered to turn up—not from hostility, but from an extraordinary lack of curiosity which is a feature of this type of area....

The parents may not understand (who does?) the theology of christening, but our hope has been that they are left with an impression that something really important has happened to their baby. A few days after the christening we call again with a plush christening card, and every year for the five subsequent years a member of the congregation calls with a card on the anniversary of the christening. In spite of all this only one lot of parents from the hundreds of babies we have christened are now church members....

The fact that considerable numbers of parishioners do come to see us with their problems is partly due to the image we have succeeded in creating by taking our public relations seriously.... The theological strip-tease act—represented, for instance, by the Bishop of Woolwich's "Honest to God"—is already in progress.... But I suspect that we, and perhaps the Church too, have more to learn from our failure than we would have done had we in fact been successful.

Journals that were seriously interested in theology, like the Anglican

Stubborn people drink Gimlets year round.

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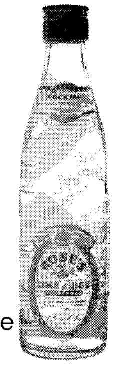
And continue sipping stubbornly, serenely. When the temperature is 95. And when the frost is on the pumpkin, too.



monthly *Prism*, were forced to take notice of these stunts, though their view of the religious acrobatics promoted by the basically agnostic newspapers was naturally quite different, as when the Reverend Eric James wrote in *Prism* about "A Mission's Failure: The Story of One Church in Pagan Britain":

> He [Stacey] makes the statement that at Woolwich they had "one of the largest and ablest teams of clergy of any parish in England." I do not doubt this. . . . But when he begins to give his estimate of their ability I am . . . surprised. It is so dominated by things that are almost irrelevant where love of God, ability to get alongside ordinary people, and concern for humanity are the primary need: ". . . top scholarship from Eton to Trinity, Oxford . . . two Firsts at Cambridge and scholarships to Teheran and New York University." . . .
>
> I thought I knew Nick fairly well, but it never occurred to me that he was still thinking that the central object of the exercise is to get people to come to church. . . . I have no doubt there will be a harvest—but *not* in terms of immediate churchgoing. In my judgment that's just the way to make sure the harvest fails.

In any event, Stacey's article was deemed to have caused such a stir that the B.B.C. decided to devote to it a weekly television program on religion called "Meeting Point." For the purpose, a producer, Peter Ferres, a narrator named James Mitchell (the publisher of the various volumes of "Objections"—"Objections to Christian Belief," "Objections to Catholicism," and "Objections to Humanism"—and the instigator of the last two), and a camera crew had spent the week in Woolwich interviewing Stacey and his parishioners for a nine-minute film, which would open the program and then, along with Stacey's article, form the subject of a discussion by Stacey, James, the Bishop of Southwark, and James Mitchell, with Robert McKenzie, B.B.C.'s star commentator on hot issues, in the moderator's chair. They were preparing to record the discussion at the time I was in London, and when I was told that I could sit in on the rehearsal and recording, which were going to take several hours, and talk with the participants individually in the course of the day, I made my way to the B.B.C.'s riverside studios in Hammersmith, where the session was to be held. At the studio, I was taken in hand by Ferres, a young Canadian, and introduced to the participants, all of whom were already there and were being incessantly moved about by the camera crew, like chess pieces, over and around the floor, which was covered with heavy cables. I exchanged a

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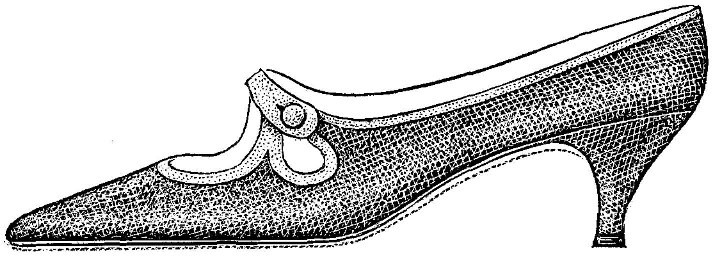

THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND
AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET, SHORT HILLS AND ST. DAVIDS, PA.

few words with, in turn, the Bishop of Southwark, whose expression as he talked flickered unnervingly from the holy to the authoritarian; Robert McKenzie, who looked rather sleepy, as though he had been broadcasting a close by-election all night; Stacey, who had a quick, flashy manner of a type I had met at Oxford when I was myself an undergraduate there; Mitchell, a rather nervous man, who looked older than his thirty-six years; and James, who came through as a very serious and soulful cleric. Ferres then led me up a catwalk to a crowded control room overlooking the studio, and, between issuing instructions (over an intercom) to the participants on the floor and to two engineers and a secretary who were in the control room with us, explained to me that a free-ranging discussion that was going on among the participants right at that moment would both enable the crew to take voice levels and give the members of the group below a chance to feel at ease with each other, since even to old friends, as they were, the presence of a bishop was always a little constraining. "In the recording itself, the discussion that will immediately follow the Woolwich film will also be a spontaneous one," he continued. "First, the Bishop will be questioned by McKenzie for three or four minutes. Then McKenzie will ask questions of the other participants. Then there will be a group discussion. The reason for this arrangement is that I want the Bishop to take a stand on Nick's *Observer* article—say Stacey was either right or wrong. At the end, each will sum up in a sentence, so that the viewer is left with some impression of what he has gained from the broadcast." Ferres interrupted himself to call out over the intercom that it was time for a break, and that everyone should adjourn to the Hospitality Room for a snack and a drink.

In the Hospitality Room, there was considerable forced jollity, for it was discovered that the B.B.C. had neglected to lay in some gin, and a page had to be dispatched to a nearby pub to get a bottle. Only James, who was standing in a corner by himself, seemed not to be sharing in the mirth. I went up to him, and he said, "Getting McKenzie is a great compliment to Mervyn and Nick. Peter Ferres told me that they got McKenzie because they didn't want Mervyn to get away with anything. Ferres told McKenzie to pin the Bishop down. The Bishop has a tendency to talk a lot of blah. I drove up with him from his house. Mervyn is worried. You see, he has over five

"If we could first know where we are
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge what to do
and how to do it."
Abraham Lincoln

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hundred clergy under him, and most of them are very conservative. To them he is Father and God, and he can't afford to upset them. He has a built-in eye for p.r. In Cambridge, he was a brilliant vicar of Great St. Mary's, because he was a kind of impresario. He knew the things that people wanted to discuss, and he had just that extra bit of raffishness. Instead of merely preaching on mundane matters, he would choose the subject of the hour; when the Wolfenden Report on homosexuality came out, in 1957, he preached on that. And so he put the place on the map, much in the way he put Woolwich and Southwark on the map twelve years later. And he is the one who brought me to Southwark. My first vicarage—my first living, as they call it—was in a church that was built in 1884 and could seat seventeen hundred. When I started there, I had a congregation of thirty-five. I shocked some of my congregation by saying in my first sermon that I would be glad if the building burned down that evening. The sermon was misunderstood, but much of my time in those first weeks was spent trying to find money to repair the hole in the roof, and that kind of thing. If the building had burned down, perhaps the members of the congregation would have come closer to each other."

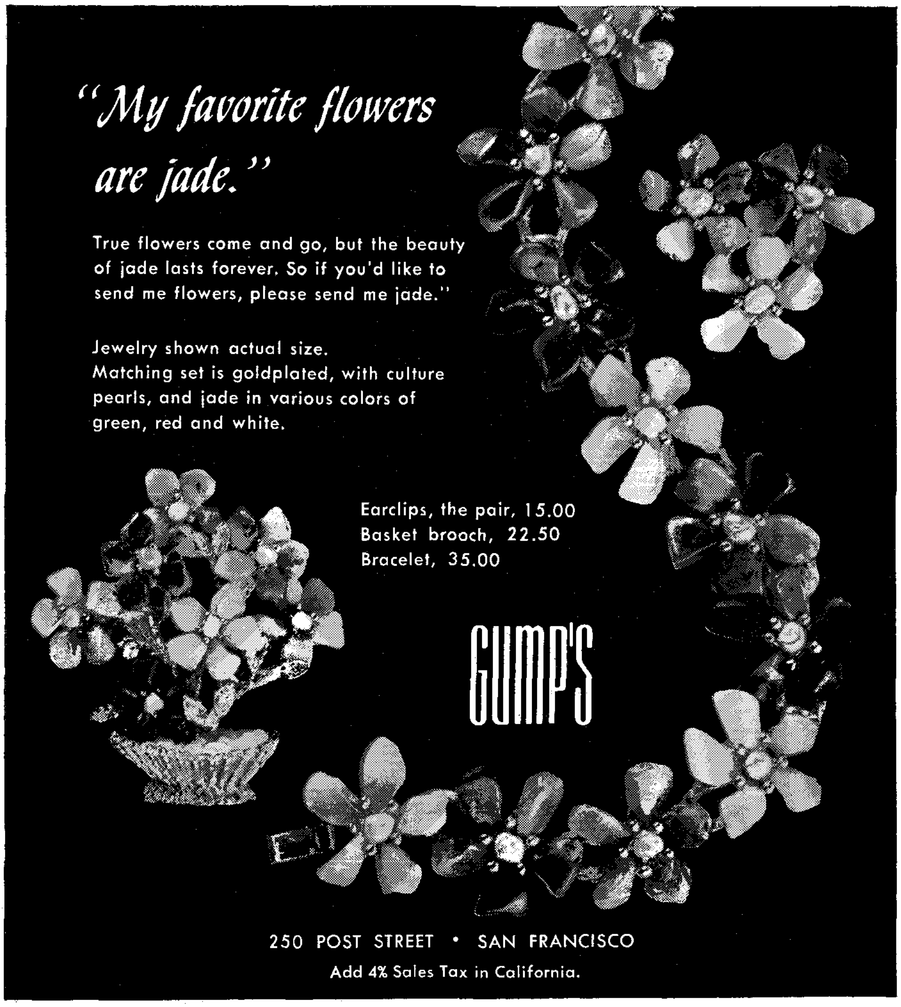
The Bishop, a large, tall man dressed not in his official purple but in a gray suit, came up with a plate of sandwiches. "Have a sandwich," he said to me. He had a stentorian voice.

I said I had a question or two for him, if he could spare a few minutes.

"Carry on!" he replied, like a headmaster.

I asked him whether in *his* opinion there was such a thing as South Bank religion.

"The South Bank heresy," he said wryly. "A lot of nonsense has been written about the South Bank. Newspapers have been full of lies about the South Bank. They have made out that there is a South Bank-Cambridge axis, and that everyone in Southwark is a heretic or a fellow-traveller or a Socialist. There is a vicar in my diocese who quarrelled with everybody — Tories, Catholics, nonconformists. I refused to go to his Communion service. The gutter press headlined it, 'SOCIALIST BISHOP REFUSES TO GO TO TORY'S COMMUNION.' The diocese is a tremendous mixture. There is what I call the gin-and-Jaguar belt, from Richmond to Ruislip, and then there are the slums. I have about three hundred parishes in my diocese, and more than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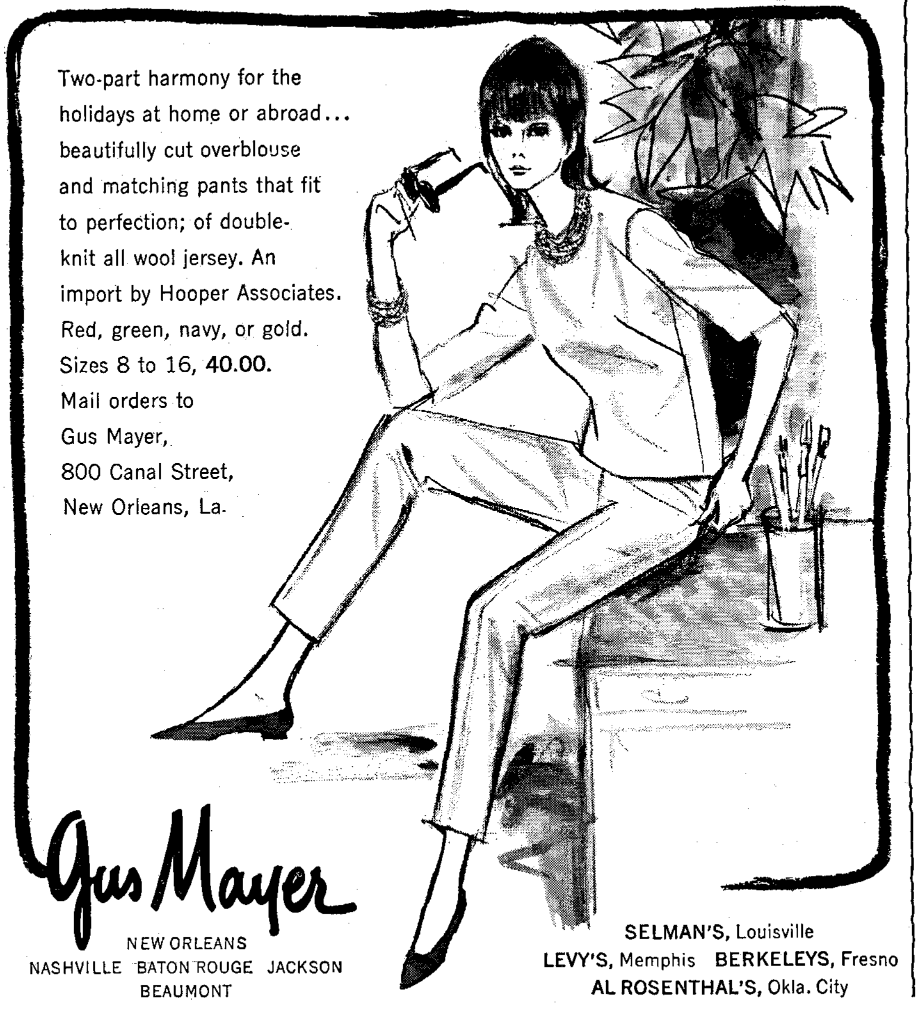
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five hundred clergy. Most of these people are ordinary, simple ministers, who spend their day looking after their parishioners. There will be twenty people sick and a certain number of old people whom the minister will have to care for. But the Church is nothing without power; achieving that, too, is Our Lord's work. Had Gordon Walker won the by-election, he would have influence today and be a force for good, but without winning the election where is he today? There is a parish in my diocese that has a congregation of twenty-six. I went to a service there the other day, and I was bored, bored, bored. Yet if God were giving marks for holiness, the minister would certainly get better marks than anyone else I know. He is in the worst and poorest parish. I have tried to offer him better parishes, but he has always refused them. He says that he doesn't mind spending the rest of his life in this parish. There is another vicar, in the same parish, who is, to look at, very unattractive. He blinks, and that kind of thing. But he has personality—that imponderable. What makes a man tick. He has no trouble in getting a congregation of two hundred to three hundred people. One is holier than the other, and he is completely unsuccessful. The other is not holy, and he is successful. Maybe one day we will lose all our power. It may be that all of Europe will go Communist, and England, too, as Marx said, and our buildings will all be taken over. Then the Church will really come up against it. But that might even be a good thing, as far as the life of religion is concerned." He looked at James, and, as though he had suddenly realized that his remarks might have been a little ambiguous, he started quoting the Bible in ringing tones. His voice was so commanding that he took possession of the room. Everyone fell silent, and moved up closer to him: " 'And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not al-

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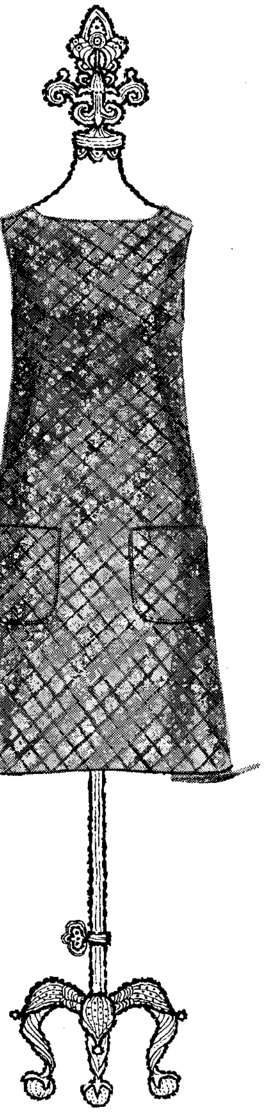

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ways.' " He finished, "So, you see, a man may take his wife for an expensive dinner with a bottle of wine to celebrate his wedding anniversary, though his neighbors are poor and go hungry, and yet some good things may come out of that dinner and bottle of wine. Therefore, it is good and necessary."

Ferres made a last round, to press more sandwiches and drinks on the guests, who had eaten and drunk sparingly. Not having any success, he shepherded them away, "to have the shine taken off your noses and foreheads with powder and makeup," as he put it. I found myself holding in my hand a sheet of paper, deposited there by the diplomatic Bishop. It was headed:

BATTERSEA PARISH CHURCH
LONDON'S GEORGIAN CHURCH BY THE RIVER
BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK'S VISITATION

It read:

Thursday . . .

6 P.M. The Bishop arrives at Battersea Parish Church to the ringing of the bells and is received by the Churchwardens. Legal Visitation Matters.

6:20 P.M. Evening Prayer in the Parish Church.

6:34 P.M. Buffet supper at the "Old Swan."

7:15 P.M. The Bishop will speak to the Parish Youth Council (in the Edward Wilson Room at the Vicarage).

8 P.M. The Bishop takes the chair of the monthly meeting of the Church Council (in the Edward Wilson Room).

9 P.M. The Bishop takes prayers with the Rangers and Girl Guides (in the Hall at the back of the Vicarage).

9:30 P.M. The Bishop takes prayers with the Sea Cadets in the HQ. (The Parish Church provides the chaplaincy for both the Sea Cadets and the Air Training Corps.)

The sheet went on to list the agenda for the following day, calculated to the minute from seven-thirty A.M. until nine P.M., during which time the Bishop was to call on, meet, pray with, take refreshments with, or speak to such groups, individuals, and institutions as the Katherine Low Settlement, Sir Walter St. John's School, St. Mary's Primary School, Battersea Bridge Buildings, Caius House's Old Peoples' Dinners, the Morgan Crucible Co., Ltd., Councillor S. Sporle, Confirmation candidates, and churchwardens.

Back in the control room with Ferres, I found the participants assembled below, and at a signal from Ferres the Woolwich film went up on the screen in the studio. The film opened with Mitchell talking over the strains of some nondescript music: "Just off this High Street of Woolwich is this bus-

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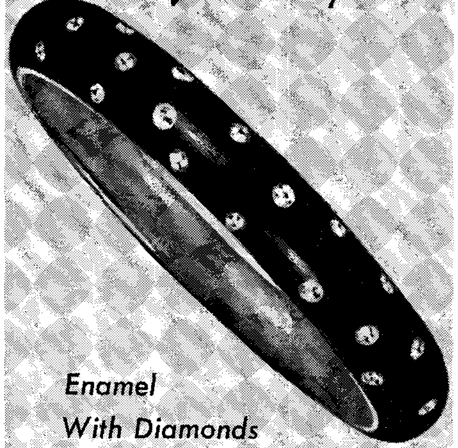

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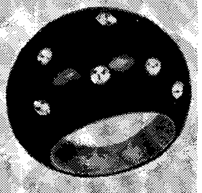

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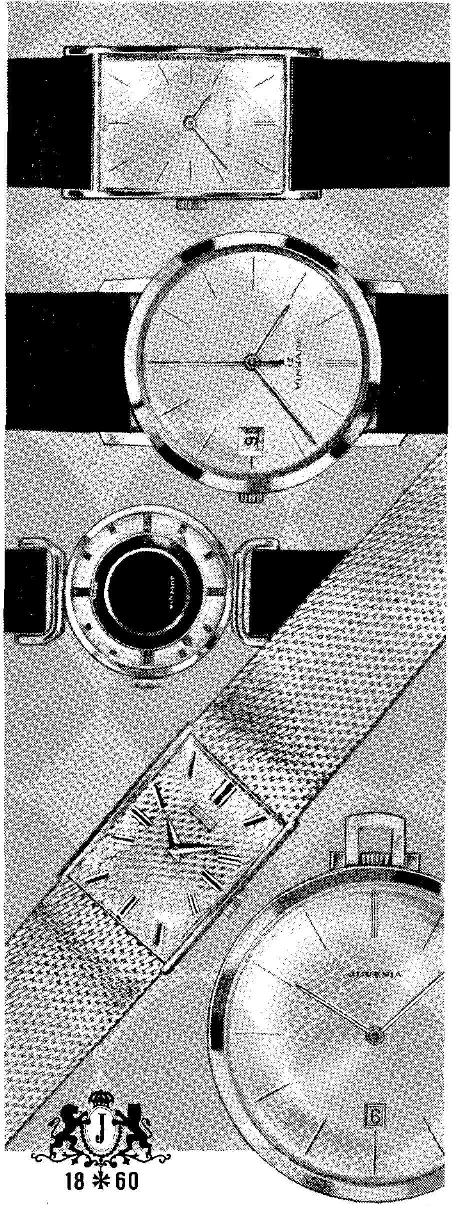

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tling market center. Behind me, porticoed and peeling, is the symbol of one revolution—an abandoned cinema. Over here, behind the billboards, is the symbol of another revolution—the site of an abandoned church." He went on to summarize Stacey's article. There followed interviews with ten parishioners, which established that they had no objection to working on Stacey's community projects but, equally, had no interest in going to his church or to any church. One, who spoke for all of them, said, "People who don't go to church can be just as good a Christian as those that do."

Then Stacey appeared, and, in his Oxford stammer, mostly rephrased the contentions of his *Observer* article: "It was five years ago that the Bishop of Southwark asked me to become Rector of St. Mary's Parish, Woolwich. St. Mary's is a typical industrial parish. A parish similar to many others throughout England where the Church is making very little impact. We've been able to sharpen up the services, make them easy to understand, to make them brighter. And I think, too, we've been able to create a better image for the Church. As a result of this fairly hard, energetic—I hope, loving—work over the last five years, the congregation has only increased from fifty to a hundred and the number of Confirmation candidates has actually gone down. Well, now, in most industrial parishes, it is clear that the Church is failing because the Church hasn't got the tools for the job. We have had, and we have got, tools for the job but nevertheless we have failed, in churchgoing terms. And my experience is that, apart from certain parishes in the industrial north where there is still more residual Christianity, there's a massive failure by the Church of England in our industrial areas, and the first thing we've got to do is to face this failure before we're going to get a radical renewal of the Church."

The film over, McKenzie immediately opened the discussion in the studio. He began, "Here with me is the man who inspired the project in the first place, the Bishop of Southwark, the Reverend Mervyn Stockwood. Bishop, what exactly—what did you have in mind as an objective in this operation when you first sponsored it?"

"I want to go back to what is the purpose of the Church," the Bishop said. "As I understand it, the Church exists to carry on the work which Jesus had started. What is this work? Well, Jesus was quite secure about this. It is to make the world His kingdom. Thy

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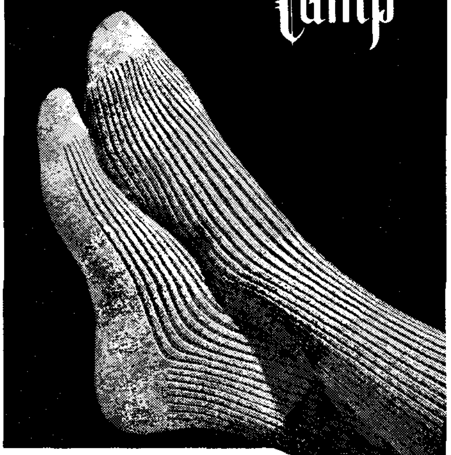

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kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. That is to say, to make all the conditions of this world, and the people, what God wants them to be. Now, He left behind, then, His Church, this body of people to carry on this work. It spread from Jerusalem, from one country to another, and eventually came to England, and it's gone on here for hundreds and hundreds of years. Now, wherever it may be, whether it's in Cheltenham or Woolwich, it makes no difference, it's just for this purpose—to make the world, to make the place where the Church is set, where these people actually live, what God wants them to be. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. So, when Nick Stacey came to Woolwich, those were the 'marching orders' as they had to be and they always are for any parson. I'd like to—ought to—make it clear. He had no orders different from any other parson that I have in my diocese, which is simply: 'Go ahead and remember that you are Christ's instrument for furthering His kingdom and doing His will.' "

McKenzie tried to make his second question a little more exact. "Now, how far do you accept his own judgment of the five years of work—'that it is a failure, in Church terms'?" he asked.

"Well, I don't really think that I'm qualified," the Bishop said, and added, with authority, "I'm not sure that he's qualified, to pass judgment on these things." He went on, seemingly returning to some script on the lectern in his mind, "You see, one has to judge the Church by the impact it makes upon the world in which it's set. Let me put it like this. A young man comes to me and says, 'Bishop, I want to be ordained now. I'm thinking of going to St. Wilfred's. Tell me, is there strong churchmanship at St. Wilfred's?' And I say, 'Well, look here, my boy, what can . . . I mean, are you asking me, What is the candlepower of St. Wilfred's? Or are you asking me, What is the impact it makes upon the locality?' Now, that is how I judge the strength or weakness of the Church. You see, you make an impact in two ways. First, the Church as a community, on the borough council, the trade unions, employer federations—on public opinion. For instance, is the Church really making an impact on anything like racial feeling? On approaches to education?"

McKenzie cut the Bishop short and tried once again to make him focus on the original question: "But does this mean, Bishop, you don't accept the

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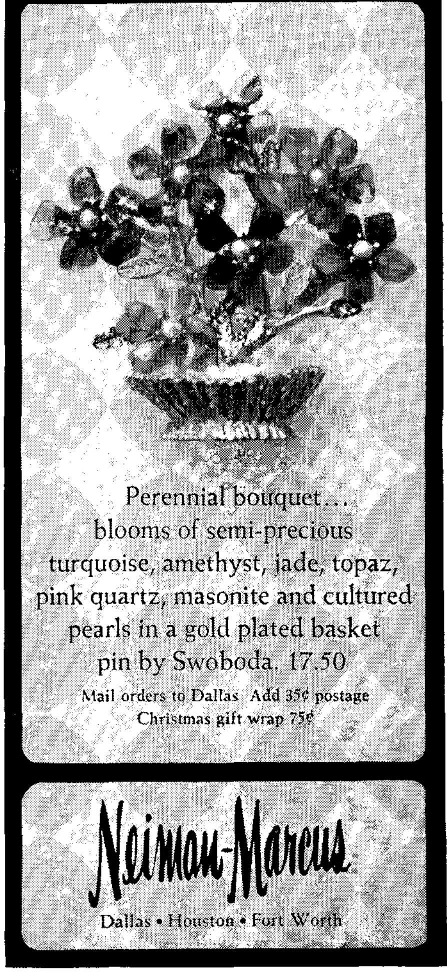

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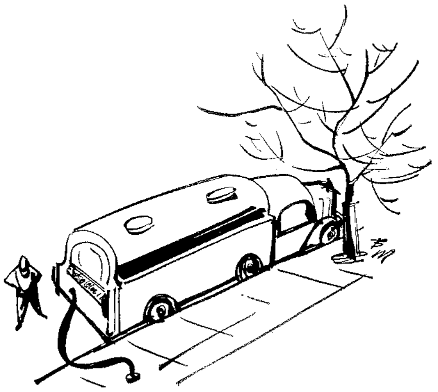
criterion that it seems to me Stacey was applying in the latter part of his statement—namely, that unless you can bring people into religious worship in the Church, you really can't claim to have succeeded?"

The Bishop persisted. "No, I don't judge that—judge it in that way. As I said, I judge it by the general impact it makes and also by the personal impact. Let me put it this way. I was talking to one of the mayors the other day, and he said to me, 'I'm not a churchman but since I've been mayor I've been going to church a lot and coming a lot into touch with church people.' He said, 'During the past few months I've been staggered by what I've seen church people doing for the old and the young—running clubs and bothering about people.' He said, 'I really do feel rather ashamed about some of the criticisms that I've made.'" The Bishop suddenly seemed to become aware that perhaps he had carried on his homely filibuster a little too long, and said disarmingly, "Now, I agree that what I have said so far has been concerned with the practical impact of Christianity, but that isn't a bad way of beginning." Here he again cited chapter and verse, as though it were second nature to him. "Didn't Jesus Himself say that you're going to be tested when you die by whether you've fed the hungry and given water to the thirsty and visited the prisoners, and so on?"

McKenzie craftily approached his quarry from another direction. Instead of referring to Stacey's church-attendance argument yet again in terms of the Church's relative "failure," he now tried to make the Bishop evaluate the experiments in terms of their relative "success," saying, "But on this very point. Now, surely, if all that was done—and it may be done very well—was a combination of a citizens' advice bureau, a youth club, a welfare agency, this is surely not, in religious terms, a wholly successful operation?"

But the Bishop was not so easily taken. "It isn't just that," he said. "You



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see, these things are the fruit of one's deep convictions. Now, lots of things that happen in church bore me, and I could criticize them as much as anybody else. But, nevertheless, I am a believer in church services. I mean, I have three services every day in my chapel. At Bishop's House I get Communion nearly every day of my life. I do believe in church services."

McKenzie tried still another gambit. "But why does it not attract people?" he said. "We've heard people in the film saying that while we like helping Stacey's project here we just don't go to church."

The Bishop beat a deceptive retreat: "Because I think they don't understand it. I think the whole sort of setup of our church is frightfully difficult for the man in the street to come to grips with."

"But then don't you have to change—" McKenzie began plaintively.

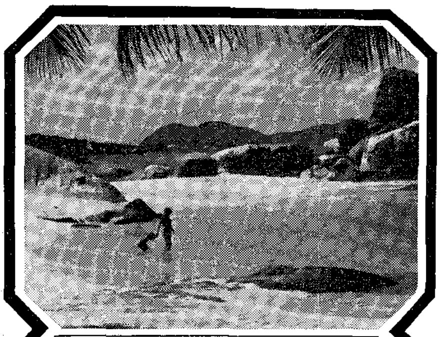
The Bishop did not allow him to finish. Instead, he went on to shore up his own new position, this time with history. "Ah," he said. "I think the Church of England is so—so stern-looking, people don't think . . . You see, this is where I disagree with . . . I think it was— Was it James Mitchell who said in that film that people have left the Church? You see, the working classes have never belonged to it. It was the tradespeople who lived there. We have the— I mean the evidence of previous surveys in London at the beginning of the century. The position today is really no different from what it was then, it was just the tradespeople and middle-class people who went there."

"Bishop, I—" McKenzie tried to break in.

"And I couldn't agree with you more," the Bishop said. "I think that the whole sort of setup of the Church—its priorities, its values, its absurd and fantastic legalism, which cripples most reforms—is part of the reason why people simply cannot break through and understand what they're about."

The Bishop had gone over his time, and McKenzie said, "May I come back to you in a moment, Bishop?" He went on, "Now, the man who was involved in this project—right on the ground, as it were—Nicolas Stacey. Stacey, listening to the Bishop's observations on the whole operation, would you be inclined to, in any way, modify your word 'failure'?"

"No, I wouldn't, because, you see, I think the Bishop has ducked the issue," Stacey replied. "The Church has tradi-



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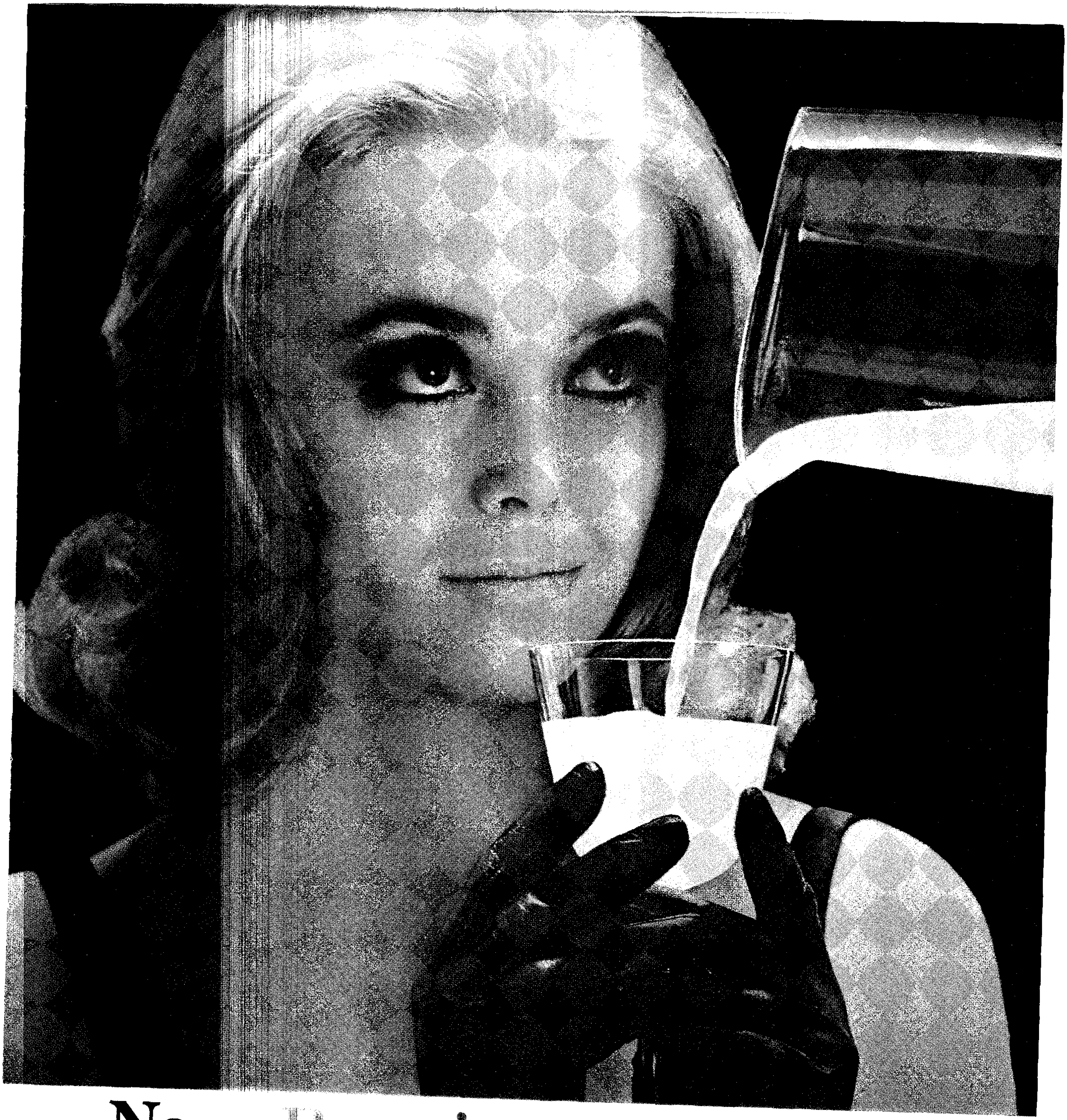

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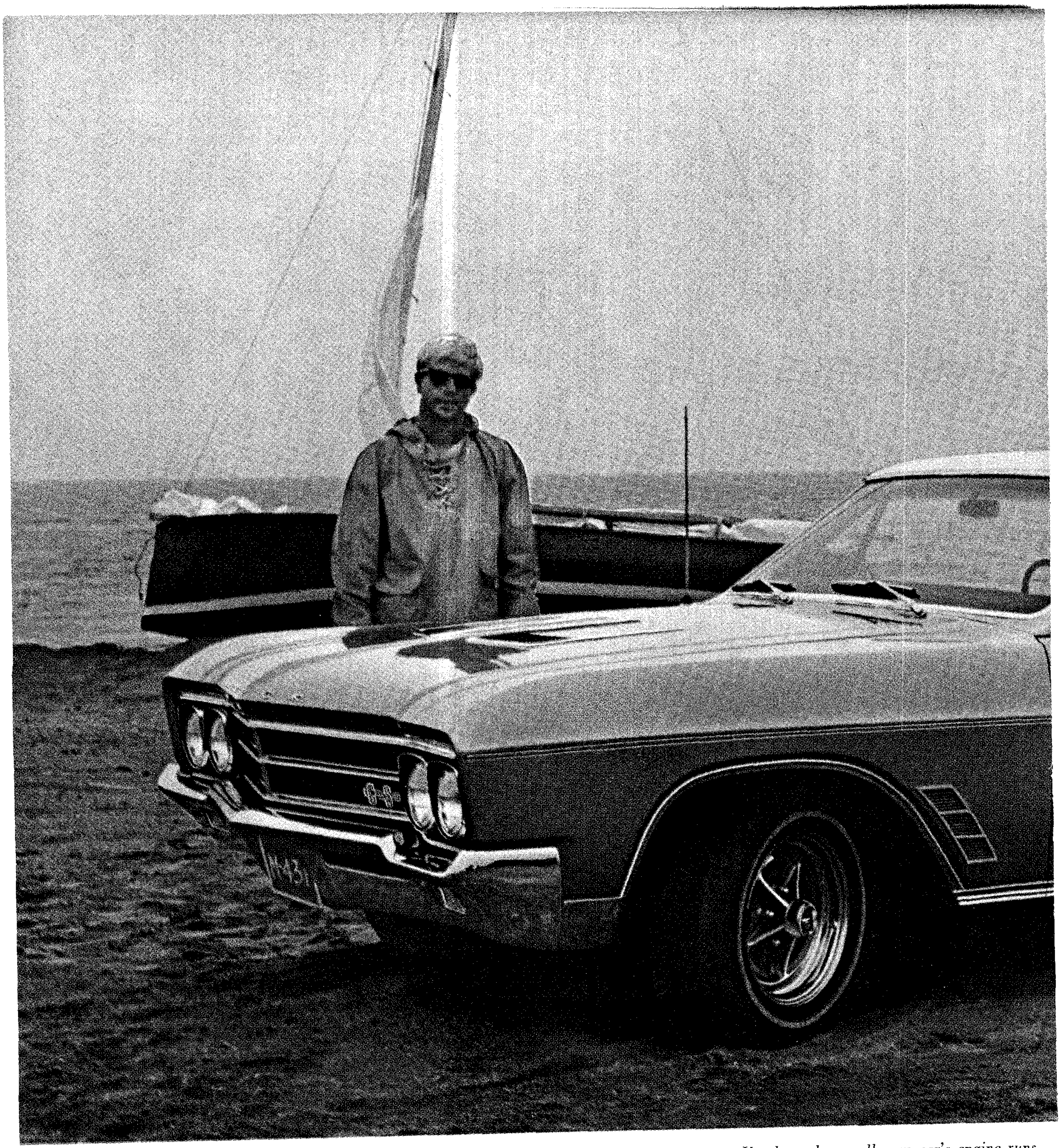

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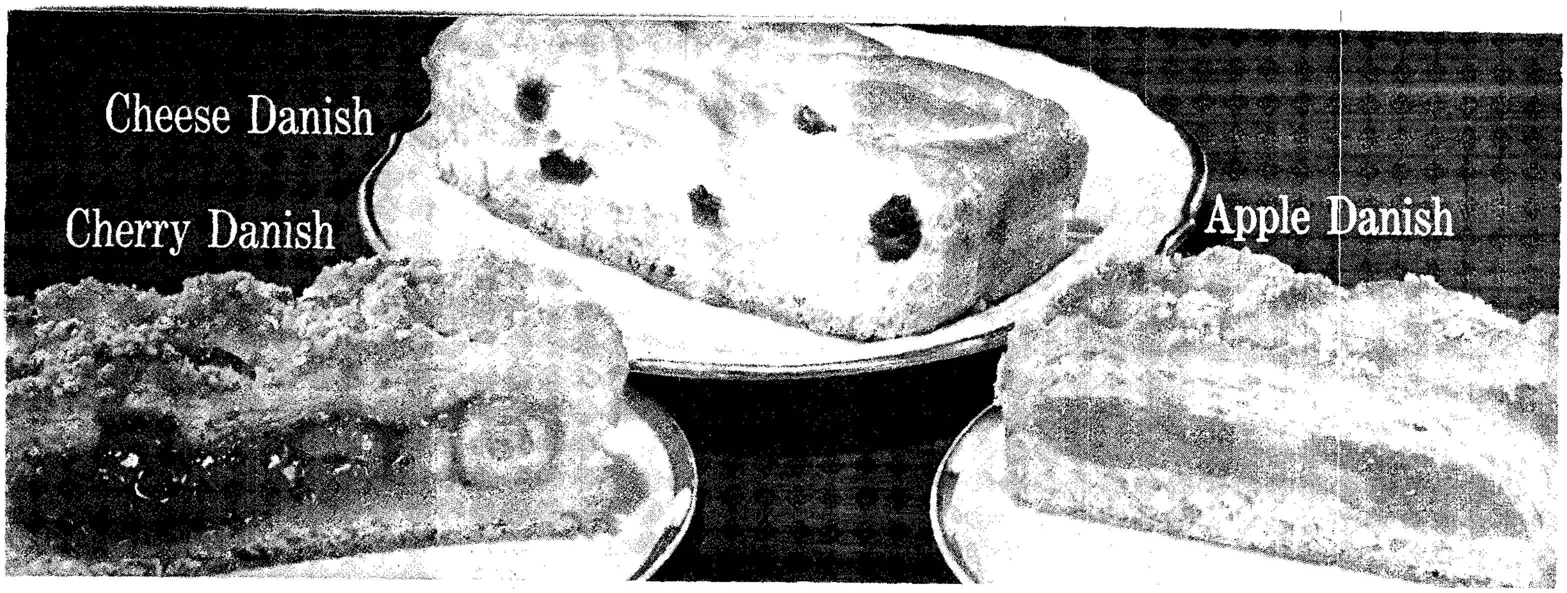

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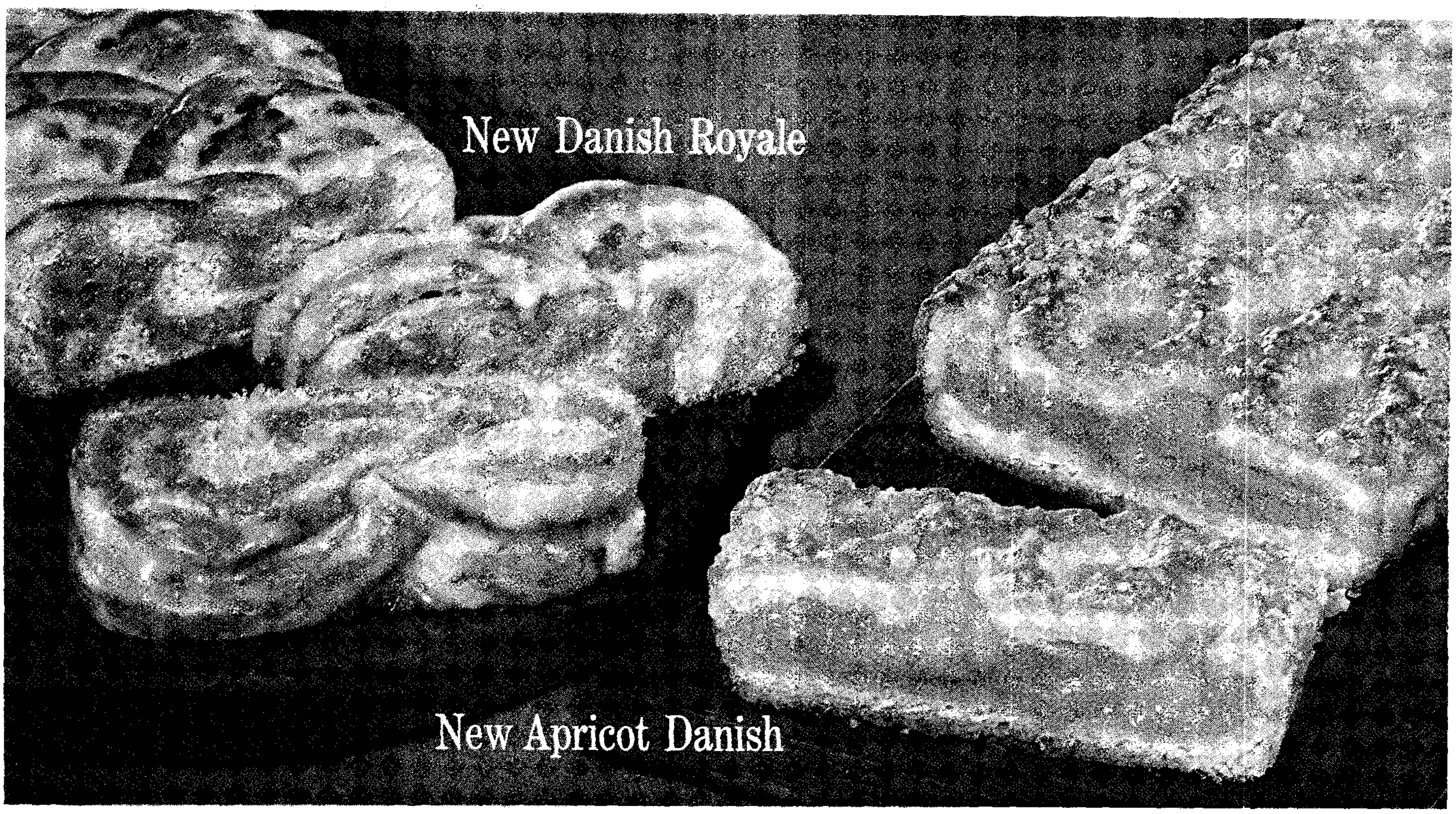

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tionally taught that man is a worshipping animal, the Church is structured on the basis that worship is important. We maintain, I think, twenty thousand Anglican places of worship in England and Wales. In our services—our Baptism service, for instance, we get the parents and godparents to promise that they'll bring their children to be confirmed, i.e., go to church when they're the right age. The whole Church is structured on the basis that worship is important, and I wanted to show to the Church that in worship, in churchgoing terms, we're failing."

McKenzie said, "Next, James Mitchell, who did a survey on the ground, as you saw in the Woolwich film—himself an Anglican layman. Mitchell, you talked to the people down there in the course of this survey. Do you think Stacey is justified in calling the whole operation a failure?"

"Well, it depends on what terms you call failure," Mitchell said. "In churchgoing terms, obviously this is so."

McKenzie, adroit moderator that he was, repeated perhaps the only concrete defense he had managed to extract from the Bishop: "But the Bishop's point was that the working class—and this, after all, is a primary working-class area—has not since the Industrial Revolution been in the Church."

"That's quite true," Mitchell agreed. "But, on the other hand, the middle classes are now leaving the Church, whereas perhaps in the past they never did. But I think really the whole criterion of churchgoing as a measure is no longer valid. You see, both the Bishop and Stacey have been talking in words like 'worship,' 'impact,' and 'image,' and every time a word like this is mentioned I always feel somehow behind it all there's a kind of self-deception." Mitchell, too, seemed to have prepared an argument in advance, and now he aired it: "I think the great menace of Christianity, as a religion, is that it gives people socially respectable excuses for really exercising their own vanity or power. I think that a lot of the concern in the Church at the moment about churchgoing—and, indeed, the impact of the Church, as the Church people now have been talking—may be disguised anxiety about the fact that they haven't any longer got people in their power."

"Well, now another priest, who's dealt with a similar kind of situation," McKenzie said. "The Reverend Eric James, who is the director of Parish and People and who has a parish in southeast London as well. What's your

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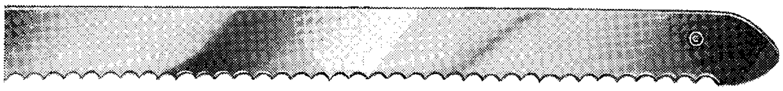

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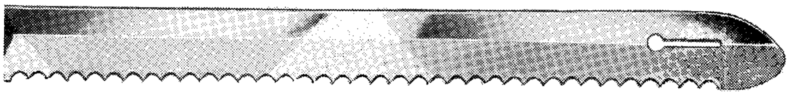

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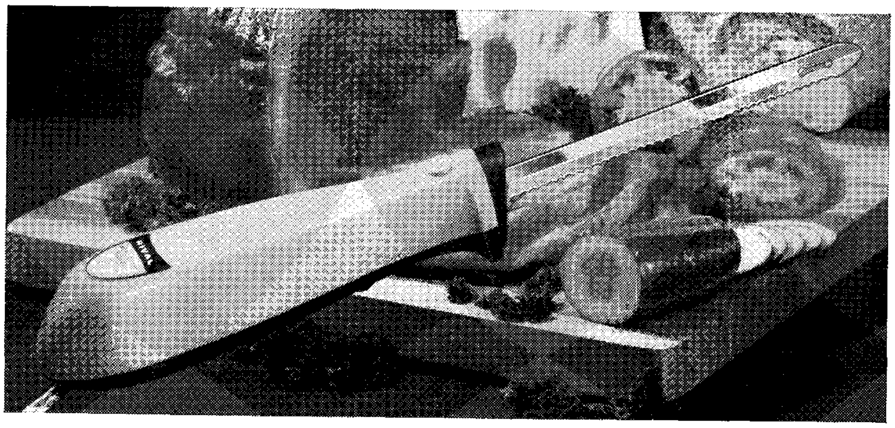

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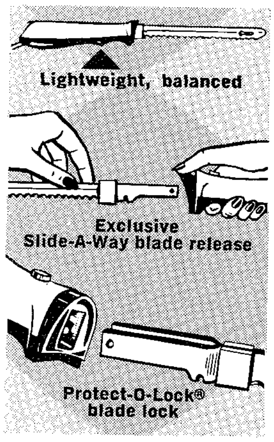
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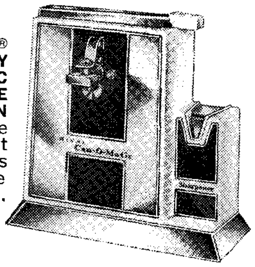

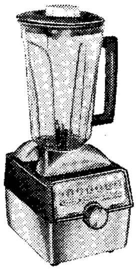

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feeling, having dealt with the same sort of problem?"

"Well, there's so much to comment on here," James said. "Just picking up one of the random statements . . . I feel that if one just says that churchgoing and belonging to the Church is an excuse for people's vanity, that really is trivial, as a comment." The program, never quite under control, suddenly went off the deep end. "Because if you've known and loved and worked with people in your parish, you know how many of your worshippers are sustained in looking after their husbands. I think of my . . . one person in my mind, looking after her husband when he's got cancer and arthritis and so on. Devoted—a conservative in my mind, religiously, and disagreeing very much with the kind of thing I had to do, and yet devoted and humble and sustained by their worship. Nevertheless, to get to the main point, I would say that I agree entirely with Mr. Stacey's judgment that, in churchgoing terms, the work of the Church is a failure at the moment. And I believe, certainly, that the Church must not be judged on whether people come to church. I believe this is a wrong criterion. I think—"

"What is the right one?" McKenzie broke in.

"I think that I would want to see the Church geared—very much, at the moment—to helping people live at depth," James said. "A bishop said to me the other day, 'The trouble at the moment is that life only helps people to live their lives at a chatty level.' Now, I believe the Church has got to help people to live deeply human lives. One of the most marvellous things that Pilate said, sort of inadvertently, about Jesus was 'Behold the man.' Now, people ought to be able to say of Christians 'Behold the man,' and they ought to be able to say of the Church that everything that goes on in it is helping them to become human, deeply human. I would agree that so often what the Church is doing is helping people to follow a kind of centuries-old cultus which has little relevance to being deeply human. But we've got to help people to be human and to live in community."

Some time later, McKenzie said to Stacey, "Now, you've been criticized by some for having been in your article, and perhaps even in your statement now defeatist and negative; what do you see as the way out as someone who presumably is still committed to the Church?"

"I don't know what the way out is,"

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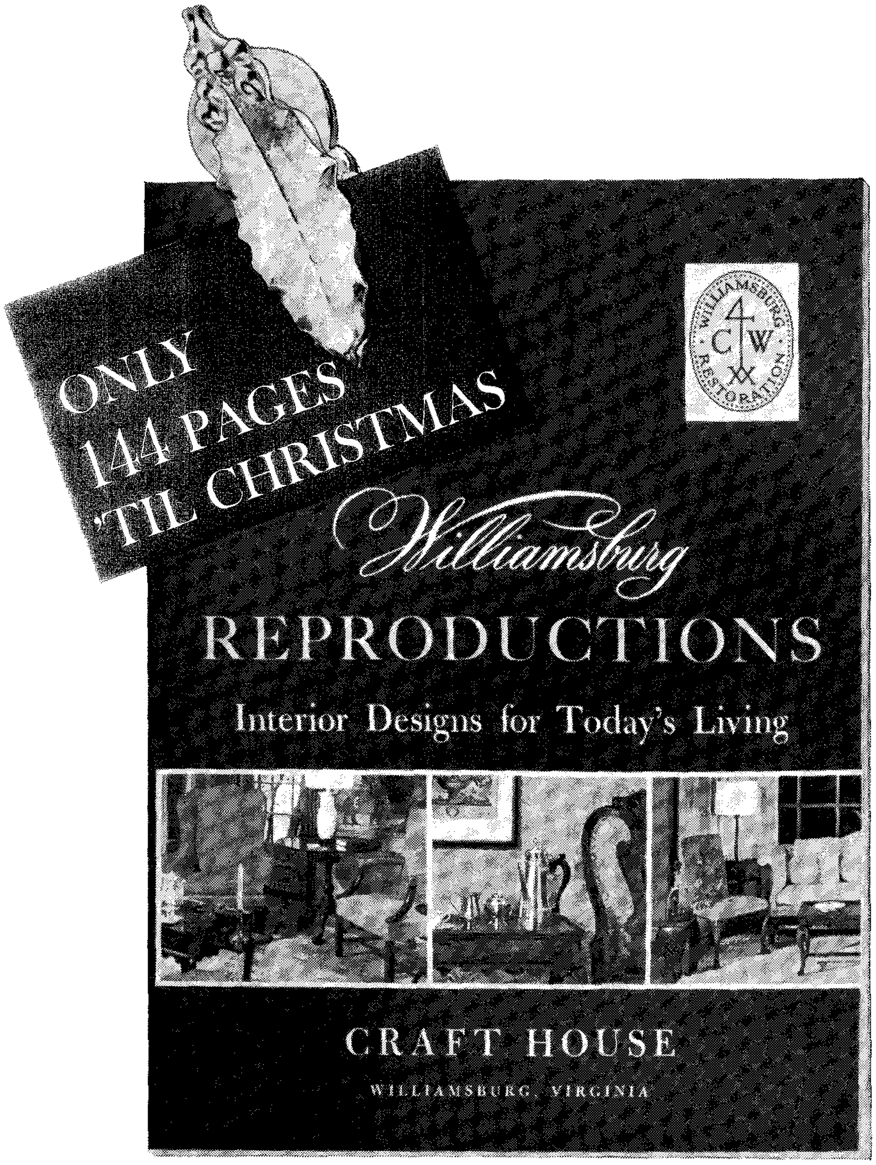

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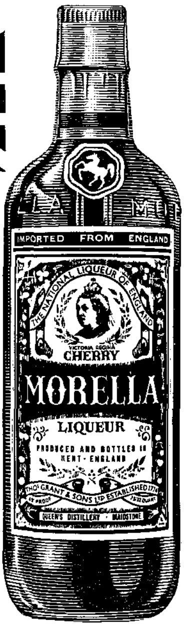
Stacey replied. "I think we've got to the point at which I feel that no longer will *the traditional, orthodox method* ever work. I think we're going to see a stripping down of the Church, that it will cease to be a great estate of the realm, we shall have far fewer church buildings, most clergymen will be earning their living in secular activities, and I think the Church will develop in little cells of people meeting in each other's houses and trying to discuss and pray together and only very rarely, perhaps, come to places of worship for great services, and they will be concerned not to run ecclesiastical organizations and ecclesiastical structures but to be in the secular ones."

"Bishop," McKenzie said, "this is a pretty drastic diagnosis of what happens next. How far would you go along with *it?*"

The Bishop did a complete about-face, and became almost indistinguishable from the critics of his earlier position. "I'd go a long way with that," he said. "I'm perfectly prepared to get rid of most of our buildings. I could get rid of about fifty per cent of them in my diocese; it would be a great help to the spread of Christianity, I think, if we could. And, once we have done that, to concentrate on the fact that we are not just individual Christians, we are members of a community. The only service, really, I want them to get to at all is the Communion, because there you see a symbol of everything a Christian should be doing. That is that we gather around a table, we take the things of this earth, bread and wine—what we have we have in common. There's no rank, no precedence, no color."

When I came down from the control room after the program, I found James and Stacey sitting by the front door. They said they were waiting for a taxi, which they were going to share. Stacey, on his way to Woolwich, was going to drop James at his home, in Dulwich. The Bishop, McKenzie, and Mitchell had already left.

"How was my image on the TV, do you think, Eric?" Stacey asked. "ITV wouldn't have me for a program, because they said I came over too clever-clever Oxfordish. I want to change my image so that I can do more television work. But not for my own pocket." He turned to me. "I have a private income—I don't need any money from the Church. I got five hundred pounds for that *Observer* article. I make enough from journalism to support four curates. But most of the clergy are against me. They think I percolate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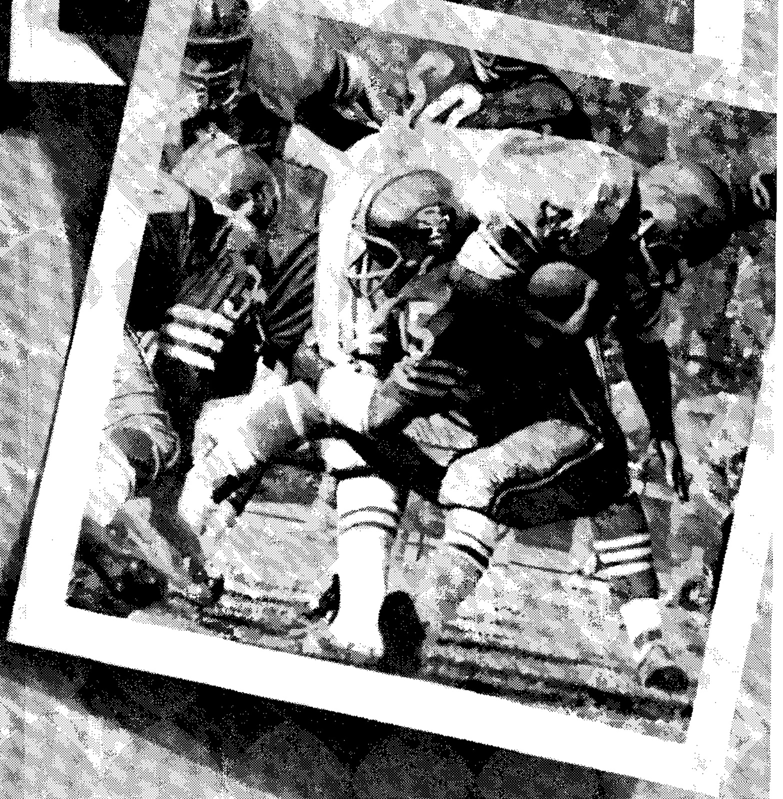

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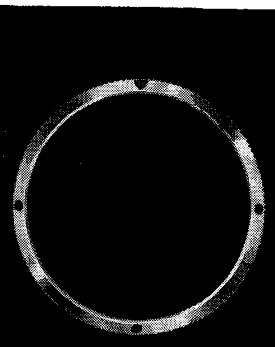

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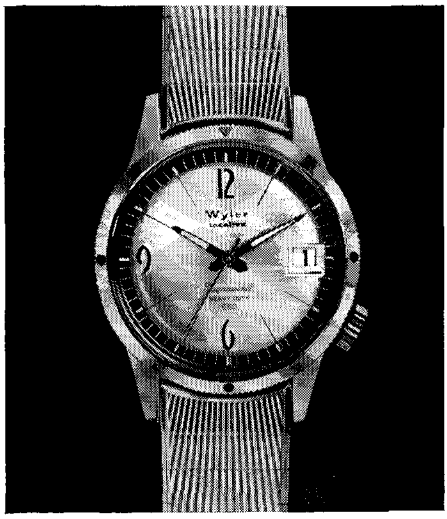

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coffee in the organ pipes and fry eggs on the altar. They all bore me, and I can't hide it."

"I honestly think that you said you were disappointed about the failure so that you could write a good story for the *Observer*," James said. "You couldn't ever have thought, Nick, that all those things would raise church attendance. I thought to myself when I read the article that to expect that from your labors you must be either very conservative or ignorant."

Stacey was silent.

I asked Stacey, "And what did you think of the Bishop's remark that the working classes had never been churchgoers, that surveys taken in the last century show that?"

"I had left the sociological factor out of account," Stacey said. "I have learned better now."

James said to me, "I think the mistake in the television program was to have Mervyn on it at all, really. I think that anyone who knew Mervyn would have said that he was bound to dominate. It's true that they tried to counter this by putting on the greatest interviewer they've got, Robert McKenzie, but even Robert was beaten. At the end, though, the Bishop did say that he wouldn't mind getting rid of fifty per cent of the church buildings in Southwark."

"But as long as he doesn't say which buildings, then his clergy needn't take offense at it," Stacey said. "I don't think the program got off the ground."

MOST of the theologians I met in England acknowledged at one time or another that the Achilles' heel of their calling might be a lack of extended training in philosophy, admitting that their reasoning powers were not always up to defending their faith, and this at a time when most theologians wished to have a reasoned faith and to be able to conduct a dialogue with agnostics and rationalists. I was eager to meet the Reverend Canon Ian T. Ramsey, Nolloth Professor of the Philosophy of Christian Religion at Oxford, and no relation of the Archbishop, because, among the new theologians, he was a splendid exception. He had once said of himself, "I am an odd man out. I went to Cambridge and read mathematics, and switched over to philosophy, which is called Moral Sciences there. Then I took up theology. Because of coming from these scientific and philosophical and theological directions, I find there is no one with me in all my paths. For instance, when I am talking to philosophers I have scientists and

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theologians in mind, which, normally, the philosophers I'm talking to haven't got in mind. And theologians do not always appreciate the difficulties of a philosopher. And when you come to the scientists, you've got so much of theology and philosophy to represent to *them*. One feels a certain loneliness in this work. One never feels embedded in a community. It's not that people aren't friendly and aren't interested, but you do feel rather a lonely fellow."

For all his scientific and philosophical and theological directions, Ian Ramsey didn't quite enjoy among the students of these separate disciplines the fearful status of a cat among pigeons, precisely because his diverse interests, and the questions and answers arising out of them, were not quite comprehensible, or even interesting, to those whose training had been in just one of those disciplines. Yet Ramsey was now embedded primarily in the community of theologians, and one felt that if any theologian was free from the charge of philosophical confusion it must be he. His books were, in fact, notable for an effort to put a scientific scaffolding under theological language, as when, in "Models and Mystery," he expounded the terms central to his thesis—"models," "qualifiers," and "disclosures."

> Theology (I would say) is founded in occasions of insight and disclosure when, to put it at its most general, the universe declares itself in a particular way around some group of events which thus take on a cosmic significance [he wrote]. These events then become, and naturally, a self-appointed model which enables us to be articulate about what has been disclosed. But no more here than elsewhere is the model to be a scale or pictorial model, and here it is more than ever essential to register and emphasize the logical gap between the model and what the insight reveals, between the model and the situation in which it is fulfilled. . . . Let us approach the matter thus. So important is logical diversification for theology that, lest we should be tempted to rely on one model alone, theology provides built-in stimuli for the never-ending development of any model. This is effected by words we may call "qualifiers." The intention is to produce, from a single model, and by means of some qualifier, an endless series of variants, between any pair of which there will occur implicit metaphors, in this way witnessing to the fact that the heart of theology is permanent mystery. Here is the function in theology of words like "infinite," "perfect," "all"—such words we call "qualifiers"—words which multiply models without end and with subtle changes, creating in this way what might be called, following Wittgenstein, models with family resemblances, a family of models. So a qualifier like "infinite" will work on a model of human love until there dawns on us that particular kind

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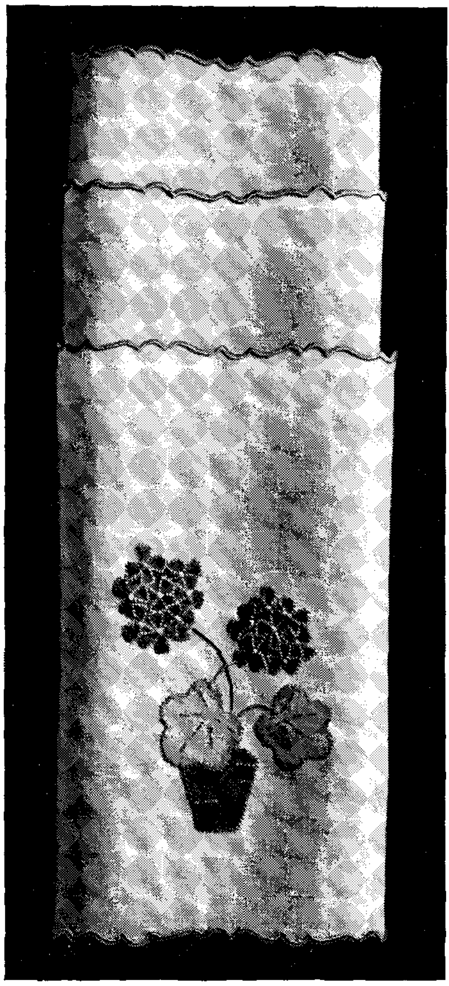

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of family resemblance between the various derivative models which reveals God—God as "infinitely loving." God is revealed in the cosmic disclosure which may occur at some stage as the pattern of models is developed without end, just as there may dawn on us that to which an infinite convergent series points, as its terms are endlessly developed. Qualifiers thus provide not only for the endless construction of metaphors; they are at the same time the words in theology that witness to its grounding in permanent mystery, that point to a cosmic disclosure as that alone which reveals the topic of any and every theological utterance.

So in theology it is not only that a model permits of articulation. In theology the model must occur in a phrase which incorporates also a qualifier which in its simplest form will be a word or a suffix designed to make sure that here the main point of the model is seen to be its fulfillment in a disclosure. At every stage in theological reasoning the route from a model to a mystery must be indicated. All that is not to deny the possibility of progressive understanding—far from it. It is merely a matter of where the essential emphasis is to be placed, and in theology the emphasis must be unambiguously on the disclosure basis of its utterances.

Ramsey, whom I recently met one day for lunch in his rooms at Oriel College, turned out to be a short, stoutish, vigorous north-countryman. He seemed impatient to get onto a discussion of theology, so, over sherry, I asked him about *his* theory of models and disclosures.

He said, "Very crudely, and forgetting the complexities of inferior models, I would define a model simply like this: A model is any kind of picture or example on which people can agree and by which they can be led to understand something of which at present they are not certain or about which they are perplexed. There are obvious similarities with, say, the model ship that a boy will provide to understand what the great boat is like. Or perhaps an airplane is better, but I just don't know what a Viscount X is like. As for disclosures, I'll use an example of a polygon to illuminate basically what I mean by that. The point would be: Supposing we are invited to draw a number of regular polygons with an increasing number of sides, all to be equidistant from a fixed point. We then draw on a blackboard, say, a square, a pentagon, a hexagon, a heptagon, and so on. And we might say after doing—I don't know—say, thirty of these, 'What do you see?' Now, the plain man will always say, 'Thirty polygons,' and, of course, he is obviously right. But the hope is that at some point or other a person might be struck by something when the polygons were developed in

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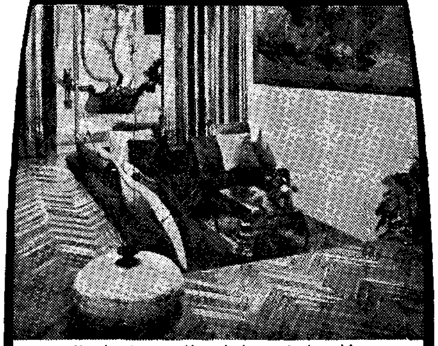

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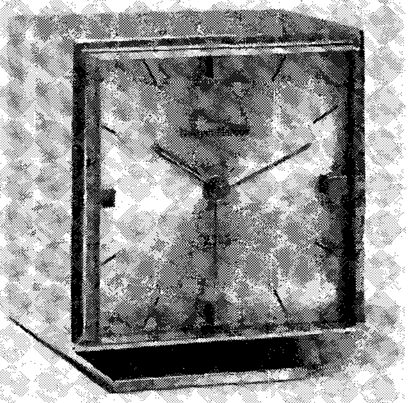

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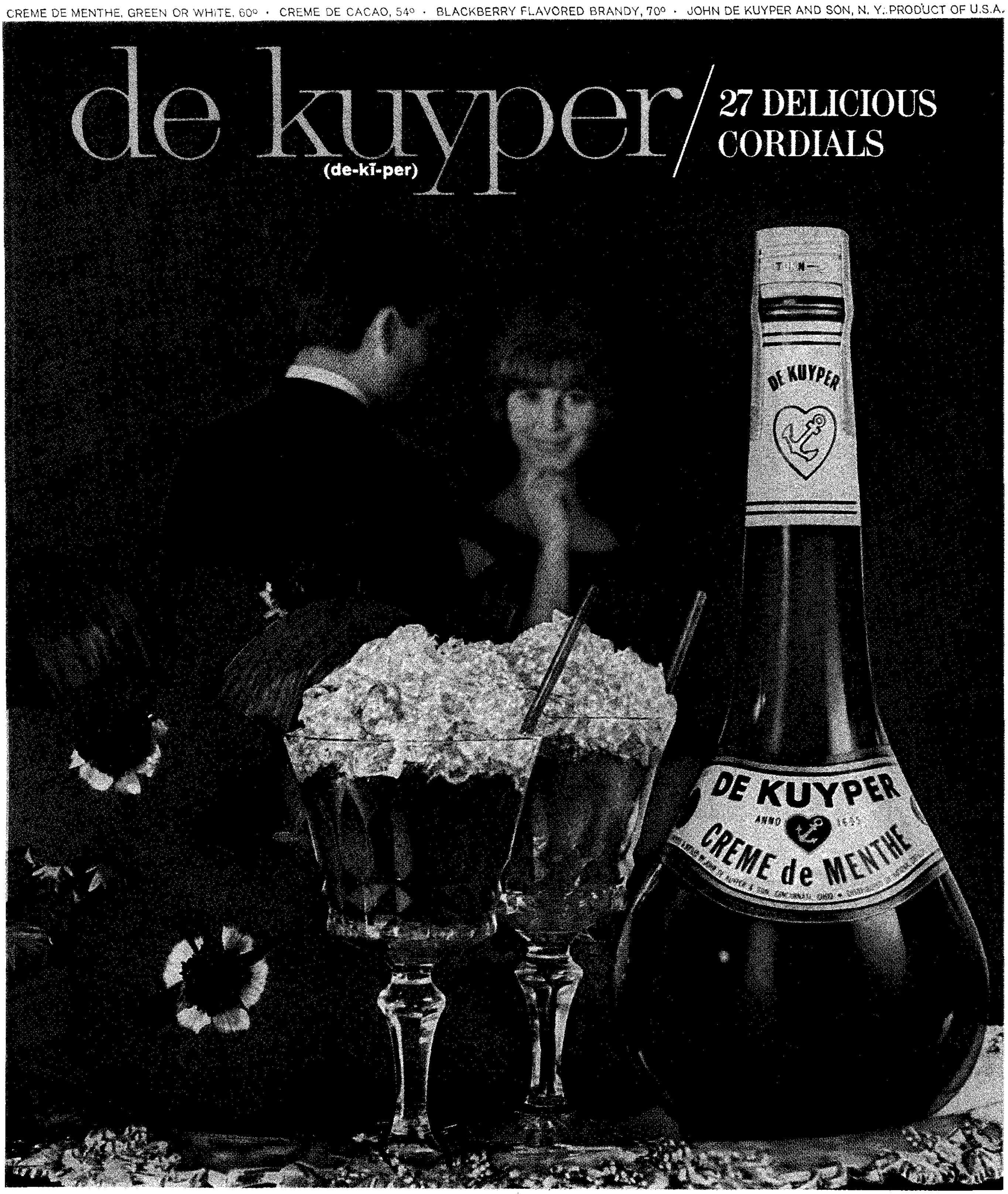
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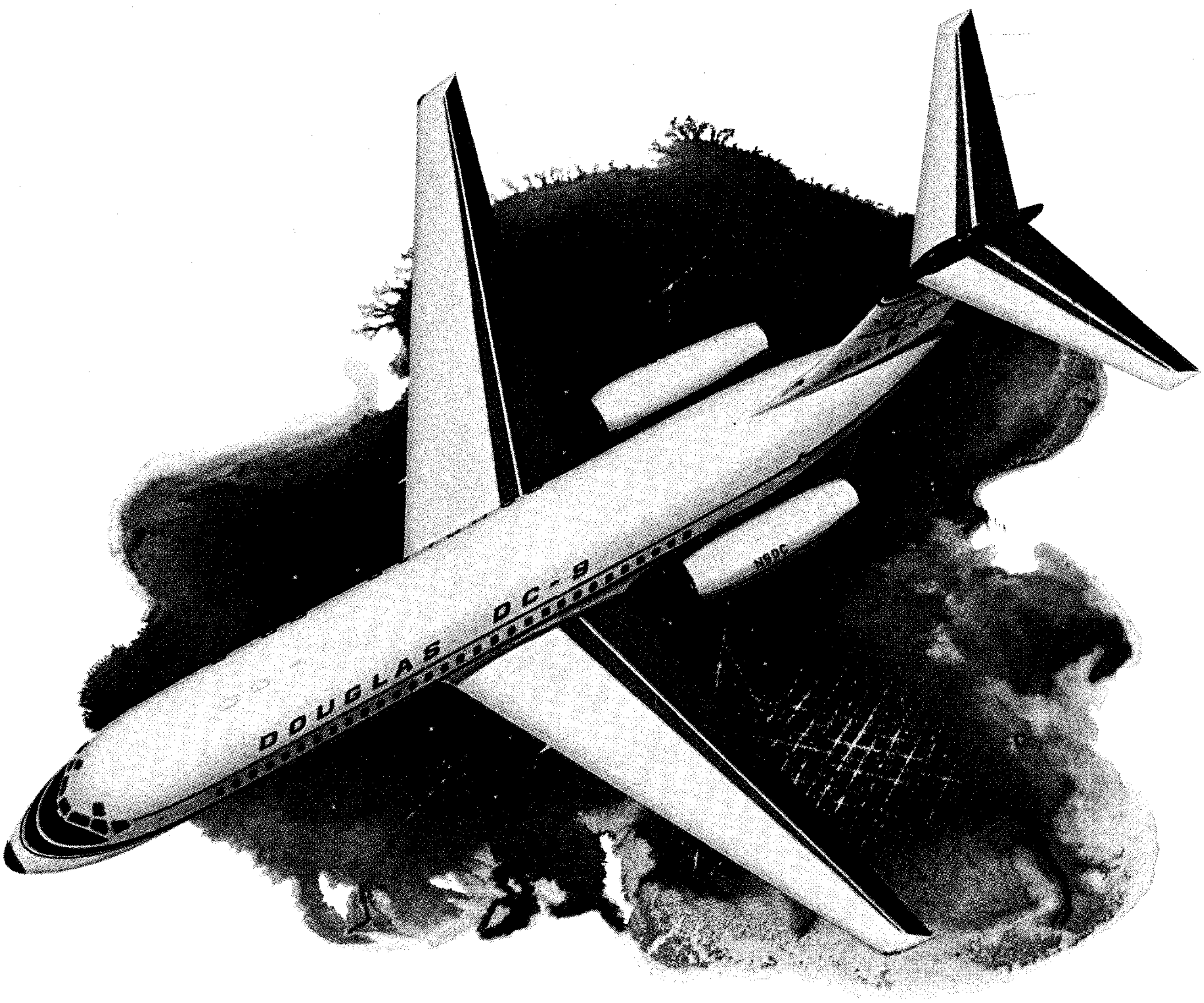

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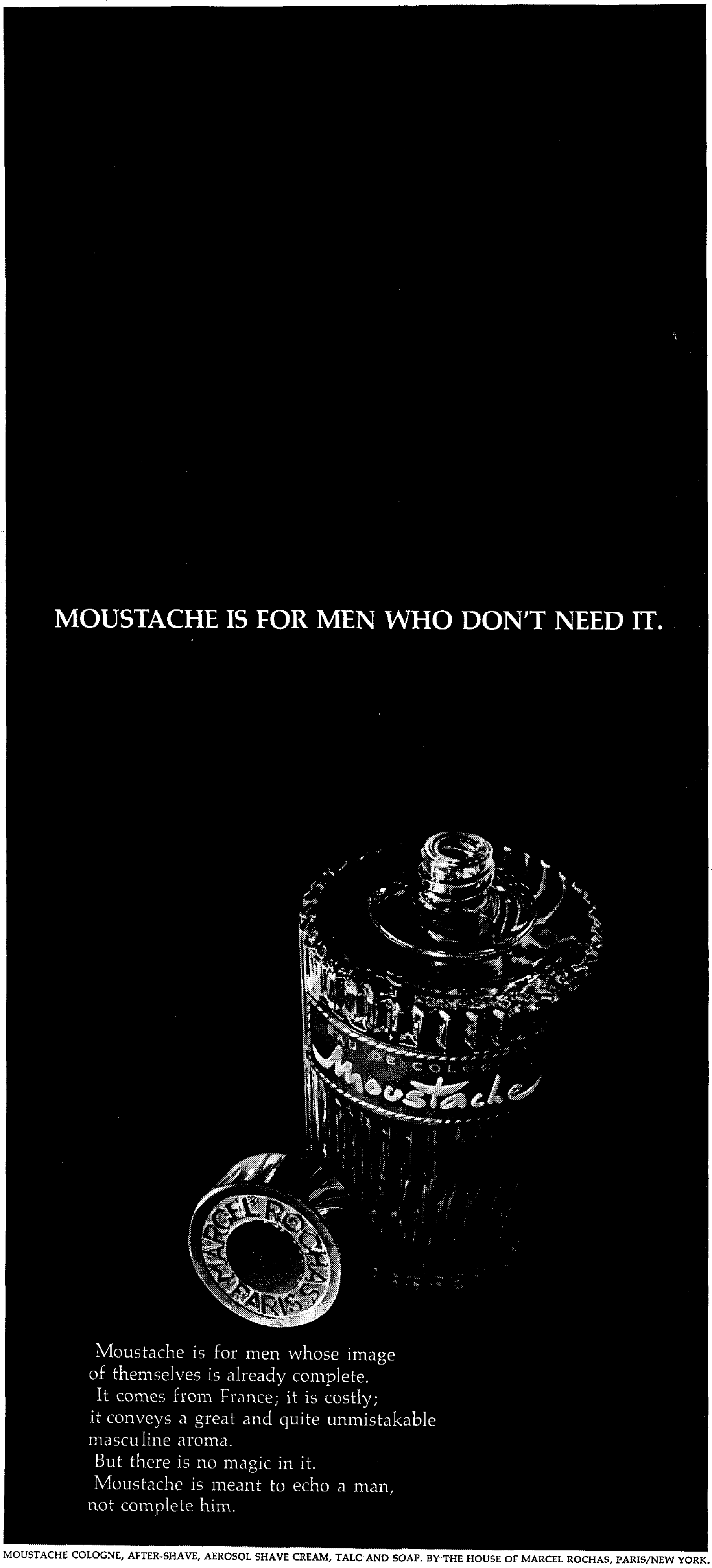
this way—he might 'see' something else—namely, a turtle. Now, that's what I mean by a disclosure, and I should have thought that for a religious disclosure some stories would have to be told about wisdom or love or power, or something like this, so that you would get feelings of instances making up a pattern, so that sometime or other a disclosure would break in on you. And if this disclosure case involves—the polygon case doesn't—in some way the whole unit, then I call it a cosmic disclosure, and I think one could say that that discloses God. Now, to the question 'What *sort* of God is this?' and so on, I would say at once that if we said that the cosmic disclosure disclosed God, we couldn't say more about God than the models entitled us to speak of, which brings me back to this question of models. If, for instance, at some point or other, one had been challenged by a love of this cosmic kind—as the old hymn would say, 'Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all,' and so on—one would then say that if one wished to say that one had known God in this disclosure, one would have to picture God in terms of love, which this model has suggested. There are other models—of power, and wisdom, and many other things—and if one claimed that God was disclosed in each case, again one would have to picture God in terms of the language one can best build up from all the models together."

"Would you then also say that all language has models?" I asked.

"I think that far more of our language than we realize is characterized by this feature," he replied. "Certainly all theological language trades in models. And models and disclosures—my key ideas—I try to some extent to develop in relation to the arguments for God's existence, the problem of evil, the concept of miracle, and so on. I use these ideas to reinterpret traditional problems. I see my theory as a more generalized form of Aquinas's doctrine of analogy, but it depends less than his did on a kind of background metaphysics. For instance, you couldn't justify St. Thomas's doctrine of analogy unless, as part of your metaphysical background, you adopted his theory of the Creation, which is, roughly, that since God created the world of man, there is a kind of common background between them. So that words used by men, of men, must have some kind of relation to God, because the Creation has given God and man a kind of common link. But I myself simply try to describe the Creation in terms of these models. I



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would say the Creation is the way of understanding a certain kind of cosmic disclosure, which can come to us when we ask ourselves the question 'Why is there anything at all?' This question brings up certain patterns, which we reflect on, and then at some point or other we get a feeling of cosmological dependence. That would be my basis for adopting a theory of the Creation. But I wouldn't put this theory in a sacrosanct position. I think it would have to be justified in relation to a disclosure reached in a particular way."

In spite of his neat and precise elaboration, Ian Ramsey seemed to me to leave out the old, intractable question of objectivity—to put it one way, just because one has an idea (that is, a disclosure) of God, does such a God necessarily exist in actuality? I asked, "Even granting that there may be disclosures, does that mean that there is anything objective to correspond to them?"

"Certainly. Disclosures might be objective in the classical sense, in the way that one would start with things like tables and chairs and trees and melons, or whatever it happened to be, and try to move from the existence of present objects to God," Ramsey said. "In such a case, the models would be tables and chairs and trees, but, of course, models for God might be anything. But what I would prefer to say is that God is objective in the sense in which, when we are aware of ourselves, we are always aware of something *other* than ourselves—in the universe, that is."

"But what if someone were to argue—indeed, people have argued—that 'I am not aware of this "other" '?" I asked.

"My next move would be to say that in some way they haven't been aware of themselves, in my sense, and that they have to re-create that self-awareness, that awareness of their subjectivity, and have to give themselves some kind of self-affirmation," he replied. "Any situation in which they did, in this sense, affirm themselves would be a situation in which they would affirm themselves in relation to something else. One would affirm oneself in the face of some moral challenge, for instance. So I think the objectivity of God is best known as being that which we discern other than ourselves in some self-affirmation like this."

"This 'other' seems to have shifted in meaning. Does it refer to a person, a thing, a challenge, or what?" I asked.

"It could be all of them—anything," he replied. "I mean, one could obvious-

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ly have this cosmic disclosure through friends, and some religious people have spoken of seeing God in their friends. One could have it through chairs and tables, as when we speak of them as part of the created world. One might even have routes to God through dream images; the Bible is full of passages where people do relate dream images to God's activity. I have God immanent in the technical sense, but I should say my transcendence of God is safeguarded because of the mystery of these cosmic disclosures—models never capture them entirely. There's always a fringe to the cosmic disclosure which we haven't yet grasped in our concept, and so on. God is transcendent in this sense, but also God is transcendent as we transcend our visible behavior. We meet God, as it were, in a mutual participation. In being aware of ourselves as active, we are aware of God's activity challenging us through our friends, chairs, tables, and so on. Well, the God who meets us there is obviously more than that which we see. You see, I am conscious of wanting to use the word 'God' in a much more traditional sense than Tillich and others do. I would use the word 'God' rather than 'depth' or 'the unconditional,' for instance."

Through the window floated the regular tolling of college bells and the irregular click of croquet balls and the sudden shouts, laughter, and mannered accents of undergraduates passing below. Ramsey's own accent was rugged and distinctive (he pronounced "miracle" as if it were spelled "merkel"), and once or twice I thought of asking him where in the North he was from, but it was difficult to break into his flow, even with questions about models and disclosures—questions I found myself asking more and more in the manner of those celebrated but essentially anonymous guests at Plato's Greek feasts whose presence seemed to be justified only by their occasionally asking a question that kept Socrates talking. During a toy banquet—melon, lamb curry, rice, and Major Grey's chutney, followed by fresh strawberries, served almost invisibly by an old-fashioned servant of the college who might easily have come out of "Zuleika Dobson"—I found myself turning, reluctantly, to what could perhaps be called the crystal-ball aspect of Ramsey's theory. I had read that his concept of models and disclosures was so inclusive that it solved even the problem of what would happen to traditional morality, not to mention the Bible, in a future society, such as the one

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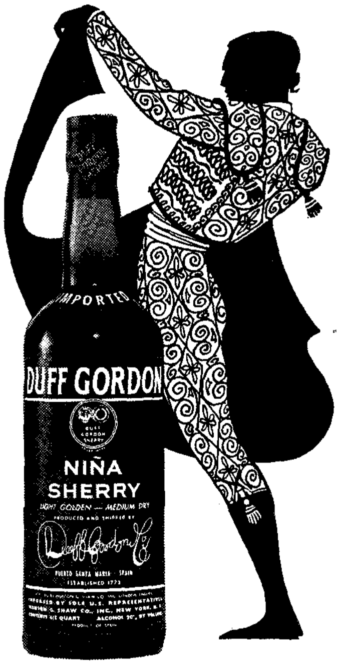

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described in "1984," in which people might be controlled like automata through tampering with their genes and glands. I asked him about this now.

"If one day some persons mechanically controlled the beliefs and decisions of others, moral problems would arise, for one, around the persons who were manipulating other people's behavior," he said affably. "They could always ask themselves, if no one else did, 'Is it right for us to be doing this to these other people?' For another, just because certain behavior becomes mechanical need not mean that all moral situations disappear. The very first time I tied a white tie for a dinner, it took a tremendous amount of deliberate activity. I had to follow the rules of tying a tie—putting the tie in and round and underneath, and so on. I know this wasn't a very moral situation particularly; it was a kind of primitive behavior pattern. Well, after doing this for years one does it automatically. One doesn't bother reading anything on tying a tie, and the challenge, that of tying this tie, has been absorbed in my routine and become almost mechanistic behavior. But because I've now no time to waste on tying ties, I can, I hope, make myself available for much more challenging decisions and problems. So I think I could 'save morality' in a society like that of '1984' by doing my best to discover what would be new moral situations in those new circumstances. My theory is, you see, that, at the very least, those persons in control would realize their subjectivity, their self-affirmation, since man is more than all the models I have spoken about—more, because these models are only third-person terms. It seems to me that there will always be the possibility—no matter how far modern biology might go, no matter how far cybernetics might go, no matter how far psychiatry might go, and so on—of disclosing to each of us our subjectivity, because all these scientific disciplines are third-person in character, whereas our subjectivity, in the sense of that self-affirmation, is a first-person assertion. There will always be certain occasions when a first-person utterance, like 'I'm running'—belonging to our self-affirmation—is logically different from any number of third-person assertions, like 'He's running,' into which it could be packed. A first-person utterance can never—logically, never—be reduced to a third-person utterance. But I can see some cases in a future society where there will be no actual difference—no difference that would amount to anything—between first- and third-person

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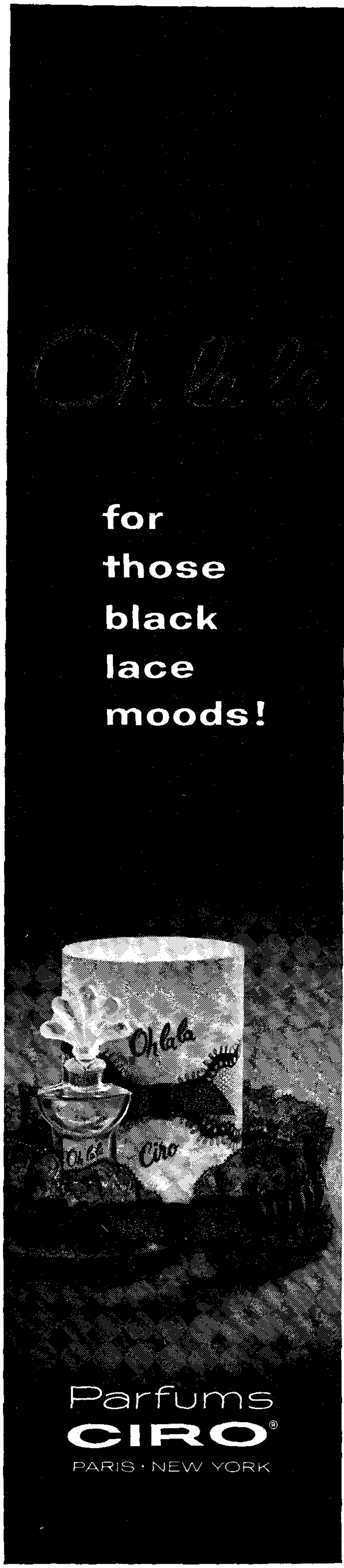
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assertions, between 'I'm running' and 'He's running.' In that future society, I may be running like a machine—I may have been drugged; I may even react against what I am doing, but my legs will be going round, my breath will be coming out, my arms will be moving, I will be running mechanically. Indeed, there may be no actual difference at this moment between your saying 'Ramsey's over there' and my saying 'I'm over here.' But I would still want to maintain that the latter is a significant first-person utterance, since, as I said, I want to maintain that man is more than the models, that he has that subjectivity. Now, it is possible that occasions for our self-affirmation may shrink in number in some future time. It may well be that our particular present occasions for this self-affirmation will have disappeared altogether. But even if the old instances, like the case of my tying my tie, had disappeared forever, I'd have hope that in that new environment new chances of self-affirmation would arise. I am going to be quite fantastic now, of course, but, supposing that we were all organized in such a way everywhere as to be matched up in marriage to the right partner—you know, this is something that is utterly fantastic—there would be new occasions in that situation for affirming our personalities in ways we don't now do. I mean, obviously, that in that particular area of choosing a partner the chances of self-affirmation would have been lost. But I should hope that in that new civilization there would be many more new chances—unfortunately, I haven't the imagination to suppose what they'd be—that would require us to take a new look altogether at our behavior. It might be a fantastically different civilization, in which moral problems would arise not around marriage and the home but around travelling to Mars in three days."

"Even if somehow a place were found for morality in such an unimaginably different civilization, would this morality have anything to do with the Bible, which is, after all, the basis of Christianity?" I asked.

"For me the Bible does present, through its images, its models, its parables, and so on—it does present what I call this cosmic disclosure," Ramsey said. "Now, the real problem that would arise in that civilization is the one that arose even in the first centuries of the Christian era—how to interpret this impact of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, in terms of contemporary culture and behavior. Now, what we have in the Bible, you see, is a rec-

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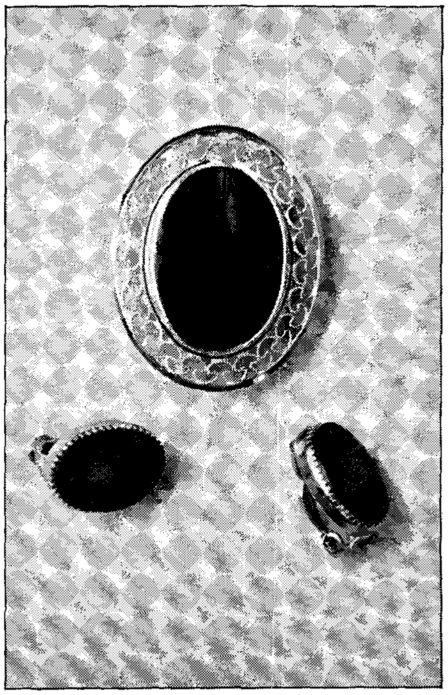
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ord—a translation—of that impact in, very broadly, first- and second-century terms. And in central Church doctrines we have the translation of that impact into terms extending over, say, the first five centuries. Now, what sermons ought to do—I don't say what they always do do, but what they ought to do in principle—is somehow to extend that insight consistently into the very time in which the sermons are being preached. While it would be very difficult for the man in 2068 or 3554, or whatever it's going to be, to read the Bible—which might, of course, have been translated into some entirely different language, and so on—it would not be logically impossible for him to relate this by a very long process to the very thought forms of his own kind."

"But would there be any necessity for this?" I asked.

"The necessity would be, or would arise, only if a man living in that world had somehow found in and through this Bible a challenge to which, in a phrase, he had to respond and could do no other. Otherwise, there would be no point in preaching on it. The existence of such a challenge presupposes, of course, that there had been a continuing community that had year by year been reinterpreting this Bible. In a sermon on the Bible, then, the shepherd, whom we might liken to a personnel manager today, might be likened in that world to a spaceman."

"But if the symbols are being continuously translated in this way, won't the message eventually become so different from the original that it will no longer, in a sense, be the message of the Bible?"

"Yes," Ramsey said. "I ought to make it clear that I am not thinking of complete replacement, of substituting contemporary images, or images of the future, for the Biblical ones. I am thinking more of finding illuminating parallels in present and future society. What I am really suggesting is that somehow, through preaching and interpretation, we have continuously to forge links between the old and the new, between the shepherd and the personnel manager, between the shepherd and the spaceman."

"But if a society came into existence in which, say, the sacrifice asked of Abraham seemed irrelevant, or in which, to put it in your terms and in an extreme form, the Bible struck nobody with a cosmic disclosure, what possible role could Christianity have then?" I asked.

"I think then we'd be in a very healthy state, if I may say so, because

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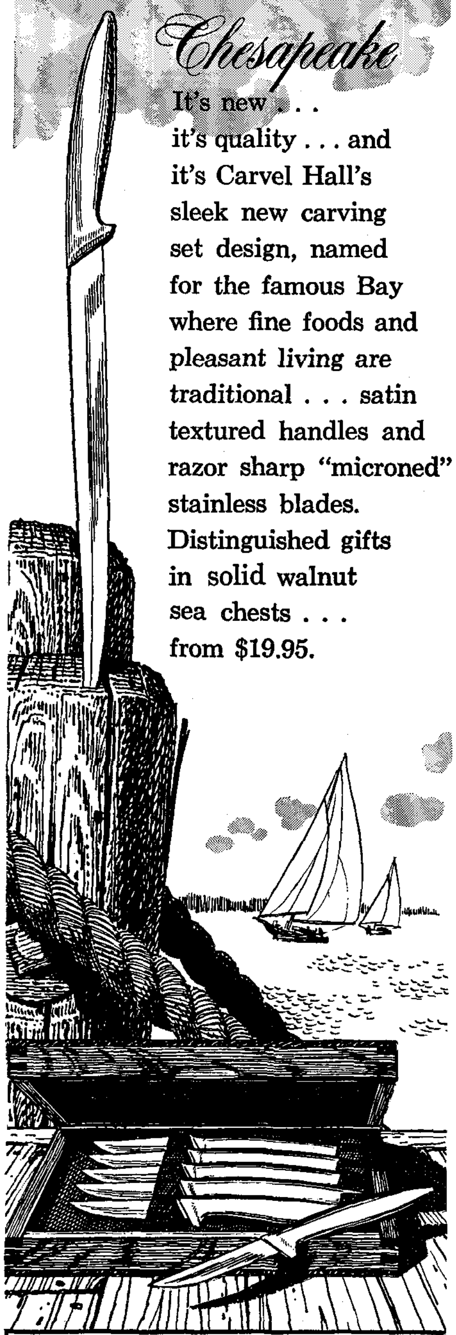

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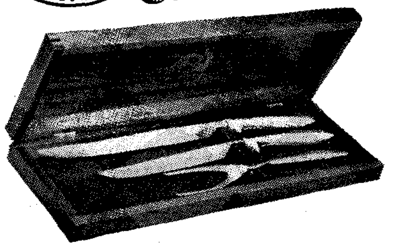

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we'd be in the very state of the early Christians, when, for instance, Logos philosophy had struck men with a cosmic disclosure, and what Christians did, rightly, was to relate that disclosure—the disclosure of natural religion—to Christianity. They produced a thing like the Fourth Gospel, which interpreted Jesus in terms of a contemporary, or what might be called secular, concept—in terms of the Logos. And there have been many people all down the ages who have related, for instance, a disclosure of duty to the disclosure of Jesus. And while I am on cosmic disclosures I would also like to say that there are cosmic disclosures in the Koran, but I wouldn't, of course, want to give the Koran an exclusive place. In other words, I want to have all the cosmic disclosures in the Koran—they are all quite legitimate cosmic disclosures—but at the moment, being a Christian, I think there can be certain claims made for the uniqueness of Jesus, though not a uniqueness that denies significance to everything else. I think this would, of course, have to be argued in terms— Well, I won't go into details now, but in terms such as one finds in the Epistle to the Romans, in the New Testament, about the place of Jesus in the whole battle of history, and so on. If the claim for Our Lord's uniqueness weren't substantiated in history, then I think it would be less reasonable." —VED MEHTA

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

●

Dr. Bettelheim is a clinical psychologist and director of The Orthogenic School for emotionally disturbed children in Chicago. He has written excessively on the problems of child development. —*St. Petersburg* (*Fla.*) *Times.*

Just give the facts, please.

●

If there was any disappointing note, it was the fact that the orchestra at the far end of the throne room did not play any Beatle tunes. While the boys were receiving their insignia, the orchestra played a Schmaltzy minuet.—*Washington Star.*

Wolfgang Schmaltzy?

●

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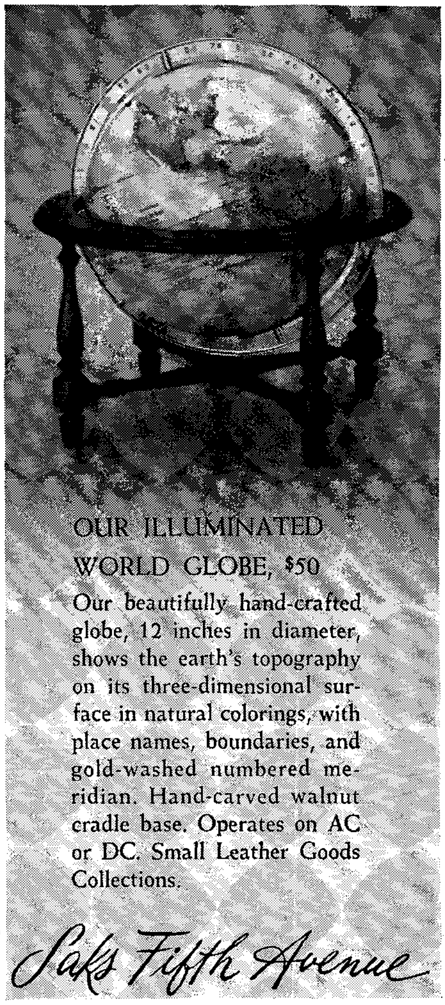

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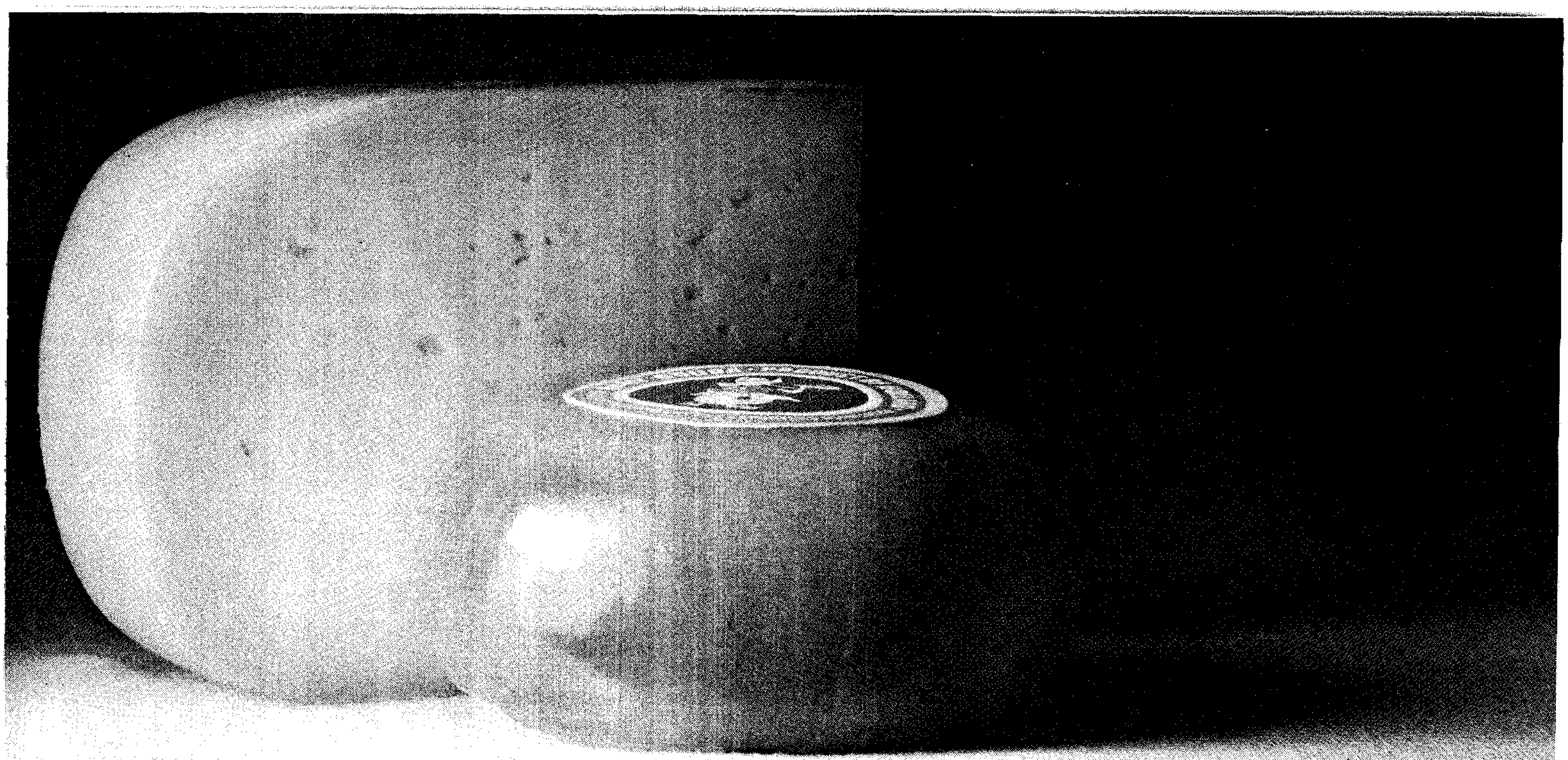

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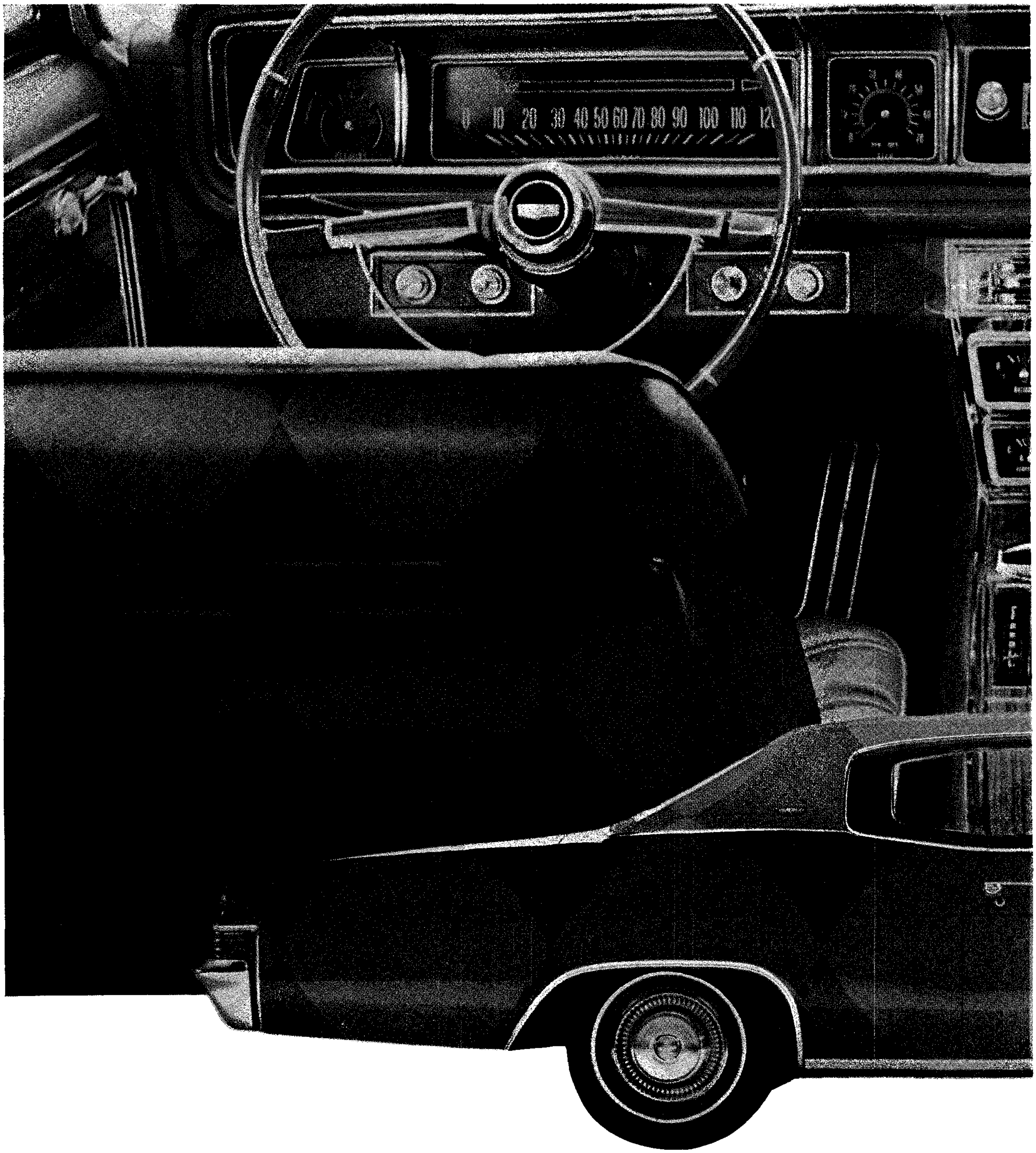

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THE THEATRE

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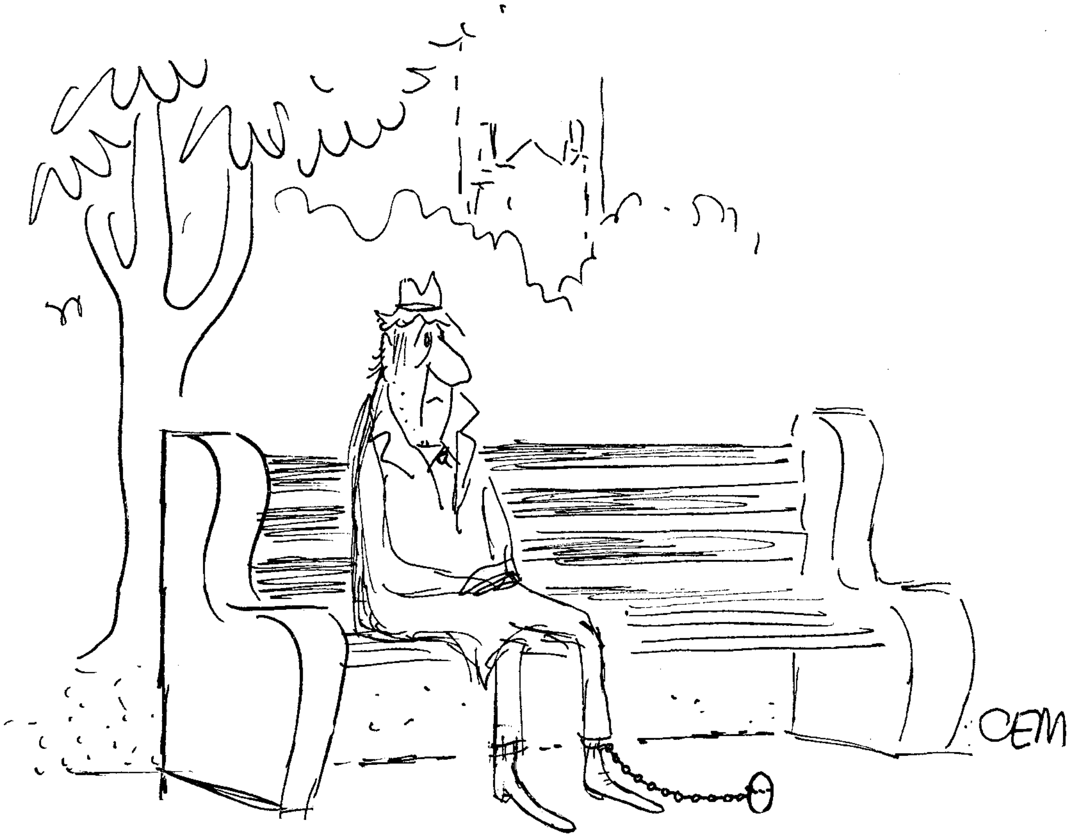
"SKYSCRAPER," at the Lunt-Fontanne, serves to introduce Julie Harris as a musical-comedy performer, and I wish the introduction had been made in happier circumstances. The enterprise is the sort of thing that the publicity beaters describe as "lavish," and no expense has been spared in mounting it. But although the sets, by Robert Randolph, soar, and the costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge, frequently flash, the book, by Peter Stone, is leaden, and the music, by James Van Heusen, and the lyrics, by Sammy Cahn, are for the most part humdrum. A couple of the production numbers, staged by Michael Kidd, are of some help in compensating for these defects, but in much of his choreography Mr. Kidd seems to be concentrating on the callipygian, and in the course of the action I grew rather weary of viewing female posteriors, however well arranged. This preoccupation with specific portions of the anatomy isn't confined to the dances; every so often somebody tells Miss Harris that she has "magnificent calves and thighs." That is true, but I'm afraid I can't say the same thing for her vocal equipment. While her singing voice is pleasant, it is perhaps a trifle too small for a musical as pretentious as this one, and occasionally it's hard to identify it when the chorus is cutting loose with all stops out.

However, as the daydreaming heroine of the affair, Miss Harris is, in her own way, as appealing as Betty Field was when she originated this role in Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," the play on which "Skyscraper" is based. As presented to us now, Mr. Rice's theme has, of course, undergone a good many changes, but the basic notion is the same—the misadventures of an imaginative girl who periodically loses her frail grip on reality and abandons herself to fantasy. In Mr. Stone's version, the girl is the owner of a brownstone in mid-Manhattan who refuses to sell her property to a real-estate outfit, which has already begun to build a skyscraper around her house. Her reluctance to sell is based on her intense conviction that too many high-rise horrors are going up in Manhattan and too many landmark buildings are coming down. Whatever time she has to spare between battles with the skyscraper men she devotes to operating an antique shop called The Litterbug—Mr. Stone's whimsey runs to this kind of foolishness—on the ground floor of her brownstone. Her assistant in the establishment is a man obsessed with the notion of becoming a film-festival impresario, and when our heroine goes off on her dreamy tangents, her helper turns up in her cloudland as everything from an English officer to a Spanish bullfighter, and always he loves her. As played by Charles Nelson Reilly, this make-believe lover practically force-feeds the audience with the jocosity of it all, and I found it a relief to turn my attention to Peter L. Marshall, who is cast as an architect and the real-life lover of our lady of the brownstone. At times, Mr. Stone's dialogue had the numbing effect on me that is usually induced by the repartee of television comedians and their stooges, and I shall cite only one piece of it here to prove my right to torpor. "Am I a nut, Doctor?" says our heroine. "No," replies the doctor. "I'm a nut doctor. You're a nut patient."

MENASHA SKULNIK, the Second Avenue pixie, is the zayda, or Jewish grandfather, of "The Zulu and the Zayda," at the Cort, and in his small, lovable way he almost gives this play by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, who based their work on a story by Dan Jacobson, some real comic substance. But, alas, the plot and the material that went into it are too thin to be redeemed, even by such a hard worker as Mr. Skulnik. "The Zulu and the Zayda" has to do with a zayda from London who has lately taken up residence with his son, a merchant, in South Africa. Our zayda doesn't believe in apartheid or any of that nonsense and keeps wandering off into restricted areas of Johannesburg, and also getting lost. And so his son hires the brother of his Zulu houseboy to take care of the old man. The rapport between the Zulu and the zayda is immediate, and the two of them are soon exchanging remarks in Zulu and Yiddish. But then, after the zayda has got into several scrapes while roaming Johannesburg with his Zulu, the son banishes the companion, and the zayda



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promptly goes into a decline. So what do you think happens when the Zulu chum is restored to the zayda? What else? Harold Rome has provided some incidental music and lyrics of the *oi-oi-oi-mazeltov* variety, and Louis Gossett is fine as the Zulu zayda-sitter.

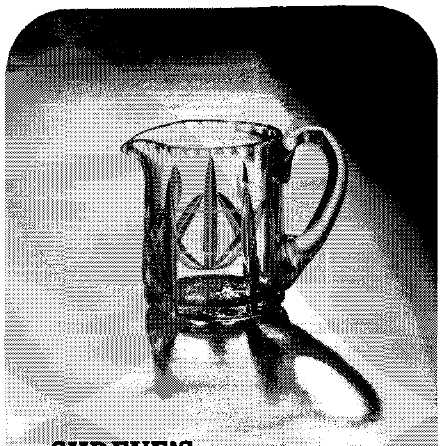
—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

The First Hurrah

William Alfred, a professor of English at Harvard, has written a good play called "Hogan's Goat," now on view at the American Place. Most, if not all, of the characters are Irish by birth; it is, in a way, an Irish play in a local setting—Brooklyn in 1890. The subject is politics, among many other things, and the play demonstrates, among many other things, that the desire for power can corrupt as thoroughly as the stuff itself. Mr. Alfred's success is in bringing an illusion of life into the world he has created and chosen to explore, and in giving an illusion of inevitability to the various courses of action and their tragic consequences. A further success, to come down a peg or two, is that he is often funny and sometimes moving. Most of the action takes place in the Sixth Ward, where Matthew Stanton, the ward leader and the flawed hero of the play, is campaigning to unseat old Edward Quinn as Mayor of Brooklyn. Quinn, who has held the office for years, has played a great many dirty tricks in his life, and he appears to have something disreputable on every Irishman in town. Stanton, a saloon owner in his early thirties, heads a "reform" ticket; he has found out that Quinn has embezzled fifteen thousand dollars (no, twenty thousand, says the cool Quinn), and he plans to use that information to persuade him to step down. The political contest is at core a grudge fight, brought on by the fact that a woman named Agnes Hogan was once the mistress of both men. Now Stanton has a young Irish girl named Kathleen as a wife—a wife by civil justice only. The fact that there has been no church wedding makes Kathleen feel miserable and guilty, but Stanton claims that he cannot do anything about it while he is running for office; the minute the election is over, they will go to the priest.

The drama moves in sharply drawn scenes, but it is not "episodic;" the playwright exercises control over his material, though never so much as to crush the life out of it. Agnes dies, and there is a scene at her wake, where we meet,



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among others, her cousin Josie, a woman with a poisonous tongue and a tendency to wallow in drop-of-a-hat remorse. Before that, there is the entrance of the parish priest, Father Coyne, into Stanton's saloon. More worldly and knowledgeable, and certainly tougher and bossier, than any of his parishioners on view, he first admonishes the noisy "reformers" to be more seemly in their attack on Quinn and not to mistake vindictiveness for justice. Then, alone with Stanton, he tries to persuade him to at least visit his ex-mistress, and to tell Kathleen the truth about her. There are scenes filled with love and bravado and unhappiness and merriment and anger between the Stantons in their parlor, and underneath all of them lies a shifting uneasiness. There are two funny and ominous scenes with old Quinn, one near the beginning and the other near the end. The first is with a political boss who brings Quinn news of the reformers' plans; the second is with a prostitute who has a key he very badly needs and quickly gets. The play is a rich one, all right, but it does have some weaknesses. The few melodramatic devices—a hidden document brought to light, a sudden revelation, an eruption of violence—didn't bother me at all, but every once in a while the willingness of one character to just stand around and listen while another character sounds off did seem a bit unnatural. Well, this goes on all the time in the theatre and almost never in life.

Under Frederick Rolf's direction, most of the performances are at least serviceable, and a few are considerably better than that. Ralph Waite makes quite plausible the weakness and complexity of Matt Stanton, and also his attraction for his constituents—how easily he puts on authority—and for the two women who love him. Fay Dunaway plays the spunky, loyal, wistful

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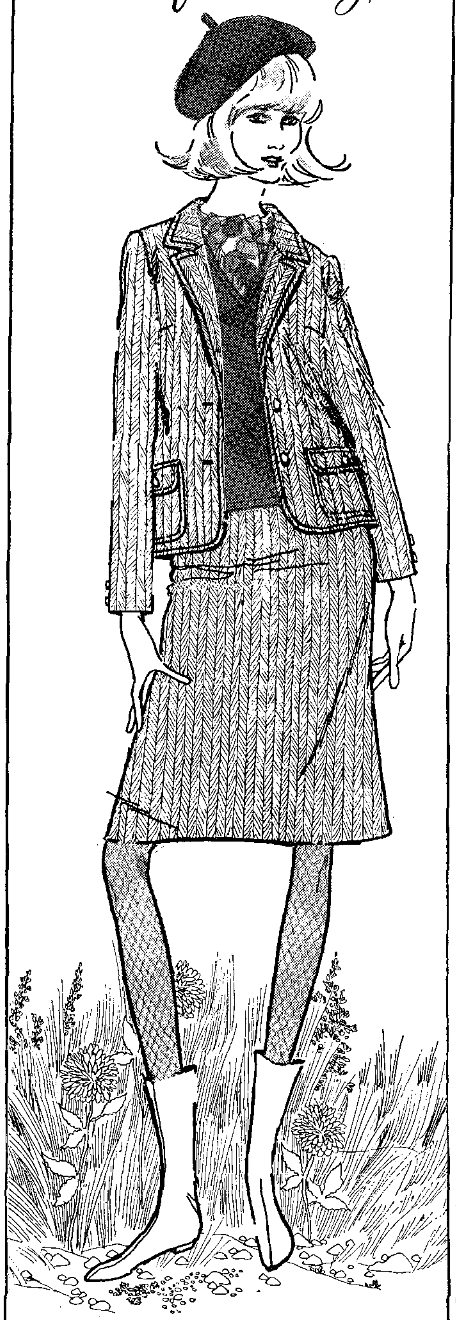

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Kathleen with charm and emotion. Tom Ahearne makes clear the sly power and cutting cynicism of old Quinn, the total politician and infighter. Tresa Hughes is effective in the small part of Josie of the wicked tongue and ready tears. Michaele Myers is good as the vulnerable prostitute. Strongest of all is Barnard Hughes, who on opening night gave a splendid performance as Father Coyne in Act I. During the intermission, he was called away to replace some ailing soul at the Morosco, but that's the way things are Off Broadway. Mr. Rolf took over the part—or the little that was left of it—in Act II. The real star of the evening, though, was Mr. Alfred. He has a sense of theatre that never deserts him, and also a feeling for human fallibility and yearnings and passions and crotchets. I hope he has a lot of other plays in his head.

Afterthought: Last year, the American Place, an experimental group, produced Robert Lowell's fine "Benito Cereno." It was a success, and in order to make room for more experiments it was moved to the Theatre de Lys, another Off Broadway house, where it had a respectable run. If "Hogan's Goat" were moved to Broadway, where it belongs, Mr. Hughes might be able to afford to stick with it for both acts. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Time and tide wait for no man, and while our terrestrial sphere follows its inexorable pattern, man spins and weaves at daily tasks that somehow flow by with ever-increasing rapidity as maturity approaches.—*Editorial in the Ridgecrest (Calif.) Valley Independent.*

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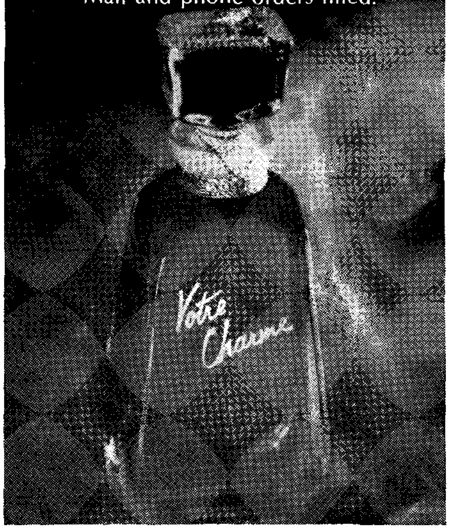

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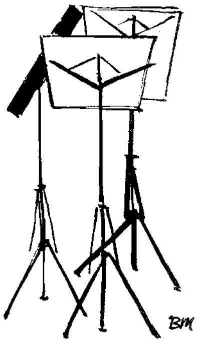
MUSICAL EVENTS

Starry Nights



I AM happy to say that last Thursday evening, at the New York State Theatre, the Metropolitan Opera National Company came up with one really stunning production—Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah." This bit of American *verismo*—it might be called a sort of Puritan "I Pagliacci"—continues to hold its place in the repertoire and shows every sign of "immortality," as that word is used in discussing musical matters, partly, I think, because it is superb theatre and partly because it is musically unpretentious and idiomatically American. The present staging, by José Quintero, is all one could ask for, with ingenious, slightly stylized, but persuasive sets by David Hays and a genuine evocation of the sleepy Tennessee mountain country where the story takes place. The cast the other night, moreover, was generally good, and in one instance very special indeed. The very special instance was a soprano named Maralin Niska, who sang the title role and who has not only youth, grace, and acting ability but a voice of great power that overcame all the acoustical deficiencies of the theatre and made every word of the part intelligible.

AT the Metropolitan itself, there were a couple of noteworthy events last week. The first, on Monday evening, was the début, as Mephistopheles in "Faust," of the celebrated Bulgarian bass Nicolai Ghiaurov. Mr. Ghiaurov turned out to be a large man with a striking stage presence and a way of making that presence felt. His Mephistopheles was of the sinister rather than the *grand-seigneur* type. His voice is a beautiful instrument, especially in the middle register, where most of his singing lay. He is not a deep bass, and his lower notes occasionally lacked power. Also outstanding in this performance was Jean Fenn, who was making her first appearance of the season, as Marguerite, and who gave the role a fresh infusion of agility and sensuous tone, as well as unusual good looks.

The second noteworthy event was

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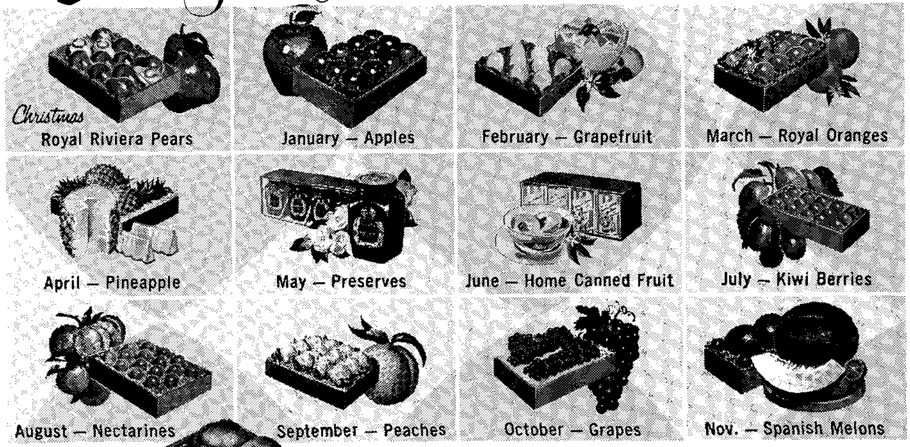

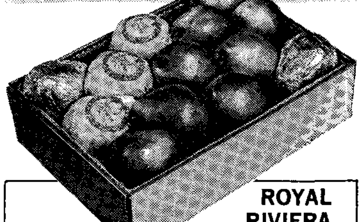

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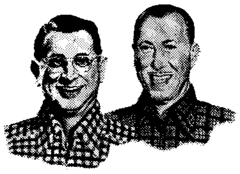

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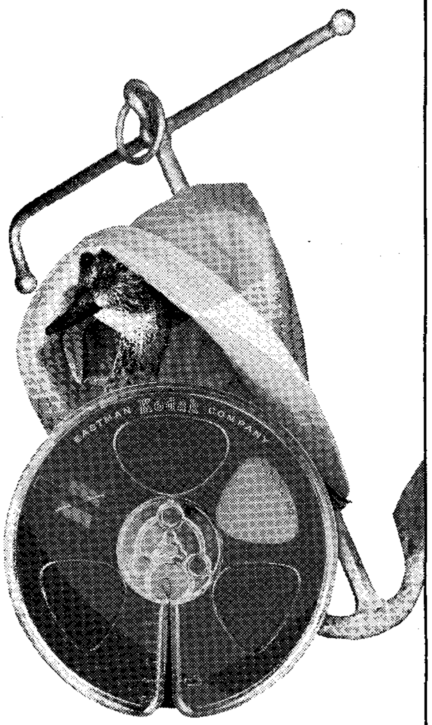

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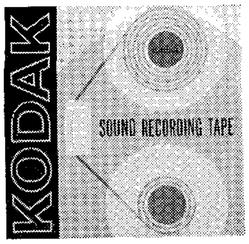

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"L'Elisir d'Amore," on Friday night—a revival, after four seasons' absence, of the Nathaniel Merrill-Robert O'Hearn production, which, as most Metropolitan regulars know, is one of the most adroit, funny, tasteful, and generally satisfying *opera-buffa* incarnations to appear in quite a number of years. The production had not suffered perceptibly during its short time on the shelf, and, generally, the elaborate stage business, including the ballet, looked freshly rehearsed. Thomas Schippers conducted satisfactorily. The Adina was Mirella Freni, who is certainly a total stage personality of great charm. I have heard the role sung with more purity of vocal tone and more attention to the niceties of *bel-canto* style. But I shall not cavil at something that was quite delightful in its way, and something that the audience apparently found irresistible. Joy Clements made a pleasing Giannetta; Mario Sereni was well cast and effective as Sergeant Belcore; and Fernando Corena, though his voice is not quite what it once was, still had enough of it left, as well as enough authority as a comedian, to make Dr. Dulcamara into a hilarious figure. But the star of the evening was Nicolai Gedda, who sang the role of the bumpkin Nemorino. I have had my say about Mr. Gedda in certain French operatic roles in which his voice does not seem to me to fit as gracefully as those of some other singers I can remember. But as an Italian-type tenor, Mr. Gedda strikes me as close to perfect. His understanding of *bel canto* is practiced, his voice is even in quality throughout its compass, and he sings with both fervor and taste.

AFTER hearing most of "Susannah" at the New York State Theatre on Thursday night, I got to Carnegie Hall in time to make certain appraisals of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, which was making its first New York appearance there. I had long been familiar with, and had esteemed, its conductor, Izler Solomon, but the orchestra itself was a surprise to me. It is becoming a commonplace for me to write that an out-of-town orchestra is very fine "even by East Coast standards" or something of that kind. I shall have to get rid of this expression. The East Coast—meaning New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—is still pretty good, but what do you say when a city the size and geographic location of Indianapolis produces an orchestra that has all the power, refinement, accuracy, elasticity of reaction, transparency of tone, and everything else that the finest

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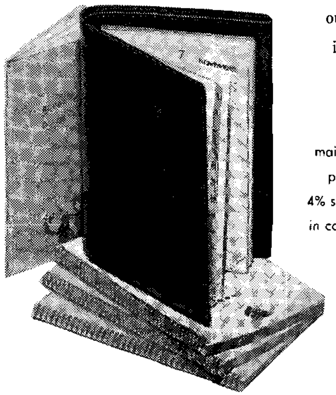

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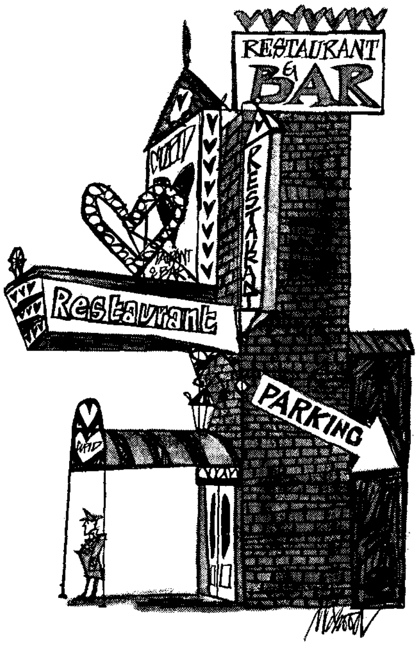
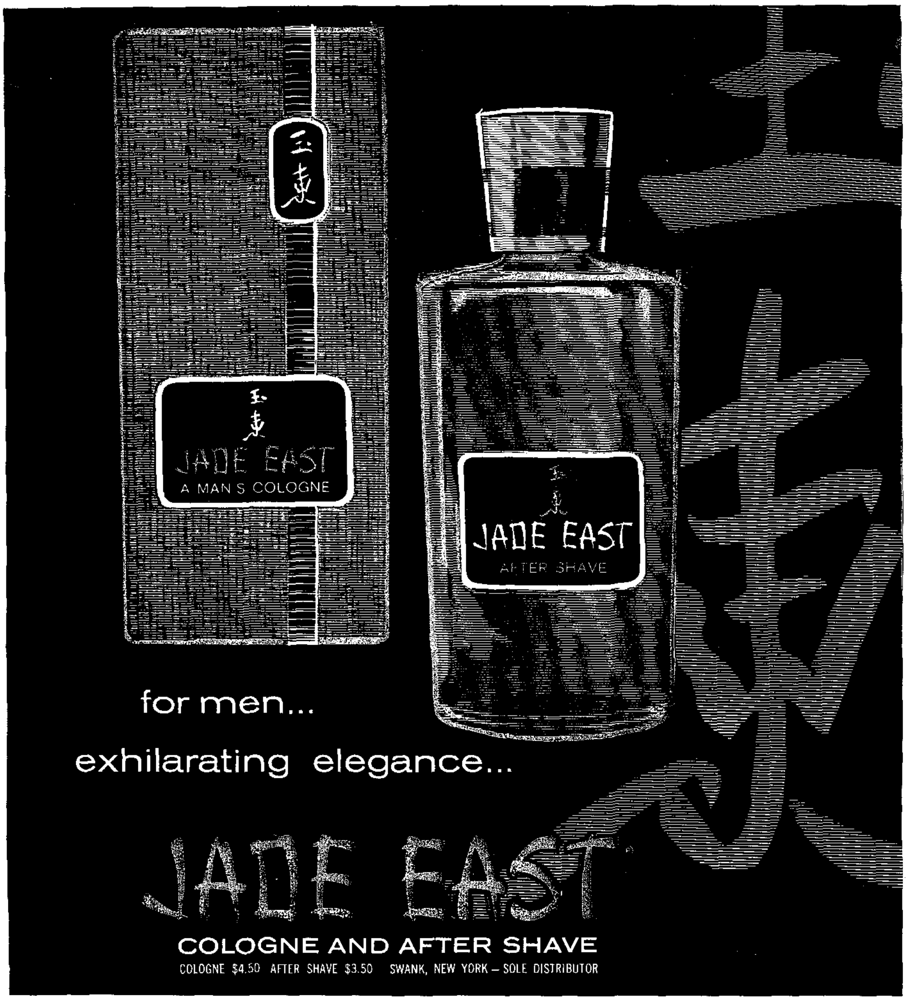
kind of orchestra *can* have? Well, the Indianapolis Symphony has all that. It is simply one of the most magnificent orchestras in the country, and I wish that some foreign countries, particularly Russia, could hear it. The last part of the program, which was all I heard, contained a Symphonic Fantasy, Opus 17, by Easley Blackwood—a rather grim, noisy affair—and the Rachmaninoff Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini, in which Byron Janis performed the piano solo with steely brilliance.

IT is rather interesting to note, I think, that Martha Graham is beginning to consolidate a tradition that will be handed on after she leaves the stage, and that her particular kind of dance—the "protestant ballet" is perhaps a good name for it—will probably not turn out to be a purely personal thing after all. At least, this was my impression after I visited her concert last Wednesday evening at the Fifty-fourth Street Theatre. The company has in recent years attained a formidable amount of virtuosity—and by virtuosity I mean extreme skill and elegance in the handling of what has become a traditional technique. I saw "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "The Witch of Endor," and Miss Graham herself appeared only in the last-named item. The first two were fine examples of what has endured longest and most eloquently in the Graham canon. I must confess that there are parts of "The Witch" that are obscure to me, and the obscurity is not lightened by a relentlessly cacophonous score by William Schuman. However, it represents Miss Graham at her symbolic most; parts of it have the dra-





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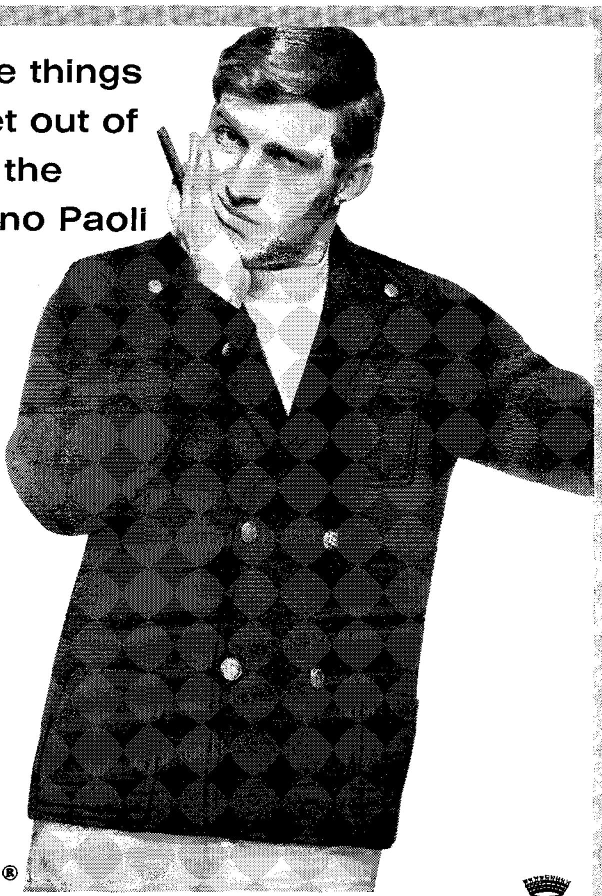
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matic intensity of a nightmare, and it is certainly the sort of thing that requires several performances to assimilate.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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OF all the arts, music is the most difficult to transmit humor through. It abounds with such first cousins as gaiety and whimsey and sweetness, but most of its rare straight laughs are parodic (the "Classical Symphony" and Thelonious Monk's twittings of stride piano), verbal (librettos and lyrics), or simply slapstick (the gallows episode in the "Symphonie Fantastique" and the farmyard effects of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band). In jazz, though, there is a small group of instrumentalists and singers who, free to roam their own emotions as well as the timbres of their horns and voices, have perfected an often sardonic wittiness that they express through freakish notes and timbres (Pee Wee Russell), through oddly shaped or even surrealistic melodies (Sonny Rollins), and through comic juxtapositions (a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle" tossed into the bridge of "Body and Soul"). The results are both musical and funny. These wits, also among them Tricky Sam Nanton, Vic Dickenson, Duke Ellington, Charlie Mingus, Billie Holiday, Dickie Wells, and (as singers) Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Waller, Leo Watson, and Louis Armstrong, share several basic characteristics. All are inimitable or the founders of schools, all can move within the space of a bar or so from humor to pathos or vice versa, all are consummate improvisers (Nanton, I suppose, was really a wonderful embellisher), and all are daredevils. The most adventuresome was probably Wells. His playing has subsided in recent years, but he was as bold and inventive and funny during his great period (1935-50) as any jazz musician past or present. Indeed, it is surprising that his glory lasted as long as it did; the trombone is a high-fuel-consumption instrument, and in every solo Wells fed it heart, mind, and soul.

Certain instruments tend to dominate jazz at certain times, and the turn of the trombone came in the early thirties. Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison had just converted it from a hod carrier into a graceful miler, and they

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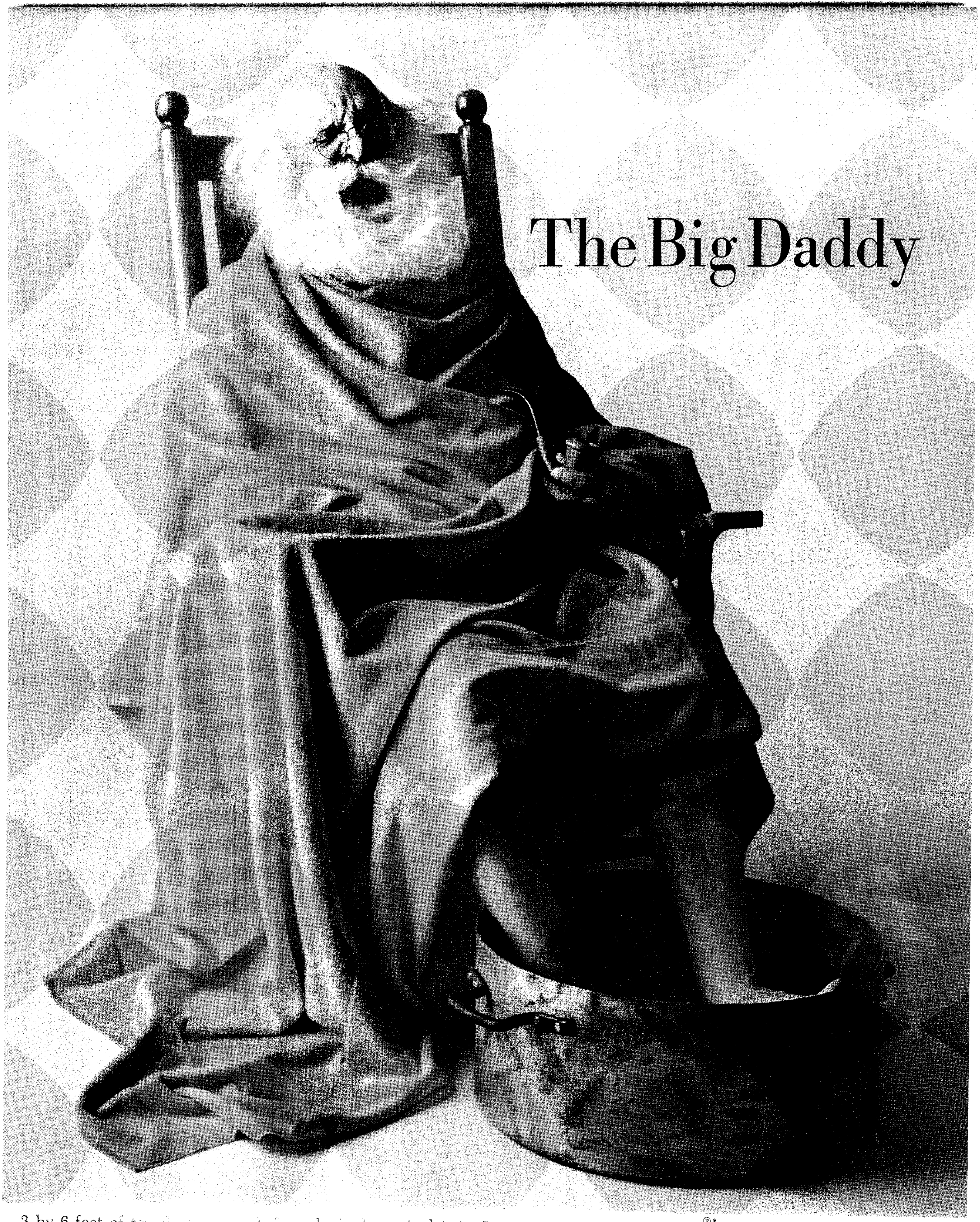

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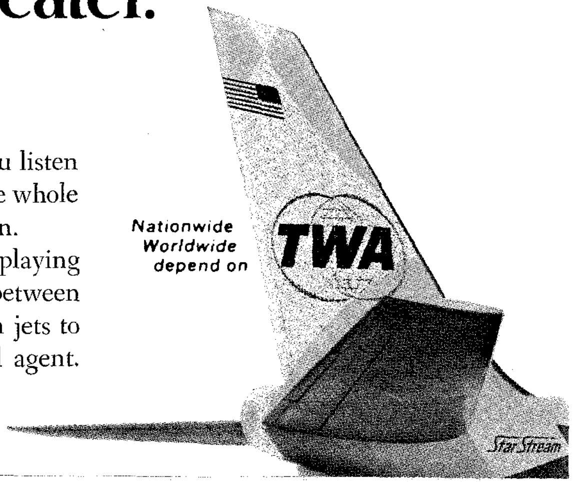
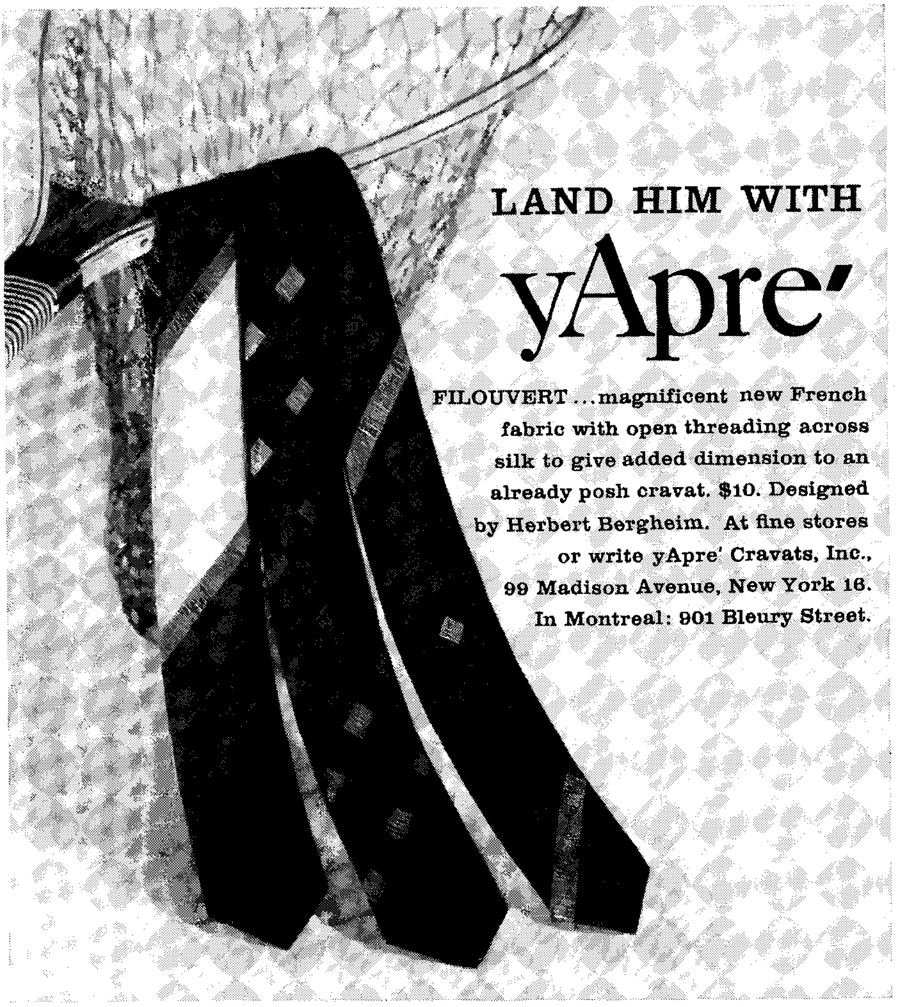


were followed by a host of fluent and original men, such as Sandy Williams, Claude Jones, Lawrence Brown, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton, Dickenson, and Wells. They plumbed the instrument, exploring its almost illimitable tonal properties (from a husky lullaby to a shriek), releasing its warmth and lyricism, and developing astonishing techniques. The venerable image of the trombone as a *Weltschmerz* clown was destroyed. Wells swam along easily with his peers for a time, but in the mid-thirties, not long before he joined Count Basie, he suddenly shot off on his own, perfecting an attack whose imaginativeness and assurance placed him beside Louis Armstrong and Coleman Hawkins.

The best way to keep a beautiful style from becoming a bore is to rough it up a little. Wells was a master of the purposeful blemish. In one solo, he might play with a legato, legs-on-the-table insolence. In another, he might affect a blurred, almost drunken attack, and in another he would construct a bewildering mass of shrieks and dense, middle-register phrases that alternately forced one to rear back in surprise and hunch forward in concentration. He finagled with his tone as well. He could, particularly when playing obbligatos behind Jimmy Rushing, make it clear and hallooing. At middle tempos, he often used a late-night huskiness that seemed to buzz the listener. And at high speeds, his sound became imperious and rough; there was no time for niceties. His command of vibrato, which generally governs its users, was flawless. He used a vibrato to make notes sing that *should* sing and he abandoned it on notes that should come to a dead stop. His sense of rhythm and harmony was intricate and exciting. He was at home before, on, and after the beat, placing his notes

R. MacMillan



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to create a system of rhythmic checks and balances. His choice of notes was always daring; it resembled the rummaging in odd corners practiced by such contemporaries as Red Allen and Lester Young. He used a lot of blue notes (which tended to slide off and end abruptly), large intervals that sometimes covered several registers, and strange off-notes, sounded in a disconnected, isolated manner, for emphasis. Each solo seemed a search for notes that had never been used before. At the same time, the construction of his solos was almost geometric, and it was illuminated by a use of dynamics that occasionally placed roars beside whispers. One of Wells' middle-tempo blues solos might go like this: He would start with a six-note phrase, employing just two or three different notes, group the first five together and isolate the sixth, pause, repeat this phrase (dropping slightly less than a whole tone), pause again, press the two phrases together (changing a few of the notes), and unroll still another phrase, as a variation on the originals. All this would be played in a soft growl. Then he would slope into a long legato phrase, full of blue notes and off-notes, leap into the upper register and emit a shriek, which would be quickly followed by a soft echo an octave or so lower, and end with a whispered *pathétique* phrase. Only when the solo was over did the listener realize that Wells had made him think, laugh, exult, and feel melancholy. Few actors could pull so many stops so fast.

Contact Records has made it possible to hear Wells at the height of his powers by reissuing, in "Classic Tenors: Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young" (CM 3), four matchless sides made in 1943 by Wells, Bill Coleman, Young, Ellis Larkins, Freddie Green, Al Hall, and Jo Jones. (The entire L.P. is superb, for the remaining eight selections are by two Hawkins groups, one including Shelly Manne, Oscar Pettiford, and Eddie Heywood, and the other Coleman, Larkins, and Manne, among others. The quartet's recordings of "The Man I Love" and "Sweet Lorraine" are among the best of all jazz records.) The Wells group is drawn in part from the old Basie band, and it has the same wit, precision, and drive. The rhythm section pedals as easily through a walking blues as it does through a hammers-of-hell "I Got Rhythm," and the horns react brilliantly. Wells turns all the faces of his style to the light. In a relaxed "Linger Awhile," he uses his husky tone,

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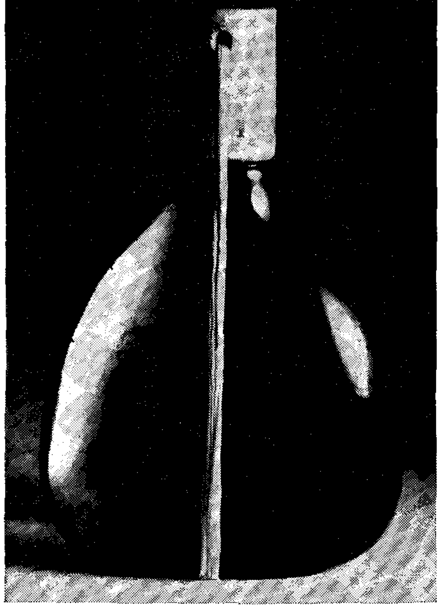

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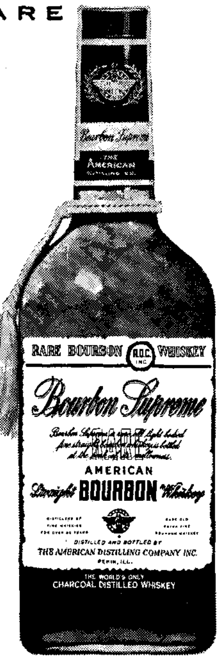
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Bering cigars are still made the way all really good cigars used to be made (and few still are). The way Bering has been making them for 60 years.

Choose the Bering ring that fits you best—natural, candella or humidor. Exquisite cigars.

BERING CIGARS

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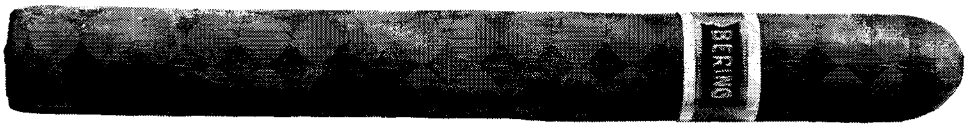

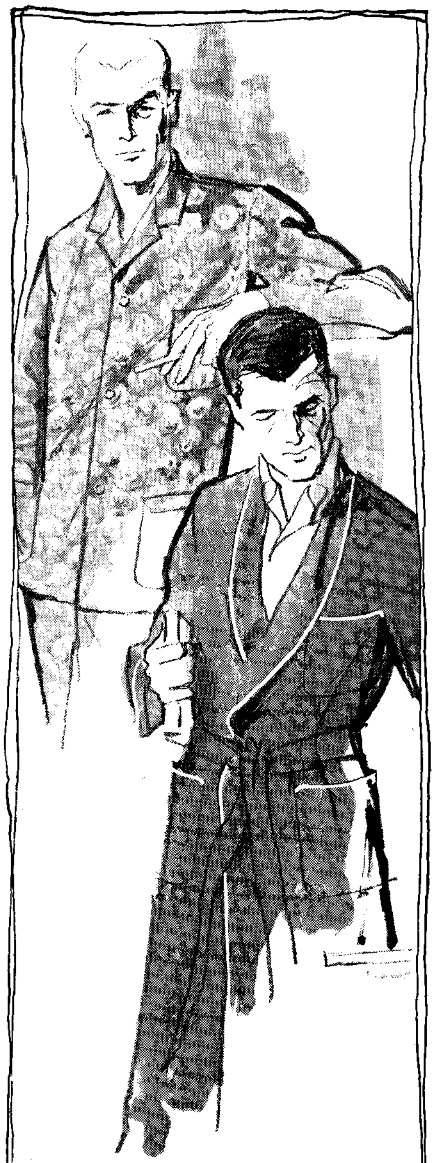

DePinna Gifts of Leisure...
All-silk Jacquard pajamas in white, yellow, Gold, light blue or Royal. A,B,C,D, 35.00
All-wool Robe imported from England in black piped with Gold; navy with maroon; or maroon with Blue. M,L,XL, 37.50
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several high-register swoops, and a curving legato bridge. He is seventy-six trombones in "I Got Rhythm," and climaxes a wild, roaring solo with a series of hand-over-hand climbs, each of them reaching a higher note than the one before, and each of them shouting with laughter and high spirits. "I'm Fer It Too," a take not used for the original, 78-r.p.m. issue, starts as a slow blues, with Wells doing two eloquent anti-*Weltschmerz* choruses, in which he growls, uses odd, deep off-notes and a couple of shouts, and closes with one of his grimacing, disconsolate phrases. Coleman and Young keep pace with him throughout, and in "I Got Rhythm" Young delivers several blinding choruses that match anything he ever recorded. This is magic, permanent music.

Wells drifted out of the Basie band in the late forties, and since then he has made only sporadic appearances. Somewhere along the line, the surf and wind went out of his playing, but his ideas are still occasionally original and winsome, and his use of the sly and unexpected is undiminished. He is a gentle dream of his old self. But one need only turn to his recordings of the thirties and forties to hear the beat of his unique comic heart.

—Whitney Balliett

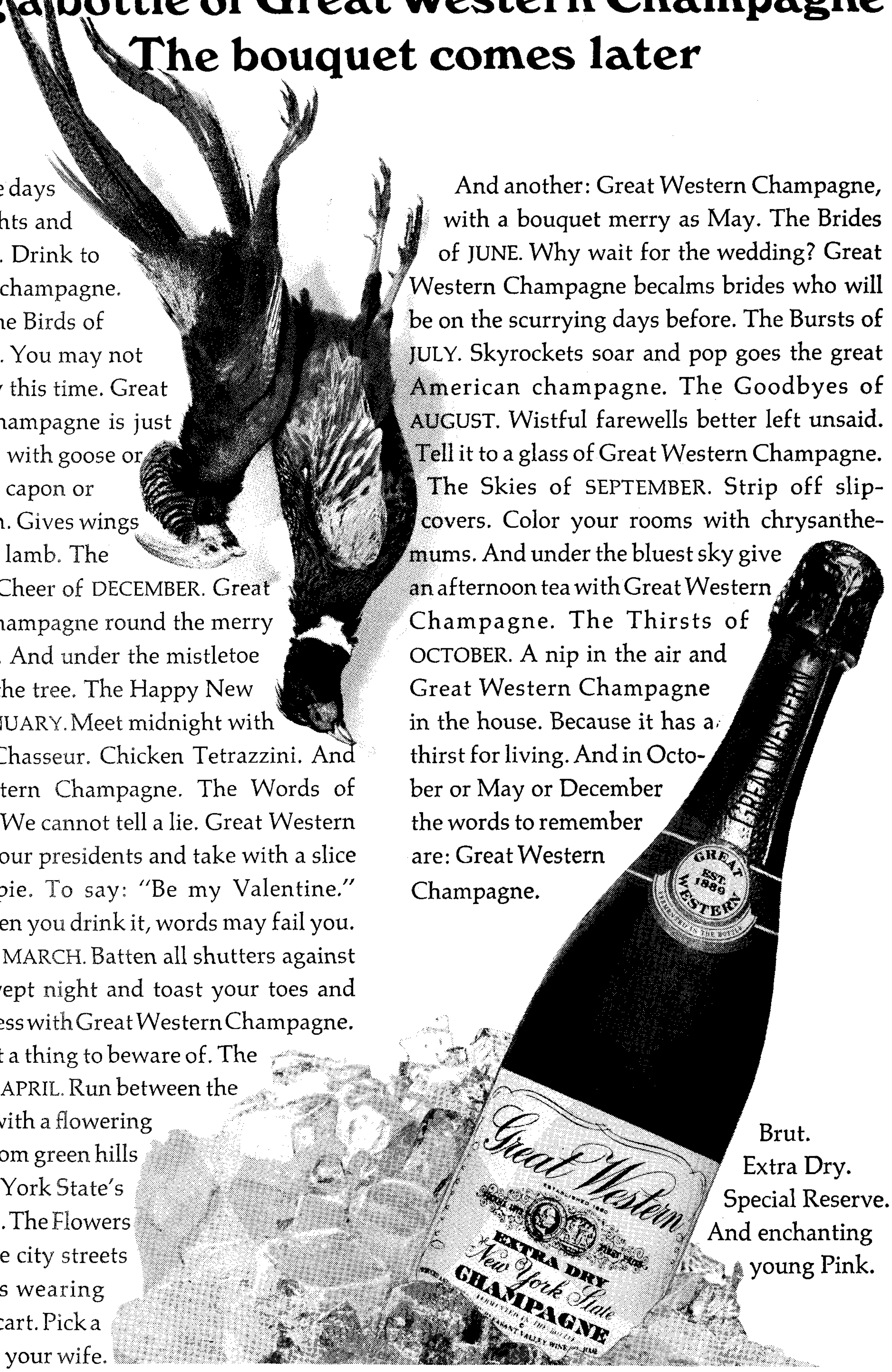
• •

REGARDING A DOOR

Regarding a door
it is open and shut
but it is less open and shut than a wall
a wall is something to lean on
and it is unwise to lean on a door
regarding a door
you can take it in hand
turning the knob of a door you can open it and step through
then it is no longer a door
now in the case of a wall
it is a wall wherever you are
which is evident and consoling
with a wall you always know where you are
while a door is only a door from outside
there is also something substantial about walls
maybe it's the materials from which they are made
the bricks and the plaster
but more likely it's the absence of hinges
the hinges in doors are like hidden conditions
upon which everything turns
they are like the small print in contracts
a door depends on its hinges
but it also depends on a wall
there is nothing unusual about a wall without doors
a door without a wall is ridiculous
also a door is usually visible in all of its limits
but you cannot see the other side of a wall
and a door is always suggesting another side
so doors seem ambiguous and appear to be forever flapping in the wind
a revolving door seems to be always changing its mind
but regarded from whatever angle
it is always offering you the same proposition
there are many unanswered questions about doors
why is it there aren't circular or elliptical doors
what is it that is frightening about sliding doors
and what about the colors of doors
green doors in brick walls
white doors in black walls
or black doors in any walls
this will lead you to suspect that I am talking about symbols
rather than about doors and walls
what is all this talk about doors and walls anyway
why not talk about something real
like strainers.

—David Antin

Bring a bottle of Great Western Champagne The bouquet comes later



Drink to the days and the nights and the seasons. Drink to the year of champagne. Drink to The Birds of NOVEMBER. You may not have turkey this time. Great Western Champagne is just as convivial with goose or duckling or capon or Cornish hen. Gives wings to ham and lamb. The Christmas Cheer of DECEMBER. Great Western Champagne round the merry holly berry. And under the mistletoe and under the tree. The Happy New Year of JANUARY. Meet midnight with Crabmeat Chasseur. Chicken Tetrazzini. And Great Western Champagne. The Words of FEBRUARY. We cannot tell a lie. Great Western is to praise our presidents and take with a slice of cherry pie. To say: "Be my Valentine." Though when you drink it, words may fail you. The Ides of MARCH. Batten all shutters against the windswept night and toast your toes and your snugness with Great Western Champagne. You haven't a thing to beware of. The Showers of APRIL. Run between the rain drops with a flowering of grapes from green hills round New York State's Lake Keuka. The Flowers of MAY. The city streets are gardens wearing flowers a la cart. Pick a bouquet for your wife.

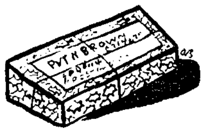
And another: Great Western Champagne, with a bouquet merry as May. The Brides of JUNE. Why wait for the wedding? Great Western Champagne becalms brides who will be on the scurrying days before. The Bursts of JULY. Skyrockets soar and pop goes the great American champagne. The Goodbyes of AUGUST. Wistful farewells better left unsaid. Tell it to a glass of Great Western Champagne. The Skies of SEPTEMBER. Strip off slip-covers. Color your rooms with chrysanthemums. And under the bluest sky give an afternoon tea with Great Western Champagne. The Thirsts of OCTOBER. A nip in the air and Great Western Champagne in the house. Because it has a thirst for living. And in October or May or December the words to remember are: Great Western Champagne.

Brut.
Extra Dry.
Special Reserve.
And enchanting
young Pink.

Great Western wines the world around its little Finger Lake with the dry and the sweet—the still and the sparkling—all the way up to Champagne. 25 great ones gleaned from New York State after 106 years by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, New York.

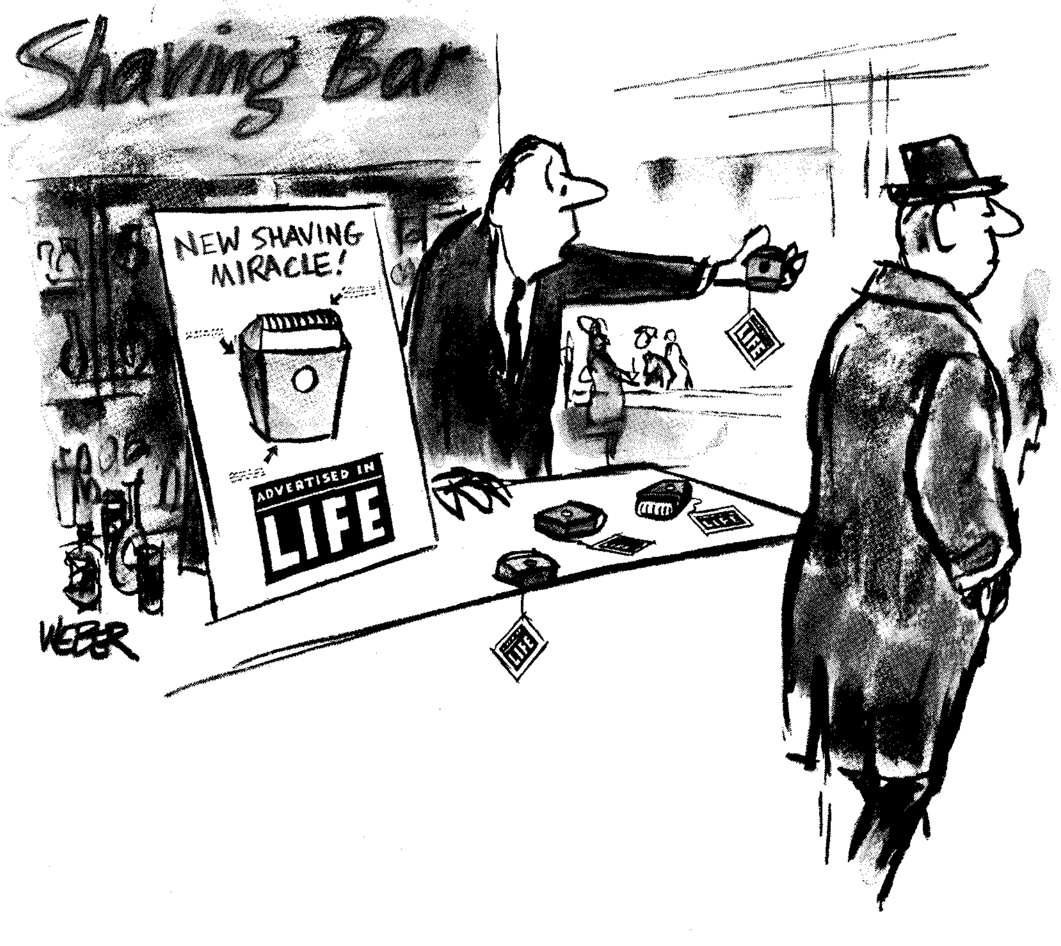
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE BELLS!



THE average American family includes one member—if not a fussy old aunt, then someone who behaves like a fussy old aunt—dedicated to getting there, wherever it may be, five minutes ahead of time. There's no objecting to her objective, but she (or maybe he) is the one who makes everybody rise at six o'clock in the morning to allow time for traffic that does not materialize, with the result that the sleepy expedition arrives at Kennedy Airport forty-six minutes too early, whereupon morale, already low, sinks lower, and the group becomes far too cranky to greet with any enthusiasm the cousin who is home again after two years in the Peace Corps. Now, we don't want to be your fussy old aunt, but conscience compels us to remind you that Christmas is coming. We may *seem* a trifle anxious, and you may *think* you can safely postpone it all until after Thanksgiving, but we can hardly count on fine weather, can we? The crowds in the shops may be unusually large. And then there's no way of knowing how bad the midtown traffic may get. It's not a moment too soon to consider what's on sale for Christmas giving, and that's that. This week and next, we shall suggest gifts for women and clothes that would make nice presents for children. On December 4th, we'll describe decorations and useful objects for the house, and review this year's crop of children's books. And we'll report our survey of the city's toy departments on December 11th.

FIRST things first. Custom gifts for a lady—those items that have to be made or modified or monogrammed, or something of the sort—take prior planning, and, mindful of the speeding days, let's consider a few such delights, starting with those that demand the longest waiting time and working on down. Are you prepared to act immediately? In that case, the Revillon enclave at Saks Fifth Avenue has just enough time—four weeks—to make several fur dressing gowns for several incredibly fortunate ladies. You have a choice among three luxurious floor-length models, each intended for a different style of girl. The elegant-lady gown is all Mongolian lamb dyed pale blue, lined with matching taffeta, and trimmed with taffeta ruffles; $820. The tailored-girl number is black rabbit with big patch pockets, a shawl collar, and silk twill lining; $760. And the small-girlish-girl number is white rabbit bordered with white lace, embroidered beading, and pale-blue baby ribbon; $680. S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, asks for not less than three weeks' time to make your dream girl a marvellous sporty fur blazer—natural sheared Alaskan seal, which is the color of camel's hair, piped with almost matching tan suède; $695. (If, in spite of us, you haven't got three weeks, Glaser has a dandy two-week item—a sable boa. It is a yard and a half long, and can be draped in more bewitching ways than we can count. The handsome brown skins are lined with handsome brown velvet; $295.) The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), wants three weeks, not unreasonably, for one of its beautiful handmade bed jackets. They are satin, and lined with that fine lightweight wool known as albatross. The round collar and the cuffs are edged with three bands of baby lace separated by strips of pleated satin. The effect is lavish—a spill of softness. The jacket costs $60, and the color choice is blue or pink. A three weeks' time allowance is also required for a splendid to-order robe for a younger friend—one who takes a size between 1 and 6. The material is a bright-red Viyella plaid. The binding is white braid. But (decisions! decisions!) you will have to choose which of several fuzzy white animals—bears, bunnies, and such—will be appliquéd on the pockets and on the back, where the animal stands duty as a loop for the white silk cord belt; $17.75 to $20.50, depending on the size.



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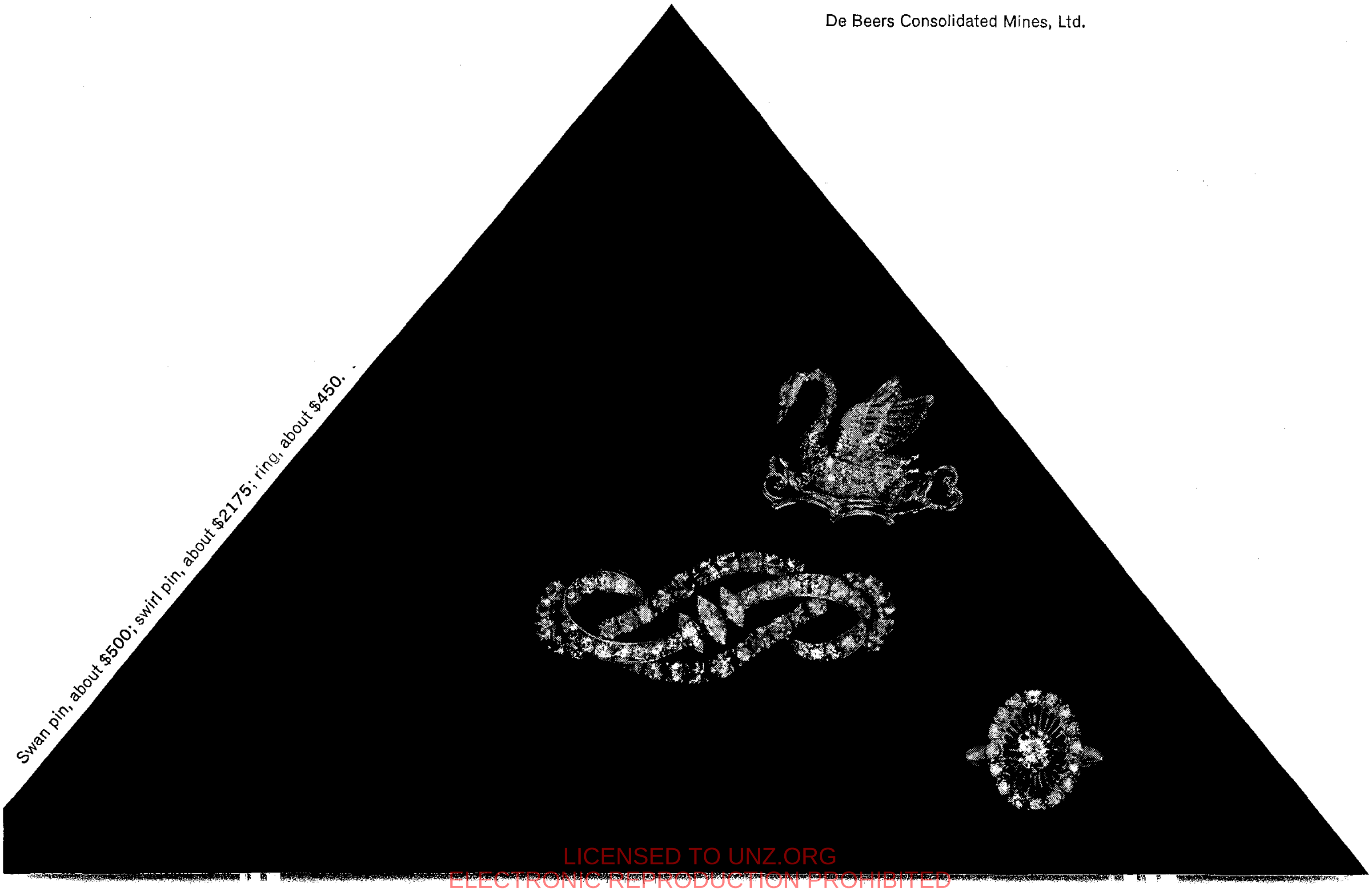

Swan pin, about $500; swirl pin, about $2175; ring, about $450.

prophecy

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The members of our Research Department make no pretense to prophecy—to say positively which securities will rise and which will not. They *can* tell you what seems *likely*, in their opinion, to happen to a security. They spend countless hours studying industries and specific companies . . . often make long journeys to examine them on the spot . . . hold lengthy conversations with key executives . . . and their subsequent analyses have proved useful to thousands of investors during our ninety-year history.

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woman who does not own a knitted wool coat wants one. Barra, 445 Park Avenue (56th), is prepared to provide a beauty—a slender affair whose narrow vertical ribbing makes it seem slenderer. From hem to thigh, it is a broad horizontal band of tightly looped curly wool; its small rolled collar and cuffs match that band. The coat snaps closed, but there are four fat pompons masquerading as buttons by being where you would expect buttons. There is also a black knitted lining whether you decide on red, blue, black, brown, or white for the coat itself; three weeks and $85. A small girl who already has a smocked dress is almost sure to want another. In three weeks, The Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), can make a nice winsome one. Besides its pretty smocking, the top boasts the traditional turnover collar and puffed sleeves; the bottom has—something new—a hem turned up on the outside, in plain sight, and sewn with a multitude of tiny featherstitches. You make your choice from a scattering of cotton prints, and the prices vary with the size; to give you an inkling, size 4 costs $16.95. A handsome floor-length housecoat can be made to order at Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), in three weeks. The fabric is soft wool jersey; the waist is girdled by many, many little seams, which open out above and below to round the bosom and hang in folds from the hips; and the neckline is a modest V. The possible colors are royal, emerald, garnet, and sapphire; $89.50. In something more than a week but less than three, the Marianne Spottiswoode Boutique, 33 East 68th Street, will hand-crochet a chenille sweater for your lady—a pullover pretty enough to wear to a party. You can specify any neckline you think she would like, and you can opt for short sleeves ($70) or none at all ($55). The color choice is peacock blue, moss green, strawberry pink, charcoal gray, gold gold, or brown brown. If you order a small evening cap to match, that will be $25 extra. Two to three weeks is the waiting time for a fluffy fur boa, six feet long and five inches wide, made of pale Russian lynx by Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (66th). It's $285. For that matter, it doesn't take any longer to make a dazzling greatcoat of the same lynx, for $1,875. Or a perky ascot of leopard paws, at $145—a fine gift for a girl who is condemned to get through the winter in a black cloth coat.

The Charles of the Ritz Boutique, at 57th Street and Park Avenue, has a

Royal Irish Poplin

FROM THE FINE HOUSE OF ATKINSON IN IRELAND. THIS COLLECTION IS HANDLOOMED OF PURE SILK AND MERINO WOOL, HAND SEWN, FULLY SILK LINED. NARROW, MEDIUM OR BROAD STRIPES ON GROUNDS OF BLACK, RED, NAVY OR GREEN. $5 THE TIE.
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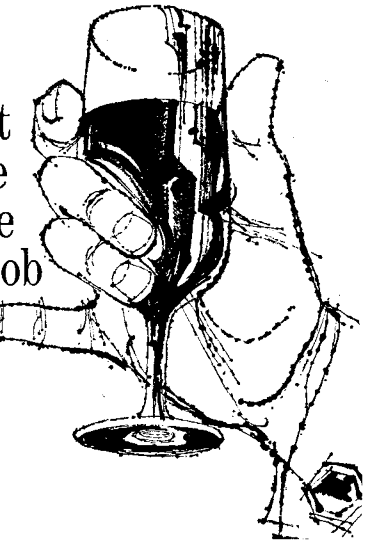
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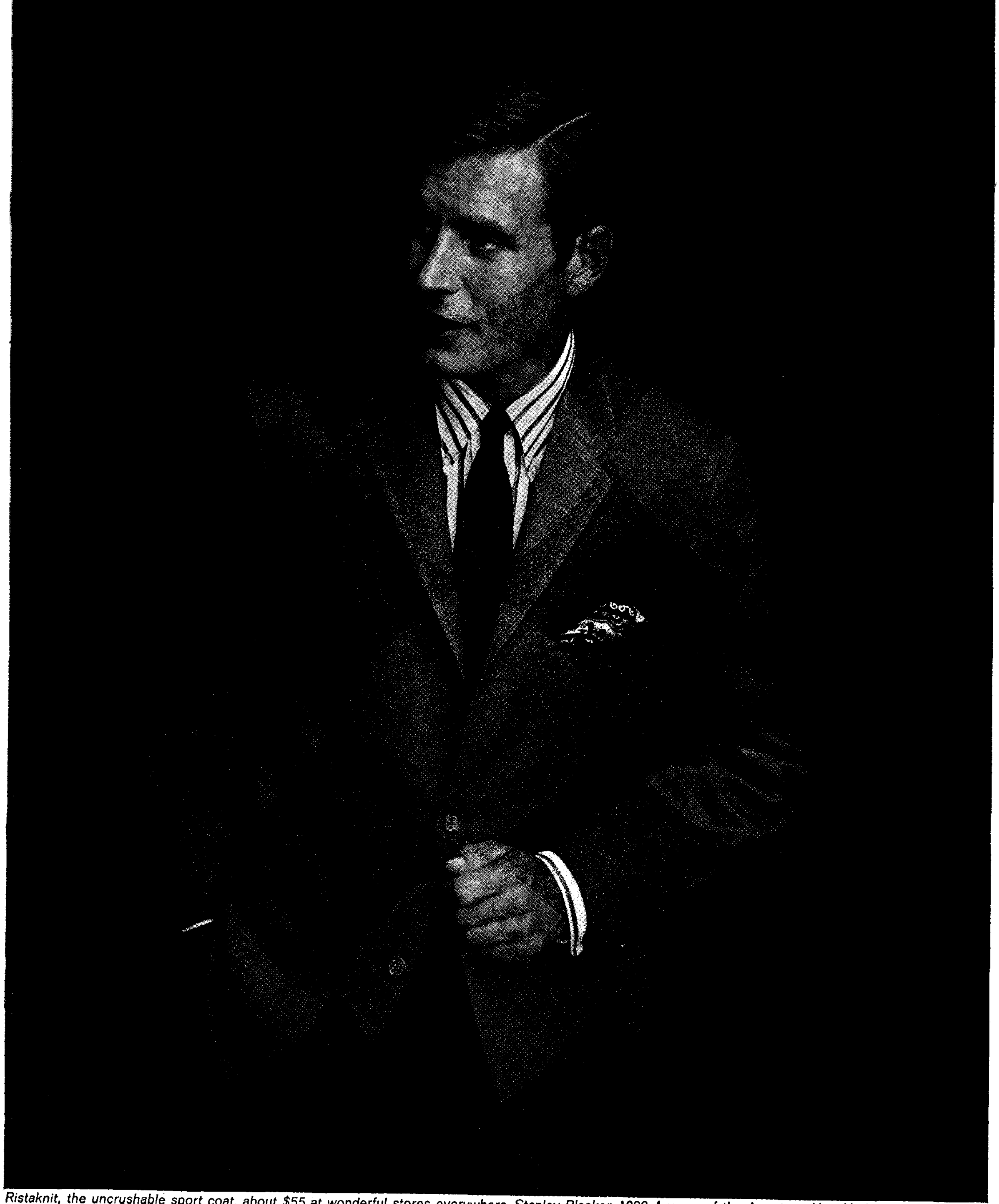
Ristaknit

an Italian worsted double knit sport coat by

Stanley Blacker



Ristaknit, the uncrushable sport coat, about $55 at wonderful stores everywhere. Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York © 1965 Stanley Blacker

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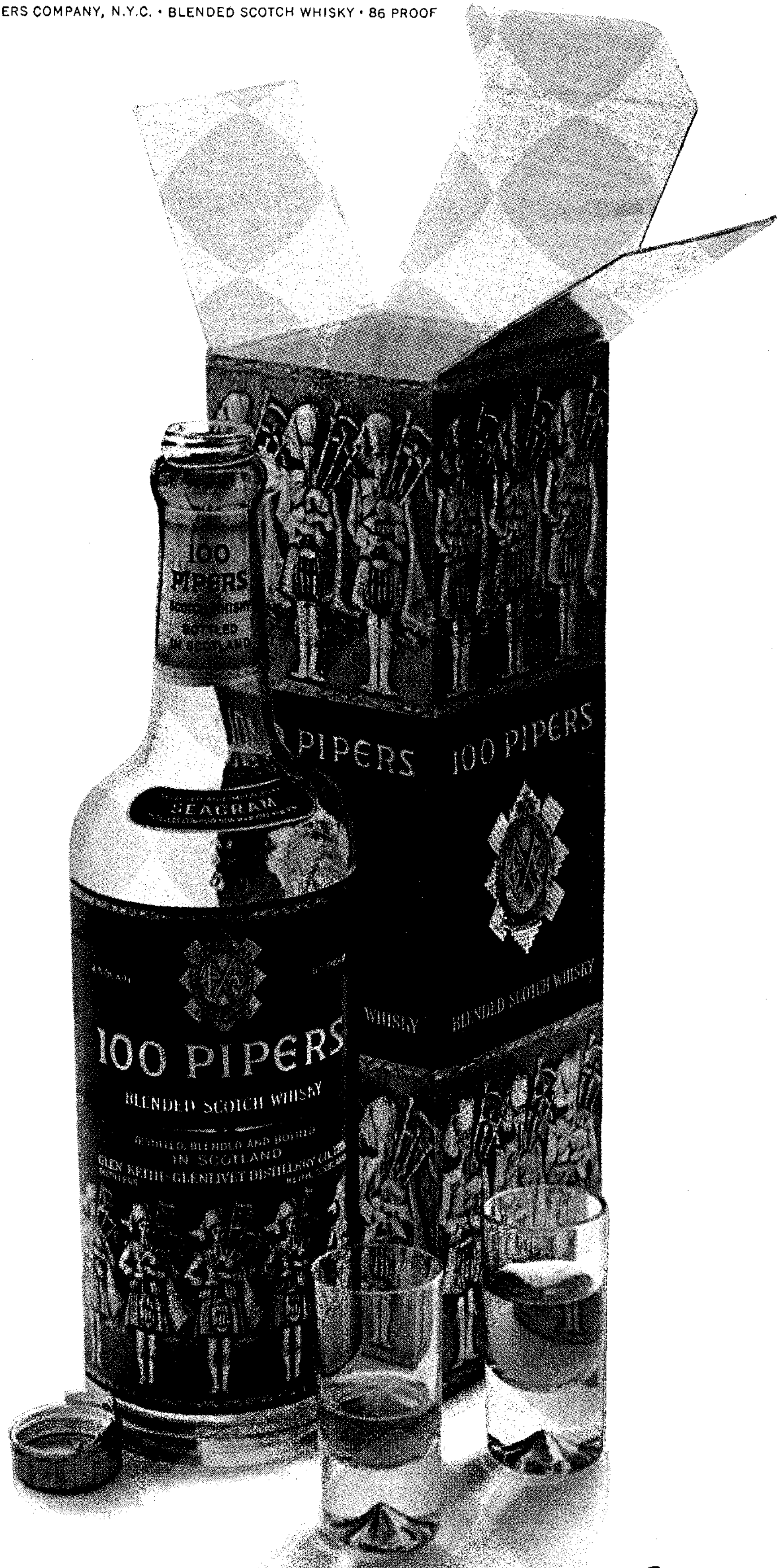
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stock of lovely garments. The trouble is that they get sold, so all the sizes are not always on hand. If your girl's isn't, you can probably order it, but you will have to wait two weeks. Some most impressive long evening skirts could prove to be a case in point. They are made in the United States out of Korean bridal bedspreads (1 bedspread = 1 skirt), and a Korean bride looks forward to this kind of elegance: burgundy, gold, or pink satin woven with lilac-and-gold birds and turquoise-and-gold abstractions. The price is $150.

Two weeks, and counting. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), can make a lucky girl an elegant town coat out of white Kalgan lamb, a fur that is looser (and perhaps younger) than Persian lamb. Kaplan's design is slightly fitted, and it closes with four black braid frogs. A knockout, as you yourself will very likely think before she confirms your sound judgment; $495. For a girl who's going to spend a lot of time outdoors, with no darting in and out of the hot boutiques, Kaplan constructs a vast hooded greatcoat of shaggy Mongolian lamb. Besides regular fur colors, like brown, black, and white, you can order some irregular ones, like red and blue; $495. And if you are shopping for a girl who doesn't need any furs—any more hairy furs, that is—you can, without leaving the premises, get a smooth white calfskin shirt, impeccably tailored, with French cuffs and little pearl buttons down the front; $250. Concepts, 179 West 4th Street, will be ready with a gray rabbit overblouse within two weeks after you've ordered it. It's great. It has long sleeves, black leather buttons down the back, and two small pockets in front, and it can also be worn back-end to—with the pockets behind and the buttons in front; $99.

A place called Ku Ku Furs Unlimited—we won't make any remarks about that name, for fear of hurting Mr. Ku Ku's feelings—has something for a long-necked girl: a plaid rabbit-fur scarf. It's six feet long and eight inches wide, which is considerable. The red-and-black plaid pattern is printed on the fur, and its reverse side is wool jersey. The price is $39.95, the time is two weeks, and the address is 127 East 60th Street. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, has a good idea: an evening gown designed like a wedding cake—nine broad tiers of cream-colored cotton lace. Its waist is high, its sleeves are long, and it couldn't be prettier; two weeks and $135. Leader also takes orders (two weeks) for a marvellous floor-length at-home

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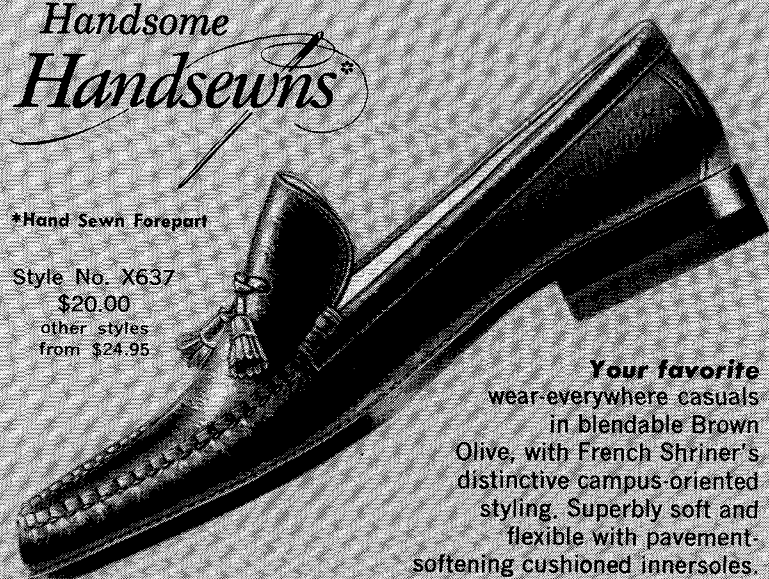

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skirt. It's layer upon layer of felt petals, higgledy-piggledy pink, red, and white; $50.

The Ilka Suarez Boutique, 237 East 60th Street, can provide a lovely long at-home dress, all hand-knit. The preview sample is sleeveless, with a scoop neck and an Empire waist that is threaded with narrow velvet ribbon. Its bodice is flat knitting, its skirt ribbed. The color vocabulary includes pale shades of blue, yellow, green, or pink, plus bright turquoise, coral, and red, and quiet lavender, beige, gray, or white; two weeks and $65. At Jax, 7 West 57th Street, there's an elegant at-home outfit composed of a sleeveless, collarless overblouse and straight trousers, which might be described as Jax-classic (as opposed to Jax-wild). Both parts of the costume are made of a black-and-gold brocade that is as soft as silk, because it *is* silk. Sizes 8 through 12 should be on hand; if not, figure on a two-week wait. The price is $110. We hope that everybody will need a raincoat this year, and the sooner the better, and what could be finer for a wet formal evening than the floor-length waterproof that Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th), will concoct, given two weeks' notice? Its material is vinyl (black, red, white, or yellow-slicker yellow), lined, for warmth, in your-choice-of-color wool jersey. It sports a vinyl ruffle—vinyl is a remarkably plastic plastic—around its collar and down the front as far as its Empire waist, and it closes with three waterproof rhinestone buttons; $150. The Little Studio, 119 West 10th Street, is taking orders for a small girl's party dress made of a handsome heavy ribbed cotton, either navy or red. (The fabric is washable, which is what counts in a 3 to 6x, or even a 7 to 10, partygoer's wardrobe.) It's highly engaging, being long-sleeved, A-line, and trimmed around the neck and hem with dressy white braid. The price is $7.95 or $8.95, depending on the size, and the time is two weeks. For a grown-up lady—more specifically, one who travels a lot—Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street, proposes a custom-made (two weeks), large, sturdy handbag. Who can contradict him? One tempting possibility, made of black, red, or navy llama, which is soft and grainy, and stretches a little, is shaped like a doctor's satchel. It's fourteen inches long, and it has an outsize zipper pocket concealed beneath the flap—very handy for sheet music, deeds of transfer, or other light reading matter. The lining is red capeskin, there are two rolled-leather han-

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Howard Taubman (N. Y. TIMES)

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dles, and the bag is hand-stitched all around; $30.

Now we're down to ten-day items. That's all the time the Alice Schweitzer Boutique, 739 Madison Avenue (65th), needs to fashion a leather or a fur overblouse—scoop-necked, and enchanting. You might decide on calf fur stencilled to look like tiger (this one has a beige suède back), or you might choose honest natural moleskin, more nearly gray than anything else, and rather sweet; $110. Any gentleman who has taken a lady to a race track recalls that amid the triumphs and tragedies she kept wondering why they didn't make jockeys' shirts for girls. Well, they do, or, anyway, they do now, and you can order a shirt for her—if the stock on hand doesn't suit you—in the new All Seasons Shop at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th). Ten days and $45. Bonniers also makes—on a mere week's notice—a spectacular formal evening skirt, slightly full, of heavy, colorful upholstery fabrics. There's a wide choice of patterns, ranging from delicate Louis XV motifs to modern Op Art stripes; $85.

Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has an at-home dress worth waiting for (one week)—an Empire shift made of an exquisite brocade, a calm, cool Oriental landscape in muted pastel colors. It's $180. And a charming evening dress (also on a week's notice), with a long, slender skirt of lightweight black French wool-and-mohair that is sprinkled all over with small pink, blue, green, and white woven flowers. You pick one of the flower colors for the sleeveless velveteen top. The price of the ensemble is $225.

At Hartenstein, 847 Madison Avenue (70th), you may be fortunate enough to find in stock a capelet of natural Canadian lynx that ties with beige silk streamers. If you aren't, you wait a week; either way, it's $97.50. Let's say you are shopping for a young woman who has an invitation to a big, gala party. She would thank you for a long black evening dress from the James Holton Boutique, 193 West 4th Street. It's sleeveless, with a scoop neck and an Empire waist—not exactly a surprise this year—and it has no more ornamentation than a thick row of jet beads defining the bodice. The material is heavy silk-and-wool; $95, and one week. If you're searching for a head covering for this girl to wear to that ball, Sally Victor's Boutique, 18 East 53rd Street, makes fetching kerchiefs out of silk flowers—poppies, bachelor's-

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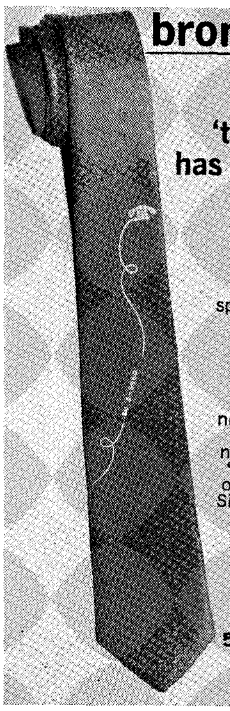

bronzini

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A gift tie takes on added importance when it is individualized with a special phone number and name. Specify name and phone number (even an *unlisted* one) and allow ten days for personalizing. The number is painted on the front, and the name for whom it is "expressly designed" on the reverse side. *Silk faille.* Navy, wine, charcoal, black, or gold.

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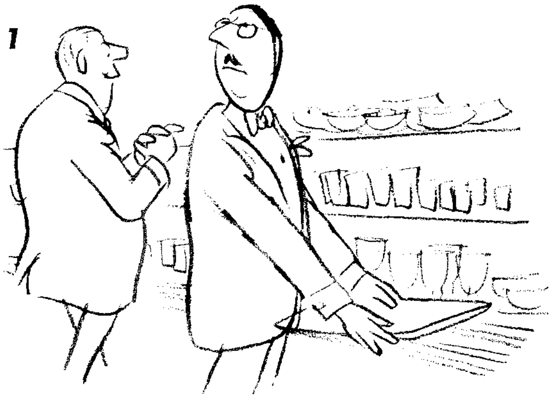
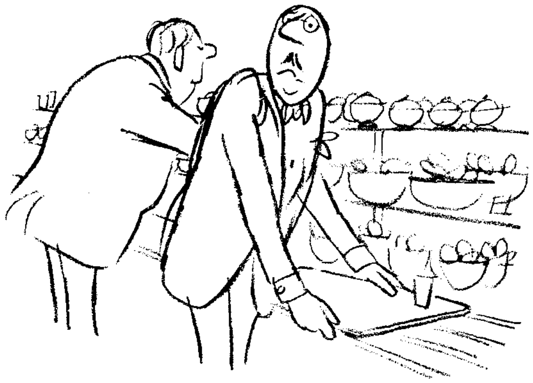


What's the special today, Ed?

I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.

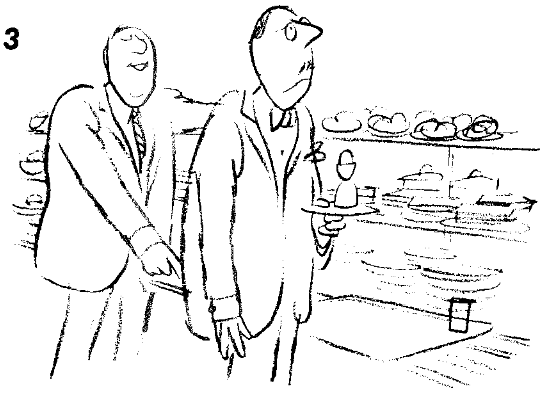
2



I thought you were a big chili man.

Please!

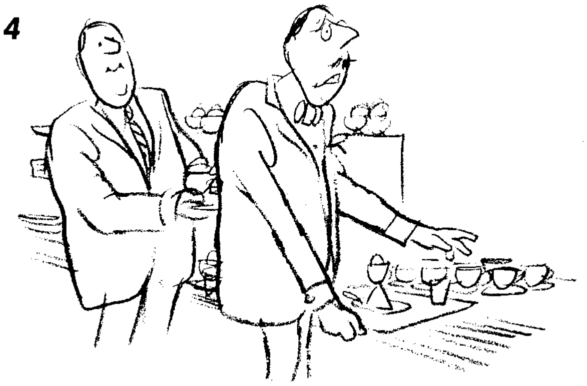
3



Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.

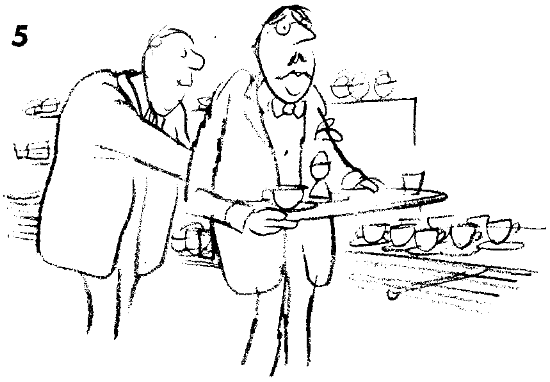
4



He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?

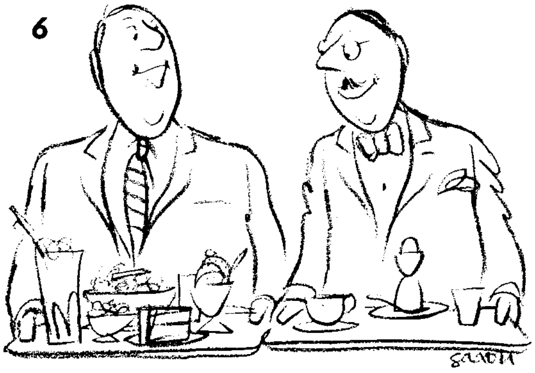
5



It doesn't seem to be worrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.

6



Neither does Fred. But he has Equitable's Lifetime Major Medical Policy and it's taking care of most of the tab for him. His policy covers bills in the thousands caused by serious illness or accidents. And it covers eligible family members, just in case.

Say, I think I'll trade in this egg for a bowl of chili.

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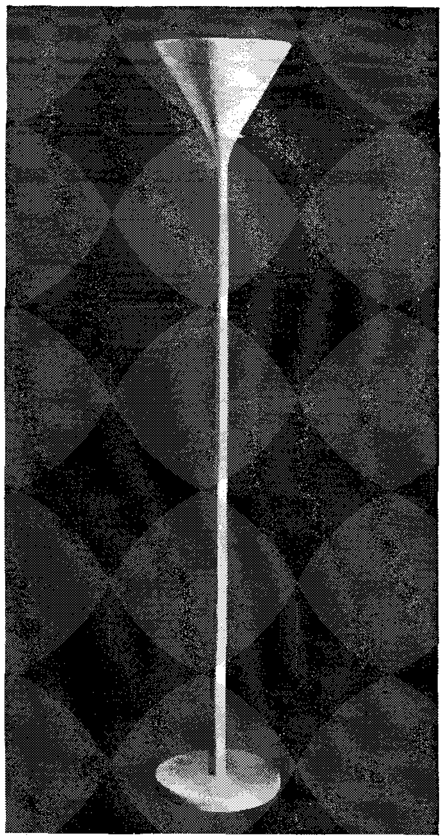
buttons, you name it. The wait is one week, the price $35. In a week, Tiffany will come up with a small oval tag—it's less than an inch long—of fourteen-carat gold to go on a key chain; $9. What Tiffany does with the time is engrave a registry number on the tag, along with the forthright message "Please return to Tiffany & Co., New York." Should the lady lose her keys, and should the finder obey instructions, Tiffany will get in touch with the registered loser. And if the scheme foreshadows a long, cozy, and possibly expensive relationship between Tiffany and somebody whose debts you are legally responsible for—well, that's life.

SO much for ordering and waiting. From here on, everything is ready to go at the rustle of a signed check. First, some gifts for the outdoor girl. Does the lady ski? Abercrombie & Fitch has a splendid parka of black-and-red plaid rabbit fur (that plaid mutation seems to be breeding like a—well . . .), which looks for all the world like a woodsman's flannel shirt. The hood detaches, leaving a neat turnover collar; $270. And there's a ski jacket made of mustang fur stencilled with brown-and-white giraffe spots; $375. *And* a trim hip-length jacket—toasty wool fleece in a very bright plaid—with a snug turtleneck and a zippered front. This colorful warmer, which can be worn indoors or, with reinforcements, out, is $50, and, what's more, it has matching boots, but these are strictly for indoors. Their knee-high uppers are the same bright plaid fleece, and their design is adapted from that of mukluks, which, you remember, are Eskimo boots. Two details of the Abercrombie version might surprise Nanook, though; namely, the suède soles and the silk linings; $18. We'll mention, too, a lady's shooting jacket, a dashing coat of corduroy and canvas in a pousse-café arrangement of horizontal colored bands. We're not sure exactly where a lady can shoot, or what she's likely to bag, in the months right after Christmas. Upland game birds in the Argentine, maybe? But Abercrombie doubtless knows. Anyway, the shooting jacket is $55. The wide horizontal bands on Altman's rabbit-fur parka are red and white. It has a red nylon-taffeta lining, and it's altogether a delight; $225. A lady skier interested in American design might appreciate a heavy cotton parka printed with a crisp pattern of squares and rectangles created at Taliesin, the workshop founded by Frank Lloyd Wright. We liked best



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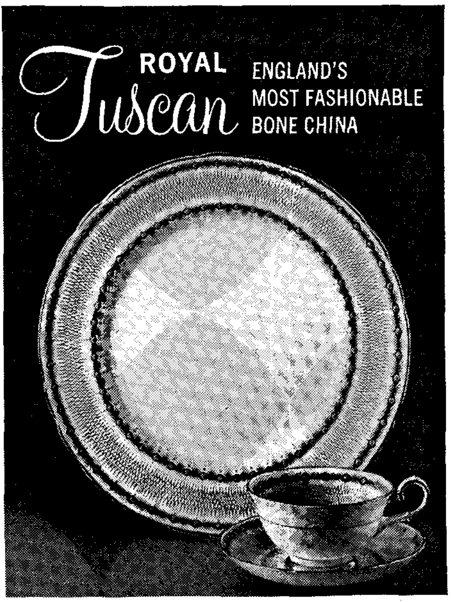

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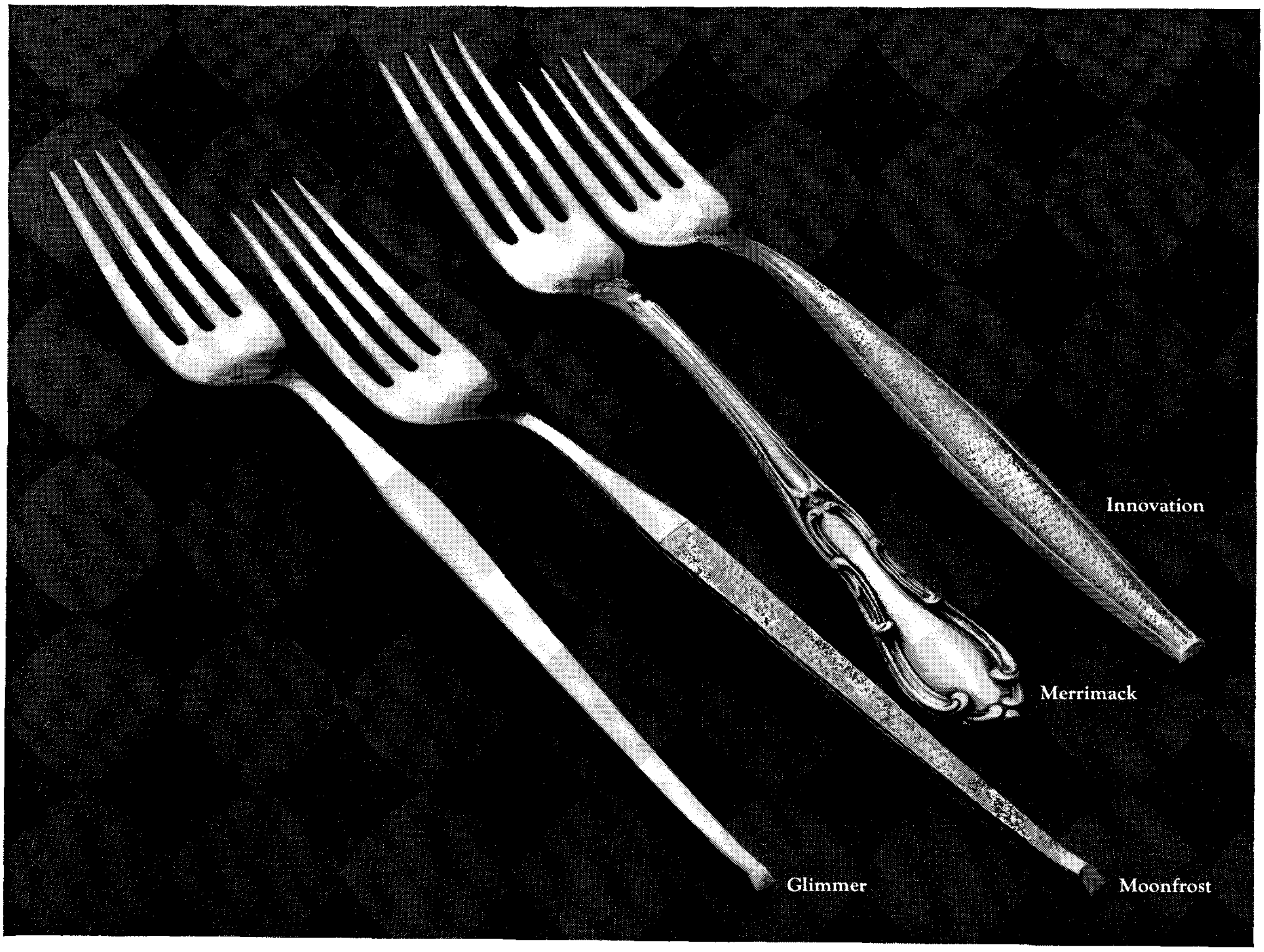

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Taylor Ties are available at: B. Altman & Co., New York & Branches/Tech Coop, MIT, Cambridge, Mass./Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill./Zollinger-Harned Co., Allentown, Pa. /The D. M. Read Co., Bridgeport, Conn., and at other fine stores everywhere or write to Taylor Ties, 40 East 34th St., New York 10001.

a mixture of several grays with red and white. This one is $39.95 at Andre, 21 West 56th Street.

If your skiing girl is ready for something a bit more daring—not in the way of a slalom but in the way of a costume—you might give her a knicker ski suit of cherry-red corduroy. The jacket is $32.50, and the knickers are $20, and Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street, is the shop that has it. If there's anything more up-to-the-minute than knickers, it's Buchmayr's low-cut stretch ski pants—St.-Tropez at St.-Moritz is the general notion. The lady who wears this skier's version of the Riviera's hip-riding blue jeans ought to be a slender young thing. The donor's age and girth are immaterial. He should, however, have $67.50. Bonwit Teller offers a trim, slim ski suit that should do nicely on any slope. Its trousers are narrow, its jacket is knowledgeably tailored (slightly fitted but not constricting), and its fabric is a good wool-and-nylon stretch gabardine; $150. The color choices are blue, beige, and black.

At the Icelandic Shop, 1056 Third Avenue (62nd), there are bulky wool cardigans ($33.20) and bulky wool pullovers ($28.70) made by Icelandic ladies who sensibly spend their winters by their firesides, knitting. They knit bold, stylized patterns that combine a natural color with a brighter, man-made color. Kico Ski & Sea Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue (69th), has a heavy, close-fitting ski sweater that is shaded from blood red at the waist, light, lighter, and lightest as we go up, until, at the crew neck, the wool's a pink that's nearly white. The long raglan sleeves have the same *ombré* effect. Besides being pretty, this notion produces an optical illusion of slimness; the Large size looks Medium, the Medium looks Small, and the Small looks as if the wearer needed a little feeding. A bargain, surely, at $40. We've found an exceptionally warm ski helmet, which is made of two thicknesses of wool, knitted in a handsome stitch that looks like quilting, and which reaches well beneath the collarbone and might be tucked in the neck of a ski sweater; it's $14, and Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, and 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), sells it. A pair of mittens in a matching color (black, orange, brown, or cerise) adds $8 to the bill. If you are lucky enough to be shopping for a fashion model, the sort of girl who asks not what her clothes can do for her but what she can do for her clothes, Design Research has

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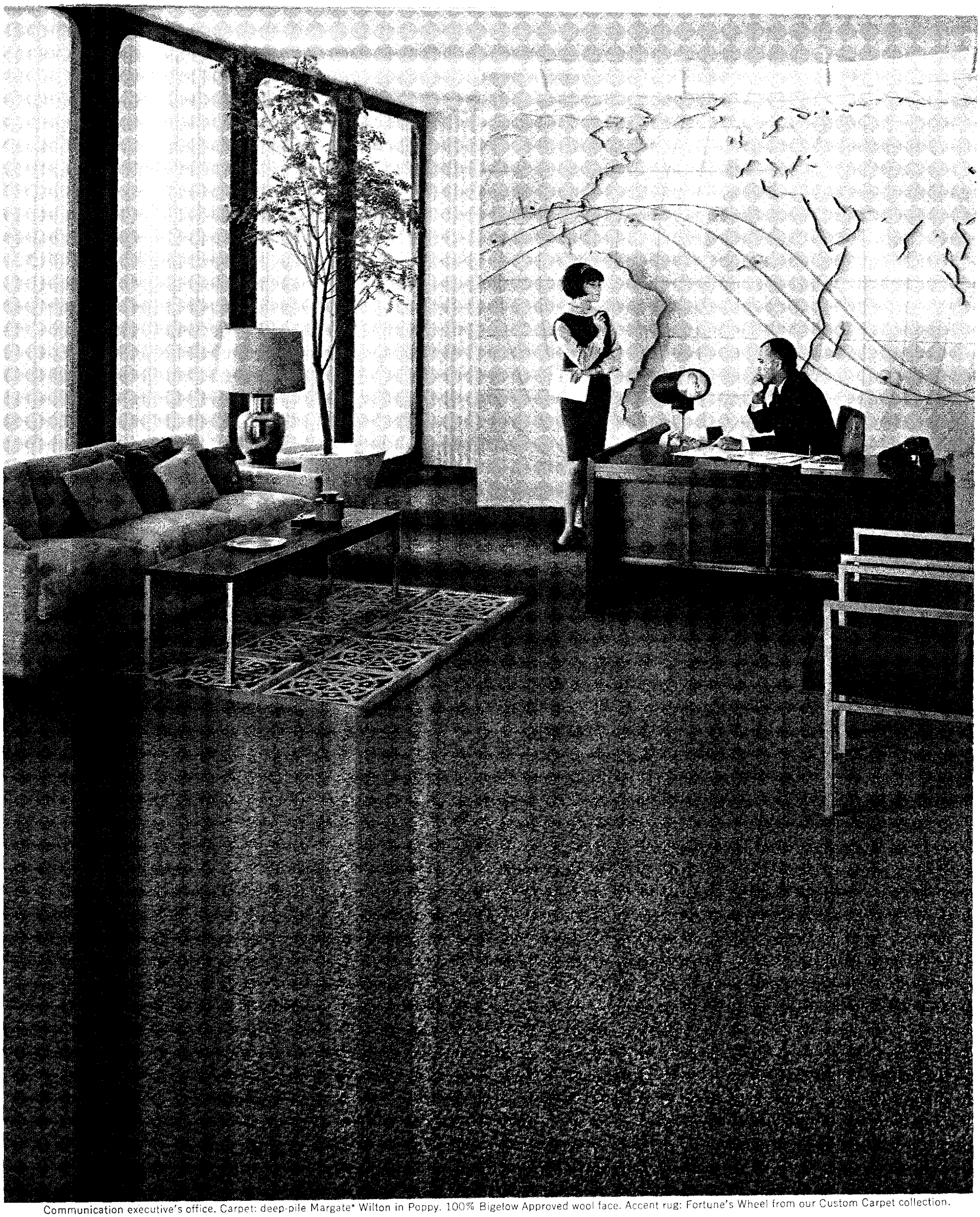

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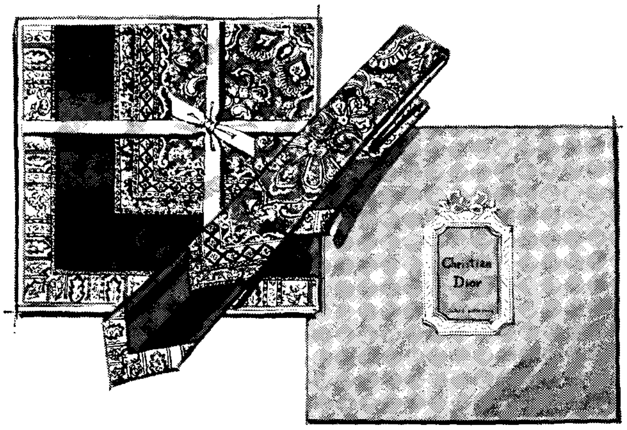
the applicable after-ski costume. It's knitted, in Ireland, of natural unbleached wool, and it's a two-piece set. The top is a turtleneck pullover ($46), and the bottom is a pair of long, tapered trousers ($43). Also for after-ski is a lightweight blazer from Splendiferous. It is a splashy cotton print—the biggest, brightest flowers you *ever* saw, what garden catalogues can't help calling "a riot of color." The lining is quilted white nylon, and the jacket closes with a zipper hidden behind the three big buttons; $40.

Now for some all-purpose outdoor wear—clothes that a skier might wear after skiing and a non-skiing girl might wear any time she thinks she might be cold. Harold J. Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue (69th), has, in stock and ready to go, a chill-defying full-length fur coat. The fur is impressive, being natural Canadian lynx paws. The coat is hooded, zips up the front like a ski jacket, and comes with a narrow beige leather belt, all for $495. A poncho at Lord & Taylor is made of imitation gray wolf—if Little Red Riding Hood had had one, she'd have been saved a lot of trouble. The garment reverses to natural cotton poplin; $40. There's a natty pea jacket of navy-blue suède lined with bright-red wool for $75 at Best's, while an authentic Navy pea jacket costs only $20 at Fancy That, 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd). (In the eyes of some young things, its lack of nattiness is just what makes it a dashing present.)

If the lady plans to treat herself to an early-spring vacation at one of those ranches around Santa Fe, she might thrill to a present of a Western-style corduroy shirt (beige, emerald, or bright blue, and $14.95) accompanied by Western-style low-slung corduroy trousers (black or brown, and $11.95). These are available at Brett, 251 East 57th Street, which also has a truly fancy



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A superb silk pocket square and a handsome silk tie with the identical paisley pattern. The tie is actually made of a square to ensure a perfect match. The gift boxed set, created for us, is fashioned with the print on a background of black, navy, maroon, olive green, blue, or brown. The set, 12.00

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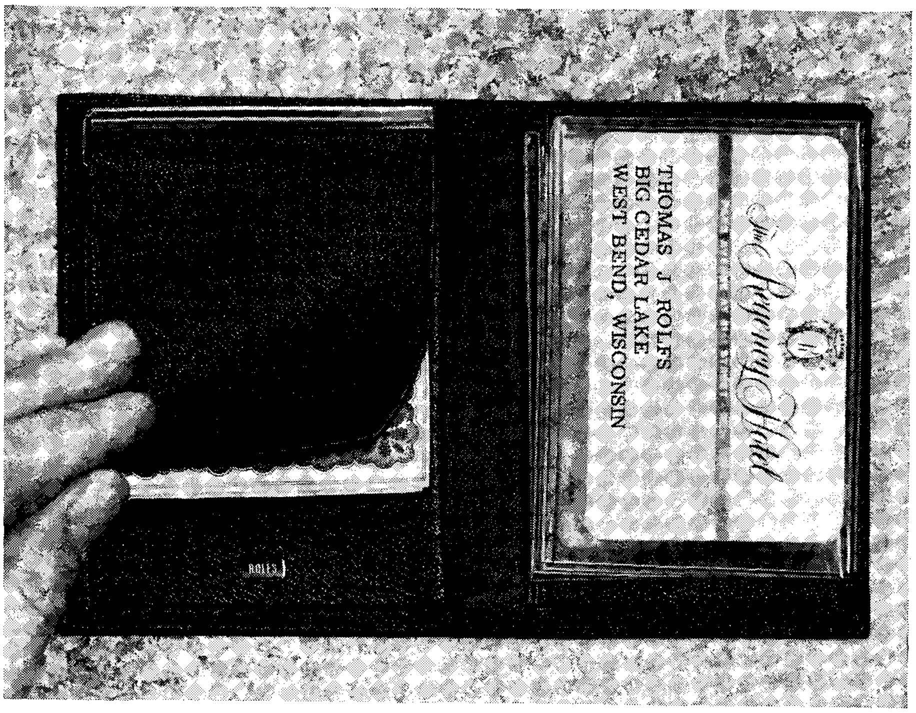

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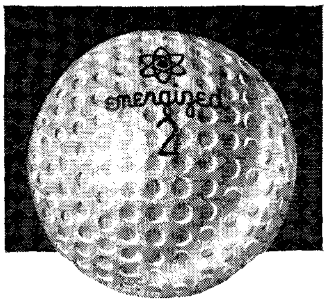
Western shirt, suitable for a rodeo star. It's white cotton gabardine decorated with black fringe, and has white leather lacing at the throat; $19.95. Our sportswear report closes with a tweed trouser suit—ordinarily an item too tricky to be recommended as a Christmas present. This one, though, is kinder than most we've seen to girls who are not built like boys, and that's where the trickiness usually comes in. Its jacket is a longish tunic that covers the hips and suggests a narrow waistline; the trousers flare out slightly, beginning at the hips. Countdown, at 22 Greenwich Avenue (near 10th), makes it, in several splendid tweeds, at prices ranging from $48 to $54.

NOW we are going to join the ladies for cocktails, dinner, perhaps the theatre—indoors, that is, and all dressed up. Colecchio, 793 Madison Avenue (67th), makes glorious dresses out of genuine nineteenth-century Paisley shawls, and no fabric could be more festive. The supply of dresses on hand includes long-sleeved, A-line street-length dresses; short-sleeved, smocked street-length dresses; two-piece outfits; and long evening dresses and skirts. All are lined with black silk-and-rayon, and the prices range from $70 to $175. At Elegance East, 973 Lexington Avenue (70th), there is a floor-length party dress that is a slim crêpe column, from its cowled neck to its side-slit hem. Its sleeveless bodice is cut to show somebody's pretty shoulders; $75 in black. And, for a girl who prefers chiffon to crêpe, there is a most alluring chiffon evening dress—its skirt is seven ruffles, and its top is plain—at Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd Street. The color is navy blue; the price is $50. The Alice Schweitzer Boutique has a brilliant collection of caftans from Morocco. A caftan (a *Moroccan* caftan, anyhow) is a floor-length coat that buttons from the throat to the waist, and has a full or flaring skirt. An American girl could wear one at home, with slender black pants, or on the way to someone else's home, as an evening coat over a slender black dress. Some are made of felt and are embroidered with scrollwork and bordered with braid, the color schemes being decisive (fuchsia felt embroidered with wine, for example), and they are all zippered from throat to waist, the buttons being purely ornamental; $95. Others are sumptuous silk brocade; $115. At the Lord & Taylor Fantasia Shop, there are two noteworthy marabou capes—a waist-length one ($30) and a hip-length one ($65). Ei-



". . . according to them, these new energized golf balls were made at Oak Ridge, they're that different." They are indeed. Have energized steel centers. Livelier, greater distance, tougher covers. Not only conform to USGA rules, they're only ball made in this country with compression guaranteed at 95 plus. Gift pack of three **$6.50** Also available, 12 balls in utility wooden box............**$25**

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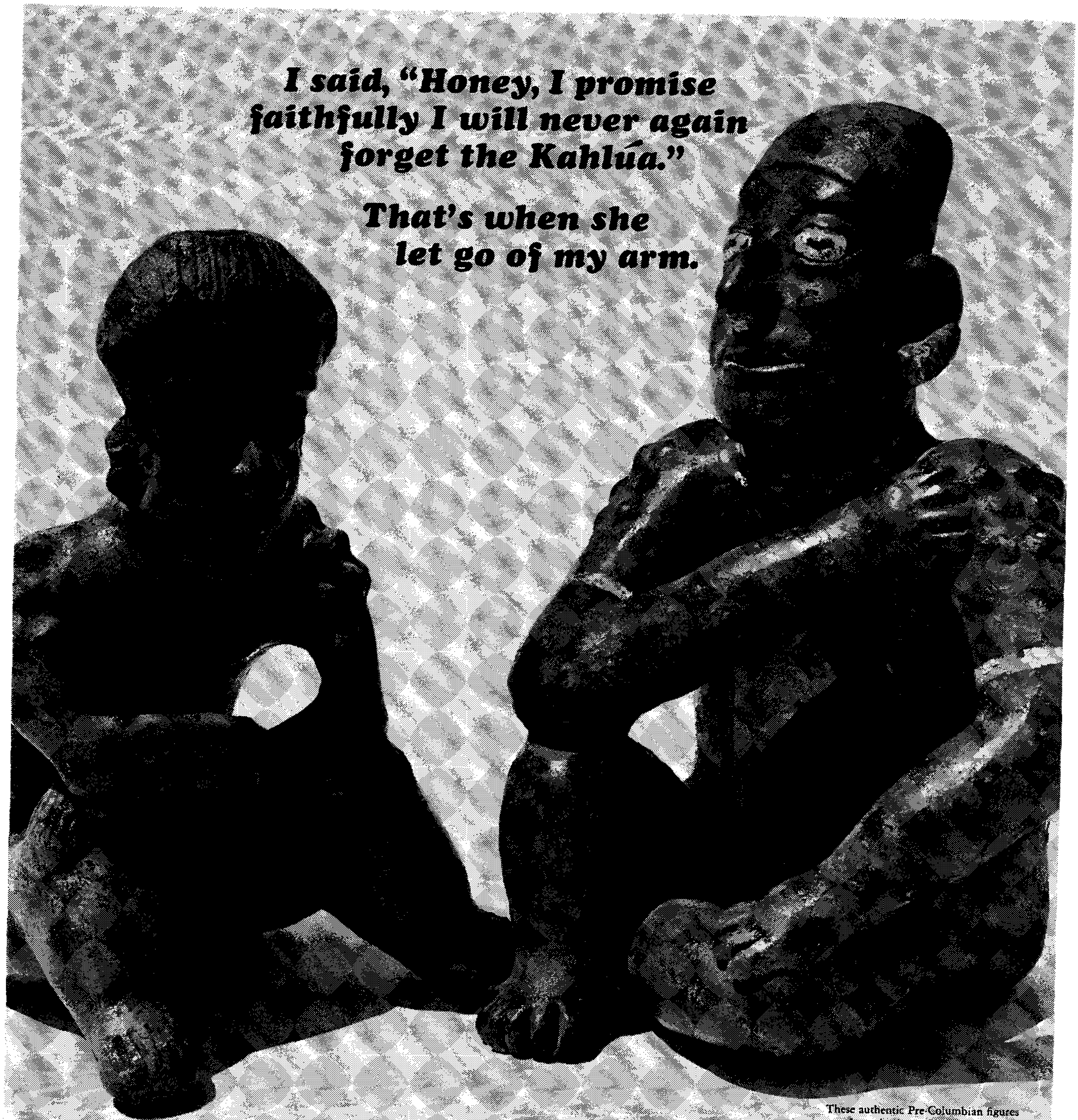
I said, "Honey, I promise faithfully I will never again forget the Kahlúa."
That's when she let go of my arm.

These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection.

"I tell you, Al, she was hysterical. I mean, I've forgotten things before. Like our anniversary, maybe, or like that time I forgot to pick up her mother at the airport. She never even raised her voice.

"But this time! How do you expect me to baste the chicken, she yells, how do you expect me to make dessert? And on and on about how we can't have Kahlúa sours before dinner, and how there wouldn't be anything to put in our coffee. I promised to buy a case of Kahlúa, just to calm her down.

"I know she forgave me, though. She brought me a box of Kahlúa brownies when I was in the hospital."

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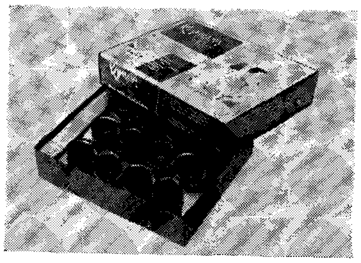
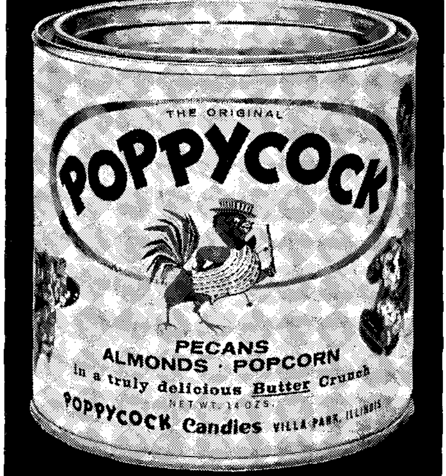


Remember also not to forget Kahlúa Kups
Made of the finest chocolate. FILL WITH KAHLUA, DRINK, EAT THE CUP! (There's many a sip 'twixt cup and lip.) Box of 12 cups with foil servers—$1.50; 3 Boxes—$4.00; Shipped postpaid. Sorry, no C.O.D. Jules Berman & Associates, Inc. Dept. NY, 9025 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

Trim your tree with Poppycock

(the millionaire's popcorn)

for only $92⁰⁰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in a truly delicious Butter Crunch
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POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

Poppycock, as every millionaire knows, is the most sumptuous thing that has ever happened to popcorn. We mix it with many times its weight in toasted pecans and almonds. Then gather it all together in a carmelized crunch into which tubs of creamery butter have been stirred, ever so gently, so as not to bruise the nutmeats. Poppycock is priced at $2 a can. Forty-six cans for $92 should trim a medium-size tree quite nicely. Or you can get two cans of this golden confection in a charming Christmas carol wrap, and gift a friend deliciously for $4. Sold mostly in fancier food and department stores.

POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

ther would be a comfort to a bare-shouldered hostess who feels obliged to turn off the steam heat in honor of some English dinner guests. The color choice is black or white.

Some ladies want clothes like nobody else's. Other ladies want clothes like the clothes other ladies want, and this season's prime for-instance is a hostess outfit based on floor-length pajamas. If your girl hasn't got one, and seems wistful, she *may* be feeling out of things. You can whisk her back in by giving her a two-piece costume of white crêpe—a sleeveless, cowl-neck overblouse and bell-bottom trousers trimmed at the ankles with white coq feathers. It's $125 at Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th). Over at Elegance East, the premier hostess-pajama-suit fabric is heavy black wool jersey lined with Shocking pink silk. The bodice has a low, round neck, and long, tight sleeves that terminate in a six-inch ruffle of black ostrich feathers. The ankles, too, are ruffled with ostrich; $90. That's all for feathers, but there are quantities of other hostess outfits worth fussing over. A striking example is at Chiaroscuro, 178 Macdougal Street (near 8th), and consists of black crêpe pajama pants with white pencil stripes. The top is the expected overblouse in an unexpected print—white polka dots on black. The set is $50. More black-and-white pajamas, these from Saks Fifth Avenue—a top that is a long, loose black jersey tunic, and trousers that are black-and-white harlequin diamonds; $70.

Hong Kong, which once sounded far away, is now next door to Seventh Avenue when it comes to at-home clothes. Lord & Taylor offers a luxurious silk raja-style tunic-and-pants set made over there next door. The electric-blue jacket is lined with emerald green, and the pants are of the emerald green; $60. Lord & Taylor also offers a Hong Kong harem-pajama set (the top is a scoop-neck overblouse), both parts made of a bright-blue silk printed with giant pink, orange, gold, and green flowers; $60. And—still at Lord & Taylor—a short-sleeved silk brocade gown from Hong Kong even looks rather Chinese. It's the color of cream and is hand-painted with gold-and-gray chrysanthemums and their dark-green leaves; $125.

At Bergdorf Goodman's Country and Casual Shop, you can feast your eyes upon an admirable flower print—vast black lilies, zinnias, and poppies entangled with enormous black Art Nouveau vines on a field of beige velveteen. This moody, mysterious stuff

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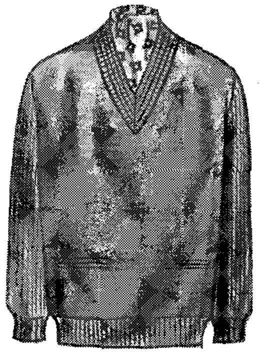

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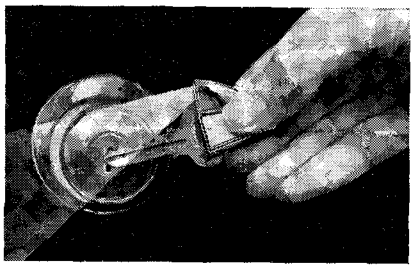

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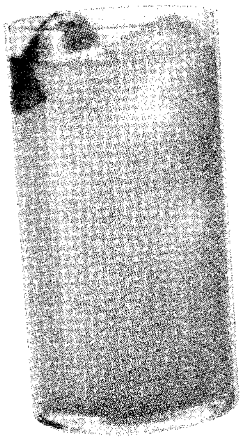

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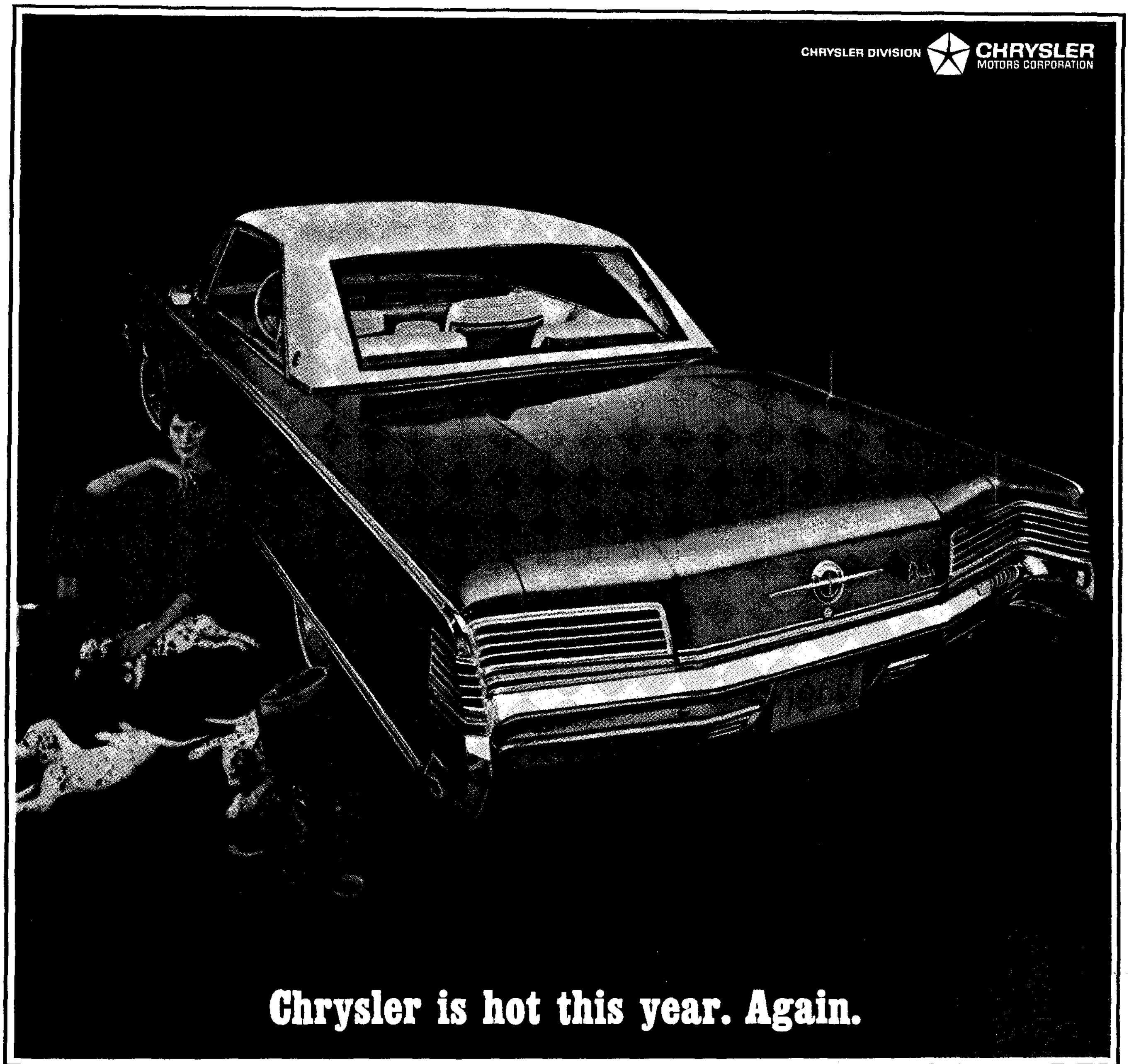

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CHRYSLER

Illustrated above, the 300 2-Door Hardtop. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, NBC-TV, Wednesdays.

has been made into the basic, or girl-next-door, at-home dress—floor-length, A-line, sleeveless, scoop-necked. It's $45, and we don't see how you can do better. But wait! In Bergdorf's At Home department, there is temptation in the shape of another long hostess gown—a loose shift of shimmering gold Lurex. It's cut like a monk's robe and might possibly become the habit of very worldly women; $80. At Matthews, 22 West 57th Street, there's another loose-to-the-floor notion: a gown that begins as a quite strictly tailored shirt in pullover style, but whose tails continue right down to the ground, in a voluminous outpouring of pale-blue slubbed India silk. It's $195.

Some at-home tops and bottoms now: At Fred Leighton, 177 Macdougal Street (near 8th), you can find a dandy long wool skirt, woven in tiny black-and-white checks and hand-embroidered here and there with appealing Mexican designs in bright red. Despite that folk embroidery, the general effect is midtown Manhattan; $45. Creations 'n Things offers nifty bell-bottom trousers ($20), and two types of tops, one a tank top ($12) and one with a high neck ($20). All are crêpe, in a diverting choice of bright colors. Kico Ski & Sea Boutique has a long nubbly woollen skirt ($40) that mingles two or three soft colors—orange, red, and fuchsia, or contrasting blues. Matching tops are available at $20 and $30.

Breathes there a girl who wouldn't welcome an overblouse from Bergdorf of mottled-blue silk jersey, gossamer in weight and spatter-printed with lavender, violet, and gold flowers? The sleeves are long and the adjective is "exquisite;" $40. The House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, offers a long-sleeved fresh white cotton tailored blouse covered with white flowers and leaves, some woven into the fabric, some appliquéd on the cuffs. It costs $31.50, and here the adjective is "pristine." An American designer has steered the dressmakers of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, onto quite another tack, and with results that are absolute knockouts: handmade overblouses, no two alike, of hand-loomed cotton, with embroidery and appliqués that are at the same time primitive and imaginative, cheerful and apposite. The prices for these little works of art range from $29.95 to $35 at Phoenix Pan-American Imports, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st). Then, at J. J. Prince, 111 West 10th Street, you will find a blouse, of heavy Irish linen, that resembles a man's dress shirt—long

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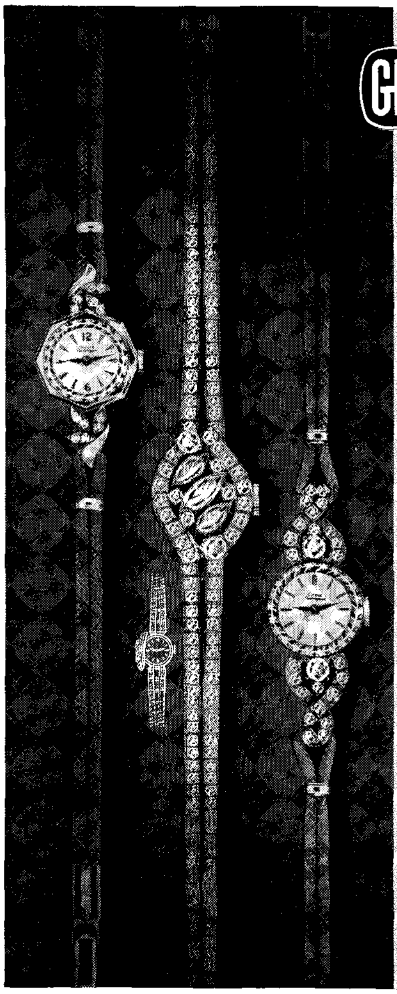

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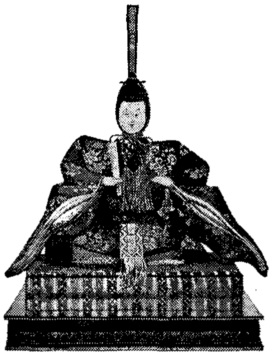

IMPERIAL
HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

sleeves, that is, and a pleated front. It costs $30 and would look fine with, say, black velvet trousers. There's a hint of the Orient in a beautiful overblouse at Elaine Starkman, 149 Bleecker Street (near West Broadway)—at least to the extent of a mandarin collar. The fabric, a luscious print of fruits, flowers, and leaves on a rich blue background, feels and looks like cotton batiste but is really Dacron and therefore totally drip-dry; $13.98. Status West, 100 West 67th Street, makes men's shirts in women's sizes (small and medium) and has, for your consideration and some young lady's subsequent delight, a large assortment of printed cotton shirtings, some dressy and some sporty; $8.

Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (56th), has an enchanting woollen robe in Santa Claus red, with a strip of bright appliquéd flowers running all around its portrait neckline and around the bottom of its floor-length skirt. It may not be what a lady would wear for entertaining the Snowdons, but on Christmas afternoon her own immediate relatives will think that Mommy never looked prettier; $120. And early in the morning of that same day any feminine member of the family would be delighted to slip into a short quilted calico robe from Altman's that is collarless and is trimmed with golden grosgrain around the neck, down the front, at the cuffs, and around the hem, thus combining warmth with a dash of Special Occasion glitter. It's $13, and quilted calico boots to match are $4. At J. J. Prince, there's a terrific tent-shaped gown in striped seersucker, which offers practically no warmth but is certain to evoke cheers. The material is elegant—vertical stripes of gray, white, and a muted red—and, by some wizardry involving bias-cut panels, the gown clings to the wearer through the bodice but then billows extravagantly on its gentle way to the floor; $30.

NOW a word or two about children's clothes, just in the nick of time. (In these last pre-holiday weeks, the supply of children's Christmas-party wear disappears as fast as the *pfeffernuesse* at a children's Christmas party.) Our report, organized geographically, starts way downtown, where the shopping hours are casual, frequently starting around noon. At the shop of Jean Otter, 19 Christopher Street (near Sixth Avenue), there is a little girl's party dress that is at once beautiful and original. Rich blue velveteen composes a simple, round-necked, A-line garment, with sleeves that metamorphose,

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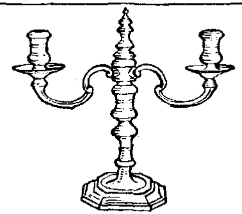

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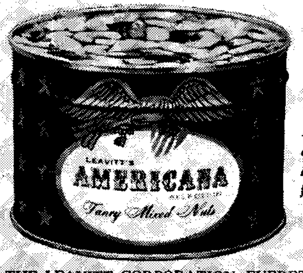

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near the elbow, into big puffs of Persian-printed cotton. The sizes and prices are 1 to 3, $14.95; 4 to 6x, $16.95; 7 to 10, $18.95. Not far north, at 1 Charles Street (near Greenwich Avenue), in a shop called Teeny Weeny, is a charming smocked dress, with three-quarter sleeves, that is made of drip-dry cotton—in a calico pattern mainly of blue. The sizes start at toddler 1 and go up to child 5; the prices start at $8 and go up to $10.

A big jump (but a short taxi ride) up to Altman's. For a little girl (4 to 6x) who wants an at-home costume, the plushy red cotton velours pullover ($6) combined with navy-blue wool-knit tapered trousers ($10) may be just the ticket. For a little girl or a little boy who wants a sweater, there's a handsome beige pullover, hand-knitted in Switzerland, that has a brown, beige, and rust band, reminiscent of the traditional Shetland Fair Isle design, across the chest (sizes 4 to 6x, and $22). On to De Pinna, where one finds a girl's party dress in a simple smock shape and made of simple pale-blue chambray with simple white cotton collar and cuffs. All this simplicity is relieved by a sprightly little appliquéd girl in a green dress and with a perky red bow in her long blond hair, who is riding a bike just above the hemline; $11, in sizes 3 to 10. It's not easy, as you may know, to find a classic sailor suit for a boy. If your young man wears anything between size 2 and size 5, look no farther; De Pinna has one, from France. The fabric is cotton twill and the navy collar and cuffs of the white middy match the button-on shorts; $30.

Over at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), there's a small boy's (sizes 1 to 5) blue broadcloth party outfit that approaches the irresistible. The bib is crossbarred with thin white braid, and behind these bars sit a zooful of appliquéd white piqué animals. A white cotton broadcloth blouse completes the costume; $23. A party dress at the same shop—eyelet-embroidered white cotton—introduces the grownup-party-dress concept of sleevelessness to young ladies in the toddlers-through-size-12 class. It has a turnover collar, and a green ivy vine (appliqué) climbs up its left side from hem to shoulder; $35 to $45. There's a beautiful velveteen party coat, the same green as the ivy, to go over it; $40 to $45. Here, too—not for parties but for fun, and for a child of either sex—you can pick up a pair of green woollen mittens embroidered to look like black-eyed, red-jawed alligators; $5.75.

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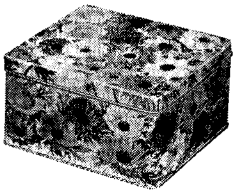

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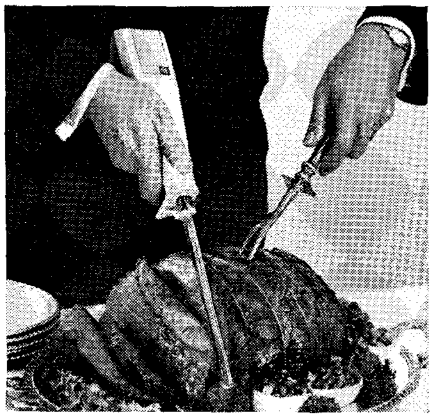

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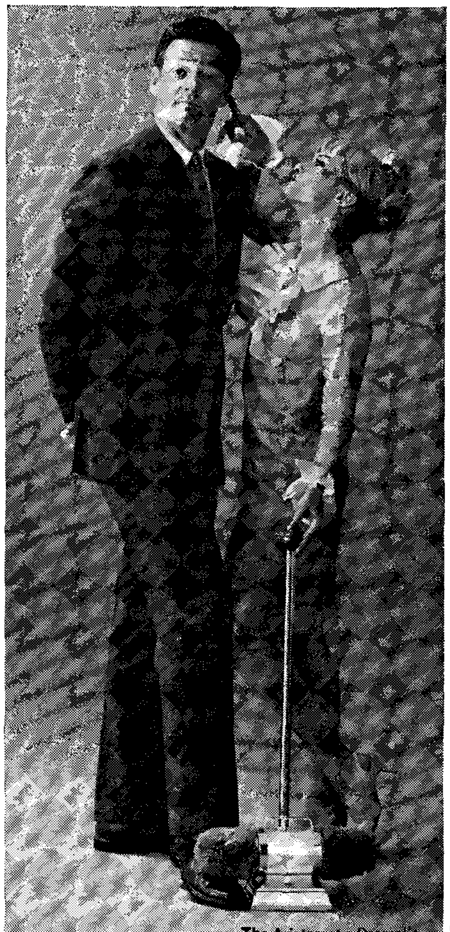

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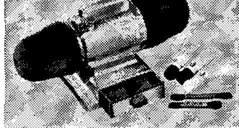

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time set for a little girl. It's a long nightgown of batiste scattered with pink rosebuds, which has a pink ribbon to be tied at its neck, together with a long pink velveteen robe. Both the nightgown ($7) and the robe ($18) are liberally garnished with white lace, and the sizes are toddler 2, 3, and 4.

The rain side of a little girl's reversible coat at Henri Bendel is natural cotton twill; the shine side is beige rayon with brown polka dots. A matching reversible babushka comes with it, for $12 (4 to 6x) or $13 (7 to 14). A polka-dotted umbrella is $5 more, and the Total Look, in any weather, is very fine. At the same shop, you can get a boy a sturdy turtleneck pullover (orlon knit) on which one big white embroidered initial is outlined in gold felt. The colors are red or navy; toddler sizes are $8, and sizes 4 to 6x are $9.

Over at F. A. O. Schwarz, we admired a sea-blue corduroy jumper dress (sizes 3 to 6x) that has a rampant red-and-yellow calico lion cub appliquéd on the front—though his tail curls all the way around to the back. Our admiration doubled when we turned the dress inside out, and found that it reverses to red-and-yellow calico; $14. A boy's wool-and-nylon pullover splashes Christmas red and Christmas green in an Argyle pattern all over its front; $14 in sizes 4 to 12. And don't miss Schwarz's knitted wool cap (red or blue) with a pair of Eskimos knitted across the front. These poor wretches have to share a fur suit between them—one is wearing the jacket and the other the trousers—but the fur, be that as it may, is genuine hair seal; $6.

Up at British Tweeds, Ltd., 727 Madison Avenue (64th), there's a most attractive Fair Isle tam-and-mittens set, knitted in the Shetland Islands by ponies for deserving children who wear sizes 2 to 6. The price is $7.95. The Arlette Baby Boutique, 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), has glorious wool-knit sets of crew-necked sweaters, jaunty caps, and dashing mufflers for young gentlemen, sizes 2 to 6; $34. And a bottle-green wool cardigan that is thin enough to go under a girl's winter coat after Christmas but warm enough to replace a spring coat after Easter is bound with grosgrain and has a detachable small round white piqué collar embroidered with two ladybugs. The lower left-hand corner of the sweater itself features two more, for a total of four ladybugs; sizes 2 to 6, $20.

A young lady whose Christmas-vacation schedule includes lunch at Schrafft's followed by a matinée would

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be perfectly turned out in a knitted suit that comes from Glad Rags, 1007 Madison Avenue (78th). Its skirt is permanently pleated, and its round-collared jacket closes with silver buttons and is bound with red (if the suit is blue) or gray (if it's green); sizes 3 to 12; prices $16.95 to $19.95. And there's a topnotch single-breasted duffel coat here that fits both boys and girls easily but without looking sloppy. The outside is water-repellent wool (red, camel, loden, or blue), there's a hood with a drawstring, and the lining is plaid wool. Toddler sizes to 6x; prices $19.95 to $22.95.

At Prissy Miss & Perky Mister, 1138 Madison Avenue (84th), you will find a highly appropriate present for a very young child of either sex. It's a jump suit with feet. The stretch fabric accommodates all the wearer's experimental motions—creeping, crawling, pulling the cloth off the tea table, and the rest. A plain white cotton-knit shirt completes the ensemble; $5. A partygoing young man will thank you (or his father will have to speak to him) for a handsome navy-blue knit-wool outfit at the same shop: short pants and a short-sleeved shirt with narrow red piping encircling the crew neck. The sizes are toddler 2 to regular 6, and the price is $14.50. In case you would like to have him escort his sister to the party, you can buy a girl's party dress in the same knit and the same combination of colors but in a design that is slightly more elaborate, or feminine; $16.

All these fancy clothes need some protection—an apron, maybe. Well, we've found some pinafores, the first so lovely that perhaps it needs a pinafore to protect it. It's of a silky white combed cotton that serves as a picture gallery for beguiling hand paintings of puppies or colts or barnyard friends; sizes 1 to 4, and $10 and $12, at Crossroads of Sport, 5 East 47th Street. At the Lighthouse Craft shop, 111 East 59th Street, there's a cheerful terry-cloth pinafore that is prepared for heavy duty. It's printed with red-and-blue or yellow-and-orange flowerpots and piped to match, and costs $2.50 in a size that embraces 3 and 4. Wilburt, Inc., 194 Third Avenue (18th), has good-looking handmade child-covers for nearly every occasion: a red-and-navy striped sailcloth smock for easel painting ($4.50), a big blue sailcloth bib apron for finger painting ($4), and a blue sailcloth bib for eating ($2). And the legs of some Swedish wooden sailors, kings, and snowmen, who give the impression of leaping through the

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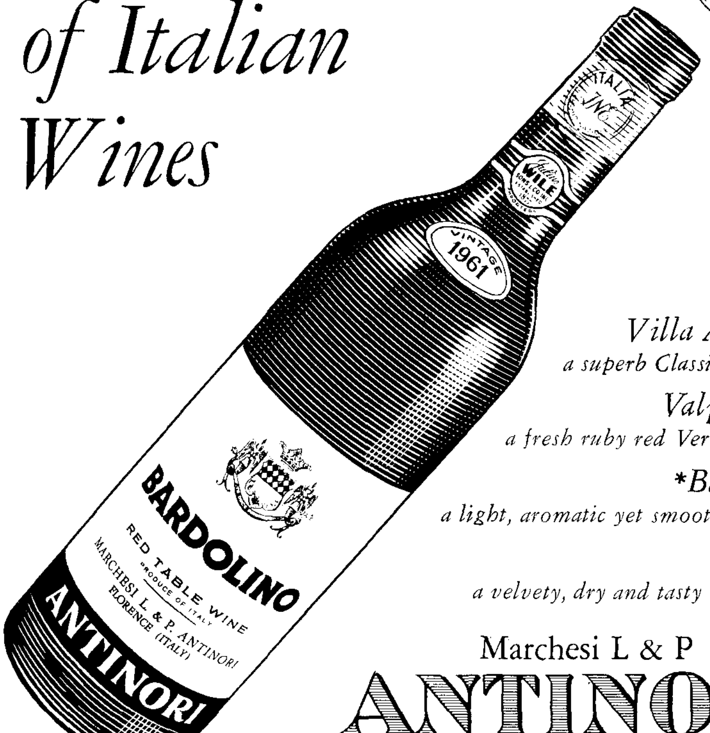

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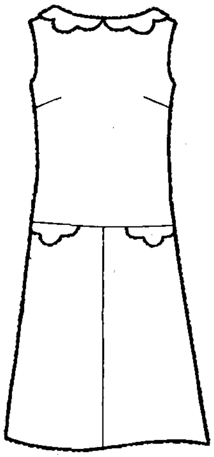

the artless

LADYBUG® has a particular aptitude for the throw-away line . . . the unobtrusive little somethings, slow but devastating in effect. They seem to be not so much clothes as a sort of natural expression of your mind, like a smile. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About $25.

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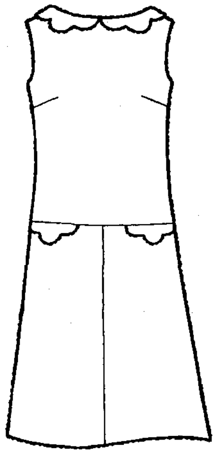

grace of snowflakes

This might be called a frock. It has that feeling of frivolous simplicity. Snow white wool, very soft woven, very lightly shaped. A little this-and-that at the collar and the low waistline. Wear it ingenuously, with stars in your eyes. 5 to 15. At nicer stores. About $25.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

air, constitute the business end of child-size clothes hangers; $1.50 each.

THREE last thoughts before we part: Kauffman, 139 East 24th Street, makes fine Western saddles for riders aged ten or younger; $45. Paul Secon, 7 East 53rd Street, has a rocking swan, made of bamboo and rattan, that a two-year-old could manage, and that would make a good prop for home productions of "Lohengrin;" $44. And at the Pink Balloon, 971 First Avenue (53rd), there's a fine plastic-lined blue felt tote bag, about a foot square—big enough for a book, a roller skate, and a ham sandwich—with sturdy felt handles and with an owl (for Wisdom) appliquéd on the outside and holding a real lead pencil; $3.

That's all for now. Next week: More gifts for women.

•

WINFIELD, KAN.—Another new fad has developed at Southwestern college. First, it was black cats and the "Jaunt of the Jinx." Now it's "Quack the Quakers" week.

In an effort to stir up interest in the Southwestern-Friends university basketball game here Saturday night, the Southwestern student council is giving a prize to the social club that yells the loudest, longest and best at the game. Also eligible for the prize is the freshman pep club.

During the week, special "pep" tags are being given to all who agree to support the team. Also, students will vote for the basketball player who has the cutest knees and he will be crowned King Wee Knee at the dance to be held in the team's honor following the game.

The freshmen girls will compete in a basketball free throw contest Thursday to decide who wins the honor of crowning King Wee Knee.

A special dinner honoring the team will be held Friday night and a snake dance through the dorms is scheduled prior to the game Saturday.

Southwestern at the moment is in the midst of a bad losing streak and the student council hopes its efforts will help give the team new life.—*Press release from Southwestern College.*

If they don't, we don't know what will.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

A task force of more than 200 decorators, electricians, carpenters, painters and metal workers is occupied these days in refurbishing 17 Shubert theaters on Broadway and out of town.

The planner of these theater improvements is Lawrence Shubert Lawrence Jr., manager of the Shubert empire.

"I feel that the theater should be a more dignified place," Mr. Lawrence said. "Even if theatergoers don't see a good show, they should at least have pleasurable surroundings."

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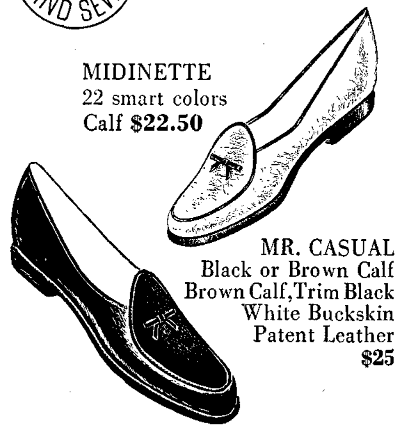

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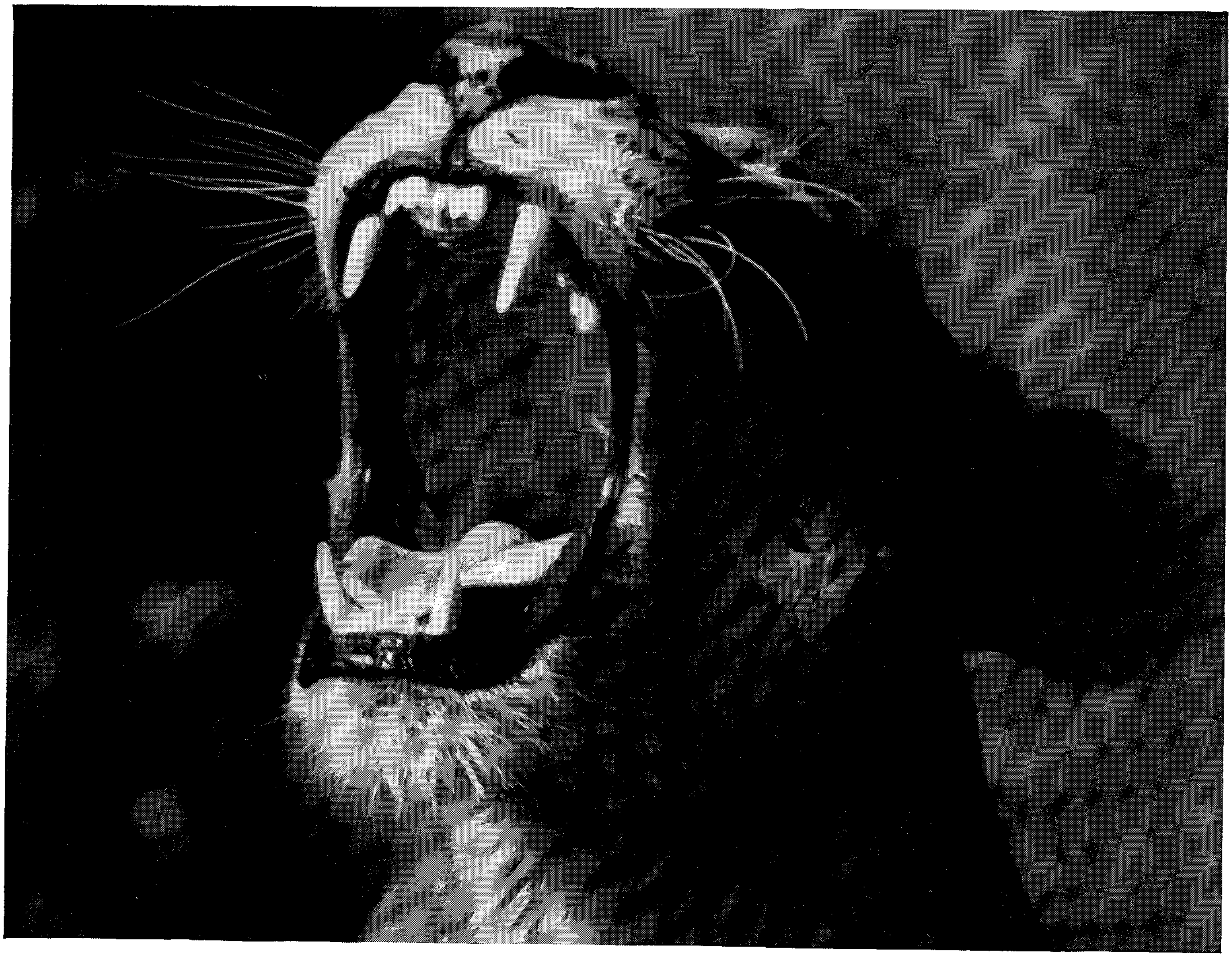

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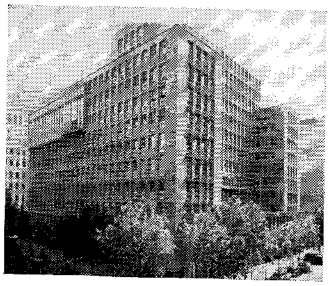

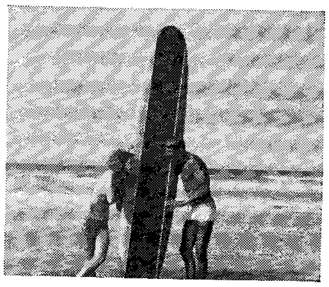

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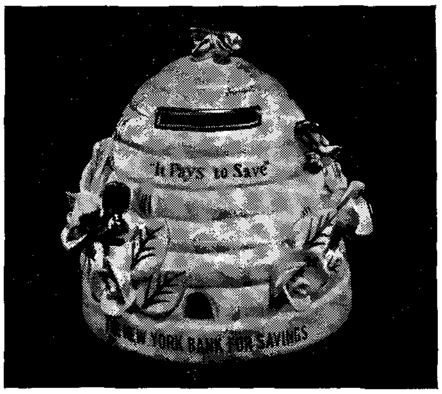

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FIRST SNOW

LESTER PRITCHARD stood at the picture window, looking out at the first snow of the year. In the distance, as it swirled among the trees, it looked almost like smoke, but closer up he could see the patterns of the flakes as they touched the glass, adhered, then melted. By morning, he knew, the glass would be covered with snow, because by morning the heat would be off in the house and he would be gone. I always liked the first snow, he thought, turning toward the brassbound teakwood bar. It used to be exciting and glamorous and all those words that inadequately describe the feeling that touches some hidden spring of memory and makes you glow with nostalgia and well-being. He mixed himself a drink, stared briefly at the oily curls the whiskey made as it sank through the ice, and then put the glass to his lips and drained it in one swallow. "So much for nostalgia and well-being," he said to himself, and refilled the glass.

Seated in his leather chair, Pritchard looked once more out the window and tried to organize his thoughts. $E=mc^2$, he told himself, but that isn't going to be much help to me now. A rolling stone gathers no moss, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. Stirring words, certainly, but where do they get me? In the larger framework of things, just what do they mean? Pritchard, you're an idiot. You're *hiding* behind other men's thoughts so as not to have to think for yourself. Settle down now, and take a firm grip on things. By this time tomorrow, you'll have had to make a decision, so you might as well try to think it out in advance. No point rushing blindly into things, or going off half cocked, or leaping before you— Stop it!

The decision should be an easy one, as easy as life or death itself. Either you do or you don't; it's as simple as that. To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of— Well, say what you like, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune is one hell of a good phrase. Slings and arrows, indeed. Rocks and bricks and custard pies. The custard pies of outrageous fortune. He turned the phrase over on his tongue and decided he liked it. At least it's my own, he thought. At least I came up with *something* original for a change. He saw that

the village store

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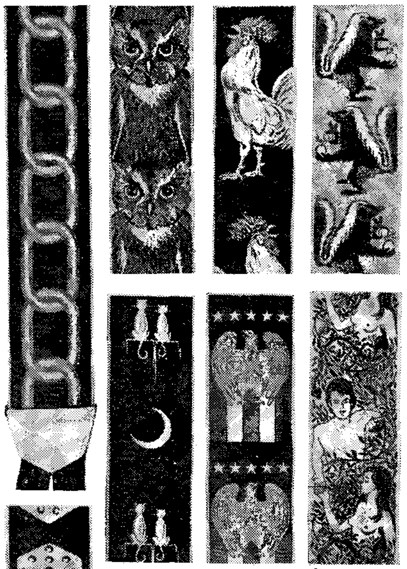
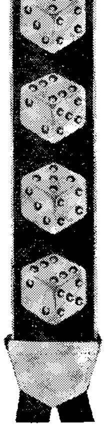
his glass was empty, and he rose and refilled it.

Now let's be serious, he told himself as he settled back in his chair. Look at this thing from all angles and sum up the over-all picture. Finalize the decision and, after that, act. The man of action gets the worm. Good, but not quite good enough. Not as good as the custard pies of outrageous fortune, not by a long shot. Where was I, now? Oh, yes, the decision.

Why is it I'm always having to make decisions? Why am I the one who has to take the bull by the horns, when all the time it's Doris who has the final say? "It's up to you, dear," she says, and then goes ahead and does what she wants, and pretends that I was the one who called the tune. Just for once, I'd like to make a decision on my own, and make it one that Doris wouldn't like. Just for once, I'd like to be able to think clearly, and not find myself wallowing in a morass of platitudes at a time when my thinking should be the clearest. What's a decision that Doris wouldn't like? What's something that would raise her hackles and show her who wears the pants around here? She's a two-timing bitch, and I've known it for years, and it's about time the worm turned. If I'm ever going to stand on my own two feet— I know what I'll do. I'll call her and tell her I'm *not* going to meet her as planned. I'm going hunting in Canada with Fred McGuire. If she wants me, she'll have to come to the snowy wastes of Canada, where men are men and none but the brave deserves the fair, and she'll have to bring her own dog team, because Fred and I will be travelling light. He travels the fastest who travels alone, and that goes for a lot of things I could think of. When I think of the sneaky little lies she's told me, the petty little fabric of untruths, the tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive—maybe I'm being too nice to call her. Maybe I should just pack up, bag and baggage, and walk out, and let her *guess* why I didn't go to Teaneck, or St. Petersburg, or far on the ringing plains of windy Troy, or wherever the hell it is we're supposed to meet. I don't know why it took me so long to make this decision, because it's crystal-clear, now that I look at it in the cold light of day. There's nothing like a little snow to bring out the cold light of day.

He looked at the snow and felt subdued. Am I being fair, he thought. I vowed to look at this thing from all angles and not go off half cocked. Do I *know* that she's been lying to me?





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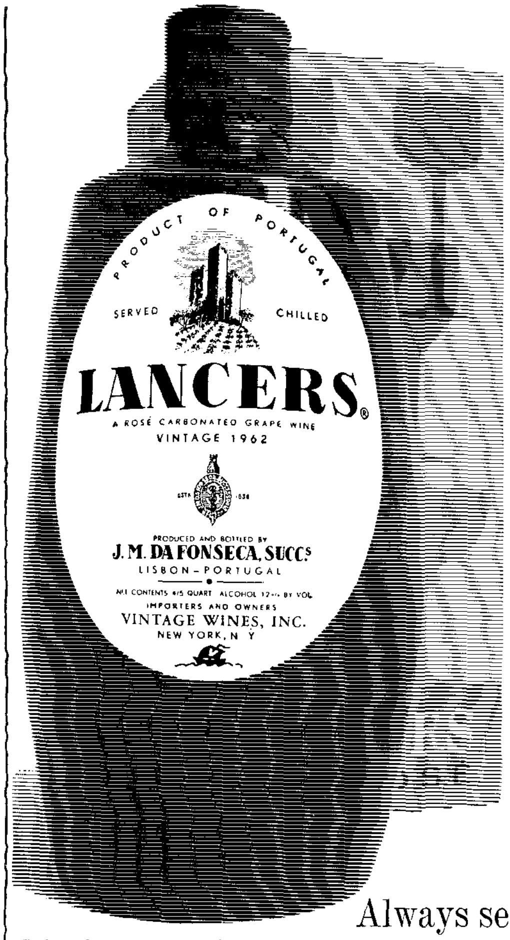
Suspicion is one thing, but suspicion isn't proof, and a man must be presumed innocent until proved guilty, and what goes for a man should also go for a woman. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and, speaking of sauce, I don't suppose *I've* been the most stimulating companion this last little while. I'm not as pure as the driven snow by any means, and I don't know who I am to cast the first stone when it comes to telling lies. Maybe I'm being too harsh; maybe I should go with Fred but say I'll be back in a week or so, and that'll give us time to clear the air and get our bearings. That's it. That's the sensible way to look at it—don't change horses in midstream. Cross the Rubicon. First I suppose I should call Fred and see if he can go with me. There's no point counting my chickens until they're hatched.

PRITCHARD put his empty glass where he thought the table was, but the table wasn't there and the glass dropped to the carpet with a thud. Ignoring it, he rose and went to the telephone and called Fred McGuire's office. Pritchard found that his words didn't come out quite right when he asked for McGuire, but he understood when the girl replied that McGuire was out of town for a few days and couldn't be reached. Well, there goes that, Pritchard thought as he hung up the phone. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea anyway. Maybe I ought to meet Doris as planned and thrash this whole thing out in a civilized way. I'll call her and find out what the plane connections are. He rummaged through the papers by the telephone until he found a slip with her number on it, and he put through the long-distance call and looked out at the swirling snow as he waited. The trees were almost obscured now, and



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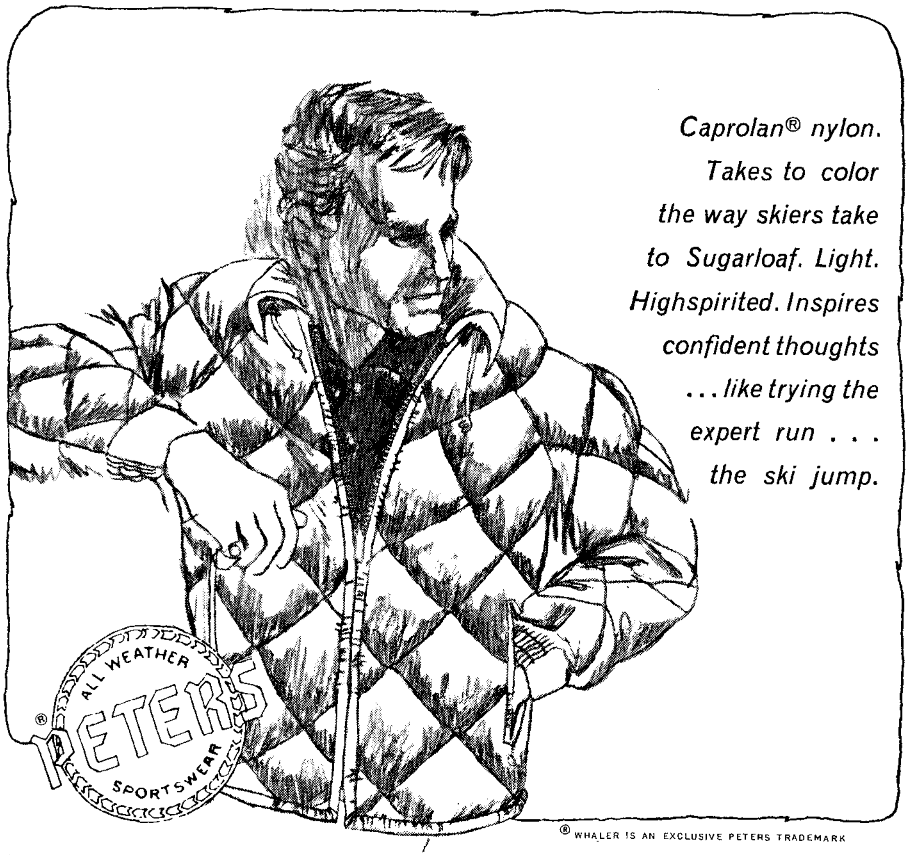

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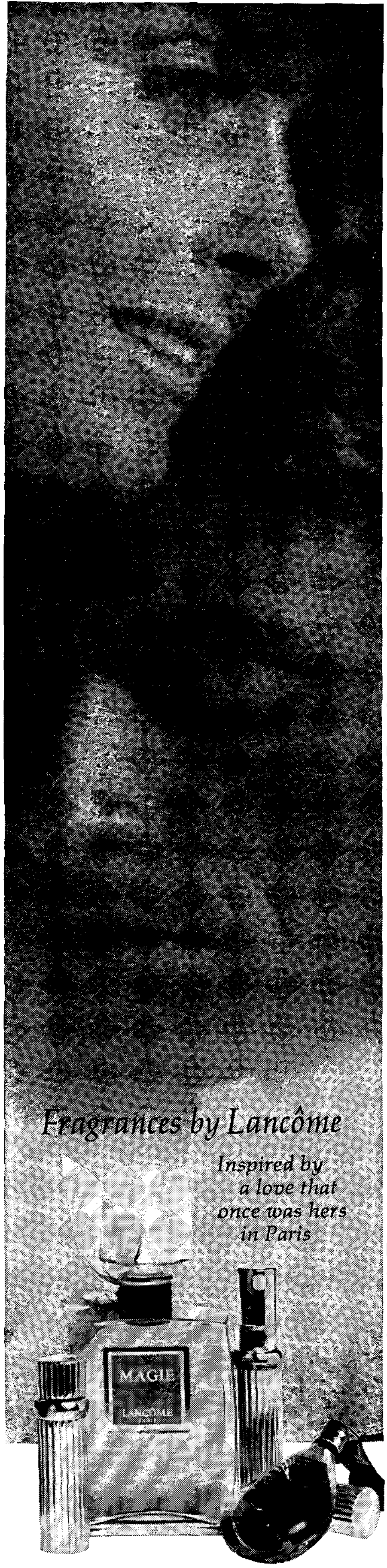
PHOTO/WILL ROUSSEAU



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the ground was lumpy where the snow covered the dead leaves. Finally, an operator answered, and, speaking as distinctly as he could, he said, "Mrs. Pritchard, please. Room 804."

"I'm sorry, sir," the operator replied. "Mrs. Pritchard has left for a few days." For some reason, her voice sounded like McGuire's operator, and her phraseology was almost the same.

"Left?" said Pritchard incredulously. "This is her husband calling. Do you know where she is?"

"I'm sorry, sir. She didn't leave an address."

There was a pause, and then Pritchard said, "Did she leave a message?"

"Just a minute, sir," said the operator, and in a moment she added, "Yes. She said if you called to tell you not to put a candle in the window. She said you'd know what that meant."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

DEAR NEIGHBOR:

There are only a few people we would write to about this ... the people who hold dear the Cyrus McCormick Ravine.

We are privately offering for sale the only remaining homesite,—the beauty of which is almost unbelievable. Visualize for a moment, a densely wooded acre on a bluff overlooking a sparkling brook, flowing happily into the lake. Place this at the junction of a second ravine, with the Douglas Stuart Estate on the far side and Walden Lane Bridge on the near side. Down below, a walk to the water through a verdant forest ... past a pool and waterfalls ... with towering Bluffs Edge Bridge above, and the beach ahead.

We consider this the most extraordinary property in our portfolio. Overall, it is 1.44 acres and the architectural potential is unlimited. Edith Rockefeller's private Equestrian Path borders the site and majestic pines embrace it. It is a jeweled setting for a most discriminating buyer. Considerately priced and available only to one of your friends.—*Letter from a Lake Forest (Ill.) realtor.*

You ever seen them?

•

A BUSY DAY FOR JOHN LOUIS PERRY

[*From the Kitchener-Waterloo (Ont.) Record*]

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Francis, 20 Raitar Ave., announce the engagement of their daughter, Barbara Ann, to John Louis Perry, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Romelus Perry, Pembroke. The wedding will take place Oct. 23 at 11:30 o'clock at St. Anne's RC Church, East Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Bareham, 355 Southill Drive, announce the engagement of their daughter, Barbara Ann, to John Louis Perry, 465 Nyberg Ave., son of Mr. and Mrs. Romelus Perry, Pembroke, Ont. The wedding will take place Oct. 23 at 11:30 o'clock at St. Anne's RC Church, East Avenue.

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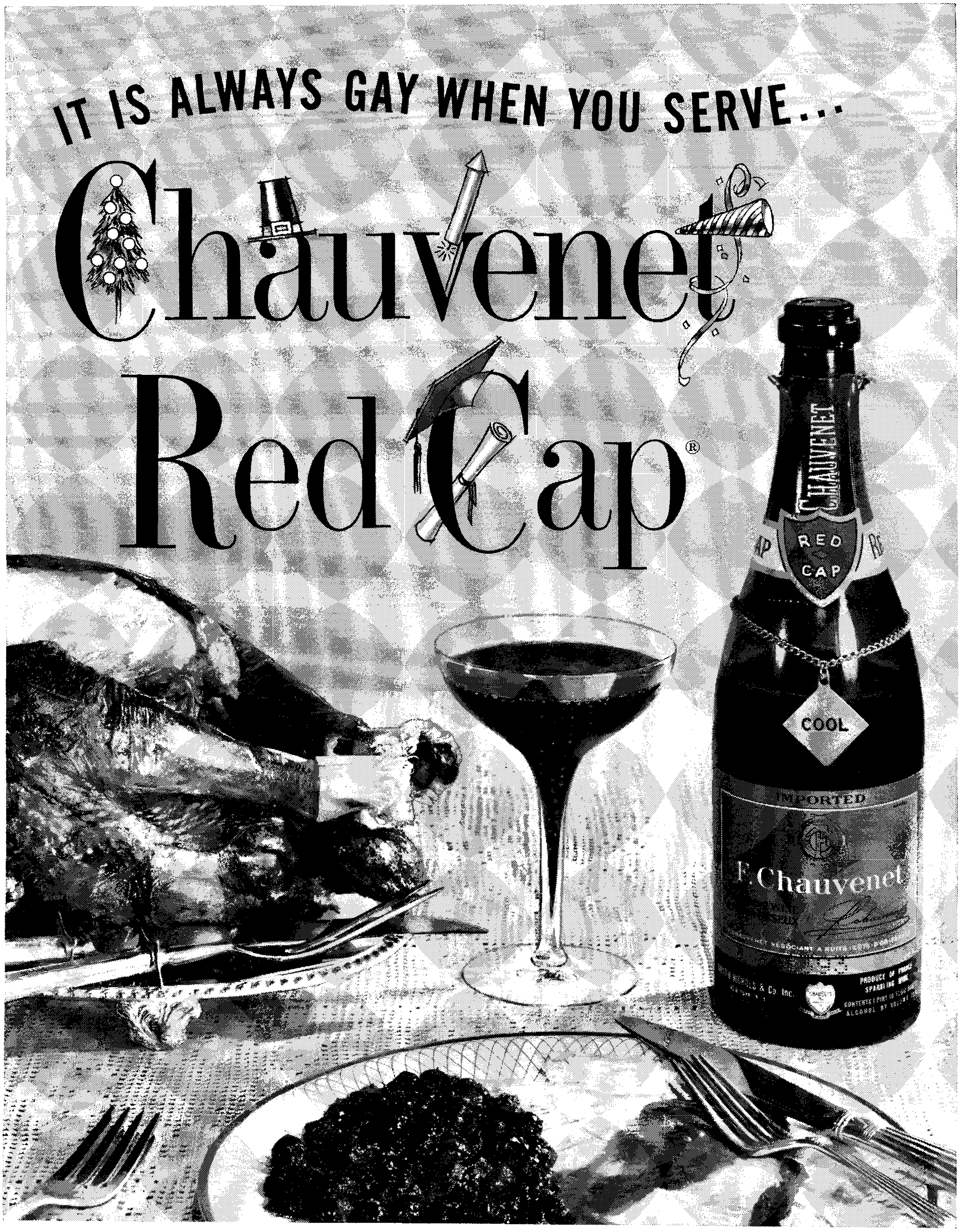
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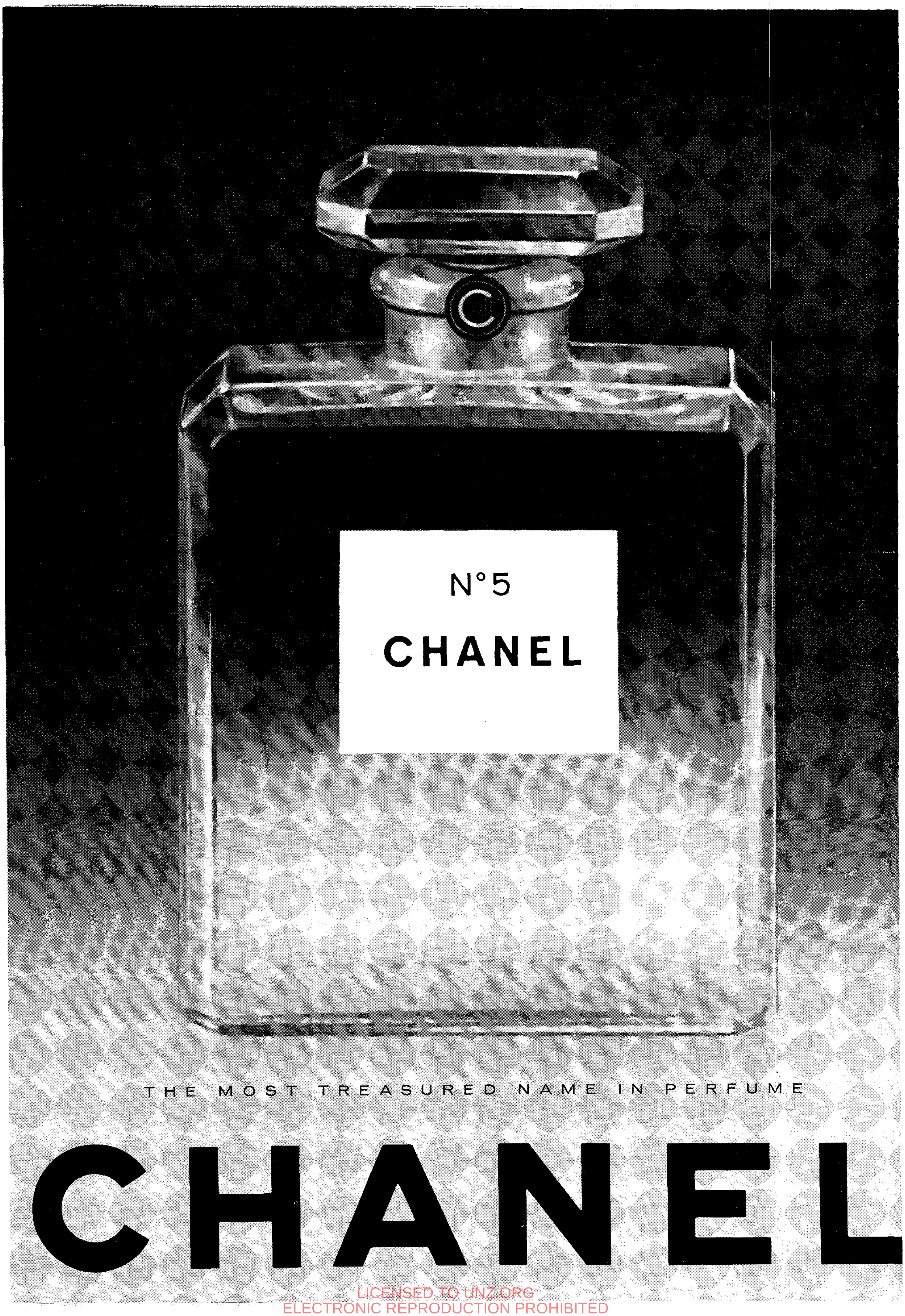
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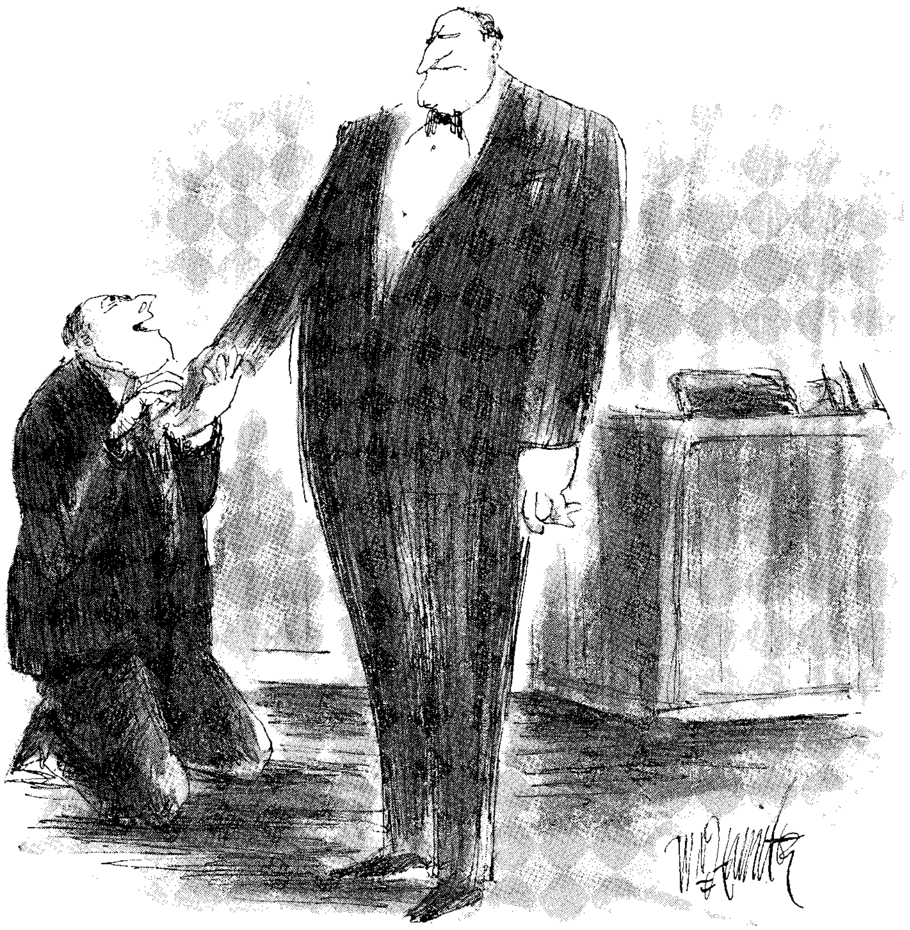
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 13

THE Johnson administration faces a series of matured or ripening crises whose number and severity are unprecedented in its experience. The most appalling of these at the moment is the threat to peace and stability created by the Rhodesian government's assumption of independence. There is no disposition here to dispute the British view that the danger of a large-scale African war is real and present, as has never before been the case. The disturbances in the Congo were not as nakedly racial as a war over Rhodesian independence would be; a conflict between Africans and white settlers who have cut themselves loose from the seat of empire would be racial and nothing else. Meanwhile, the war in Vietnam seems to be taking a disheartening turn. From the point of view of American commanders in the field, the course of the fighting there may be quite satisfactory, but from the point of view of a Commander-in-Chief who hoped that a display of American power and determination would hasten a negotiated settlement the outlook is about as bleak as it has ever been. Thus far, our display seems only to have hastened a matching one from North Vietnam, which appears as willing as we are to commit its regular troops to battle. Hanoi's evident unwillingness to negotiate at this stage seems at times to be no greater than Saigon's. A day or two ago, and a few days after President Johnson, in Texas, renewed his offer of "unconditional" negotiations, Premier Ky, en route to South Korea for a state visit, said to the press, "If we want to achieve a general victory—unification—then we must begin to annihilate all the capabilities of the Communists both north and south of the Seventeenth Parallel." More than a few of our allies are thinking along lines different from ours. The President will shortly be taking up some differences with Chancellor Erhard, and before the winter is out there will have to be some kind of confrontation with the French. Meanwhile, one of the oldest enterprises of American diplomacy—keeping Communist China out of the United Nations—seems within measurable distance of failure. The only hope of forestalling its admission within the next year or two now lies not in Washington or New York but in Peking, which is showing, or at least pretending, a lack of interest in membership. The glum view of State Department experts is that this is really a pretense, made merely for purposes of bargaining.

The Rhodesian crisis confronts American diplomacy with a challenge it is powerless to meet with any weapons more formidable than moralizing rhetoric. Ambassador Goldberg has told the Security Council that the United States will henceforth sell no arms to Rhodesia, that we will purchase none of its sugar next year, and that we will advise our tourists against travel within its borders. He was somewhat in the position of a pauper threatening a merchant with withdrawal of patronage. Less than five per cent of Rhodesia's trade is with this country, and if any American, with the possible exception of the governor of Alabama, has any political influence in Salisbury, the fact is unknown to authorities here. This government, of course, had no choice but to follow the lead of the British, and the British, it is generally agreed, had no choice but to impose sanctions of their own and to appeal for similar action by the rest of the members of the United Nations. But no one nowadays has much confidence in the efficacy of sanctions, even when, as has hardly ever happened, they are broadly and scrupulously applied. Economies and political structures far weaker than Rhodesia's have almost always managed to survive them. In general, sanctions work their greatest hardship upon individuals and social classes that have little or no influence over their governments. And if Rhodesia were to prove an exception—which is said to be possible, because its economy, though reasonably strong, is so thoroughly integrated with that of the United Kingdom and other Commonwealth countries—the price of success might well be disaster in other African nations, particularly those small and newly independent ones near Rhodesia that rely on trade with it for their own survival. It would, to be sure, be within the power of this country and of Britain to subsidize for a considerable period of time the economies of such near neighbors as Zambia and Malawi if they joined the boycott and incurred reprisals from Rhodesia. What seems most likely, though, is that the smaller African countries (few of which have cut off trade with the Union of South Africa) will decline to risk destruction by participating in or helping to enforce an economic boycott but will instead nurse their grievances and try to goad the great powers—particularly the English-speaking ones—into imposing mili-



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tary sanctions. Their fear for their own survival may tend somewhat to diminish the likelihood of war. But the basic danger, it is felt here, is not that of a war planned and declared by African nation-states but that of violence originating within Rhodesia itself, as a consequence of repression and despair, and inflaming the racial passions of black and white supremacists in South Africa and Angola and the vast territories to the north.

If sanctions fail and the white Rhodesians hold on to the power they have seized, the United States, though its responsibility for the situation is as negligible as its power to change it, will be made to share accountability with the British. For we have been trumpeting self-determination as the fundamental principle of our foreign policy for many decades now, and we have used it as our battle cry in wars in some remote corners of the earth, places in which our vital interests—by the customary economic, political, and military definitions—were no more involved than they are in Rhodesia. But we have never gone, and in all probability never will go, to war for self-determination where, as in Rhodesia, it is divorced from questions of ideology and global strategy, and is, indeed, the only important issue involved. There is a sound but rarely acknowledged reason for this: a commitment to fight for self-determination everywhere and at all times would, if honored, involve us in unending military combat on several continents, and even, conceivably, within our own boundaries. The selective application of the principle is no doubt prudent, but we have talked as though we had undertaken and were determined to fulfill a universal mission, and thus we face situations in which we can do nothing but talk and, in talking, expose our pretensions.

IN the early spring, shortly after the first American bombing raids over North Vietnam, administration officials who were willing to speculate privately on the course of the war were fairly confident that negotiations of some sort would be going on by now. They did not expect that the raids themselves, which at that time were mainly directed at transportation routes, would compel Hanoi to sue for peace. They predicted, correctly, an intensification of the ground war in the summer, and they gave it as their informed opinion that sometime in September or October, if American power could produce a stalemate, there would be some indication from the Vietcong or Hanoi that would lead to setting up the bargaining tables. Behind this prediction were two

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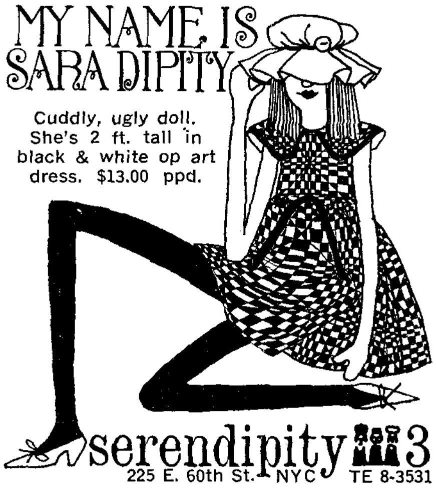

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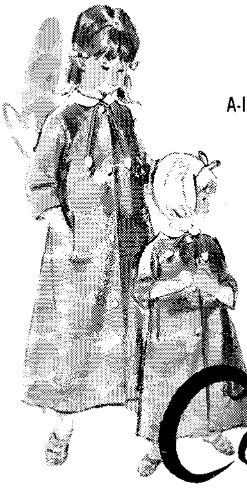

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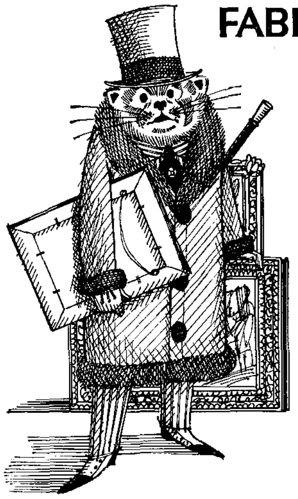
main assumptions. The first was that a stalemate in the summer of 1965 would demonstrate to the adversaries and to all interested parties that the Vietcong could never hope to achieve a military victory. The second was that the Soviet Union attached high importance to bringing the war to an end and would use its influence to bring about a settlement. As far as is known, both assumptions were essentially valid. They have not, however, sustained the conclusion drawn from them. Toward the end of the summer, there was a flurry of talk here about some exploratory meetings between Americans and agents of the Vietcong taking place in Algeria. Such meetings may in fact have taken place, but nothing came of them, and September and October went by without anyone here getting the awaited "signal." September, though, did bring new forecasts from some administration strategists. American power, they pointed out, had produced a bit more than just a stalemate. It had produced some victories in the field and—more important than that—the evidence that it was capable of being effectively deployed against an enemy like the Vietcong. Up to then, there had been large doubts about this, even among proud and generally self-satisfied military men. In view of this new knowledge, it was said, and in view of the magnitude of our power, a new possibility was coming into existence—that we could actually *win* the war in South Vietnam. People who had earlier insisted that no military solution was attainable began saying that it looked very much as if there could be an outright victory for American arms—provided, of course, that we were willing to pour them in in sufficient quantities. Some went as far as to say that it could all be over by the turn of the year or not long thereafter.

Now, in November, talk of this kind is no longer heard. No one challenges the fact that American troops and equipment have shown their adaptability in the field, but no one is saying that he expects either force or reason to prevail at any early date, for it has become clear that even if we crushed the regular and irregular forces we are accustomed to thinking of as the Vietcong, the war could go on indefinitely. The infiltration of North Vietnamese regulars, which we advanced as the justification for our reprisals from the air last spring, appears to have increased to the point where it is no longer reasonable to argue over whether or not North Vietnam can be described as a belligerent power. It is committing units



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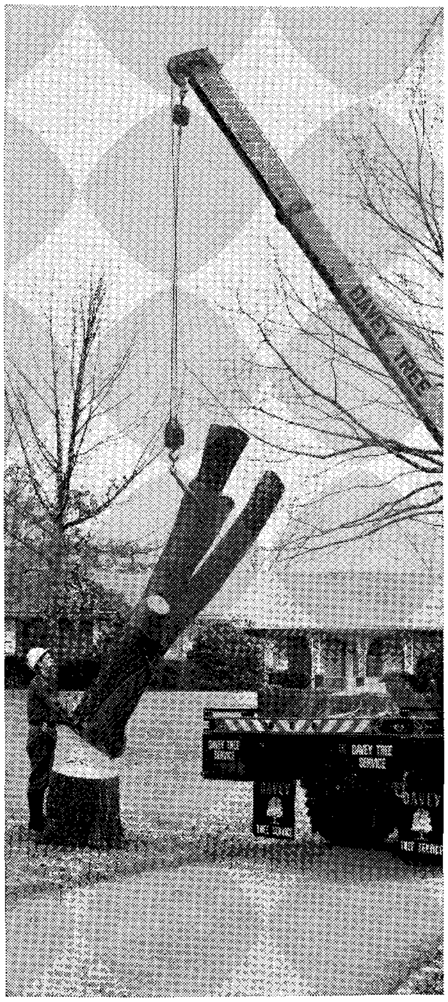

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of its own army wherever they are needed, and although it is always possible that there are limits to how far it will go in spending its own strength, and that those who predicted early negotiations were off in their estimates only by a matter of months, the working assumption of most people here now is that North Vietnam is prepared to join us in enlarging the war for perhaps a matter of years—perhaps, as Senator Stennis, of Mississippi, estimated on the basis of evidence gathered in Saigon by members of his Preparedness Subcommittee staff, for a decade. For most members of the government, this puts the whole affair in a new and melancholy light. No one has ever suggested that there was any particular correlation between the value of our commitment in Vietnam and the length of time required to carry it out; we are there to fulfill obligations freely undertaken by this government a decade ago, and there is a general feeling that the importance of the commitment is clearer today than it was a few months ago. The American presence in Asia, so powerfully symbolized by our presence in Vietnam, was a large factor, it is felt, in bringing the recent India-Pakistan war to an early end, in discouraging China from intervening, and in the Indonesian break with China. If we had abandoned South Vietnam last spring, say, it would have been read as a withdrawal from Asia and a lack of concern with its problems and its conflicts, and would have left us with no leverage, or very little, in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, or anywhere else. Still, time must be a factor in all diplomatic and political calculations, and a war of a decade is necessarily a very different thing from a war of several months, or even of two or three years. The opinion polls now show the country quite solidly united behind the government, and the support may increase for some time to come. But there are two kinds of dissent that are also bound to grow—the dissent of those who feel, and feel passionately, that the war is unjust and criminal, and the dissent of those who feel that the government should pursue the war with everything it has in its arsenal of destruction. The second kind of dissent is probably more widespread than the first, and is almost certainly more dangerous. In a long war, dissatisfaction of both kinds will be destructive of the unity that now exists. A long war, moreover, would be a standing threat to all other aims of government policy, foreign and domestic. A long war, nev-

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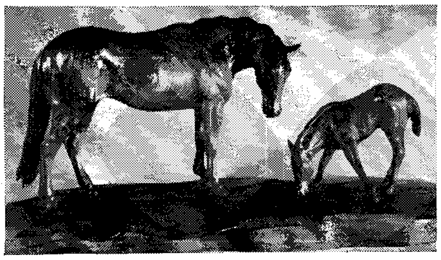

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ertheless, is what most people here currently expect.

WHEN the mayor-elect of New York City announced his candidacy last May, the immediate reaction in the White House was that it was very much in the administration's interest to bring about his defeat. It was assumed then that John Lindsay hoped to run for President on the Republican ticket, and that if he managed to get the nomination he would be an attractive and effective candidate—the very kind, in other words, that the President likes to eliminate as soon as possible. Although it seemed most unlikely that the party that nominated Barry Goldwater in 1964 could bring itself to nominate Lindsay four years later, it was obvious that the unlikely would become the impossible if the Democratic Party got rid of him right away. At that time, of course, it was expected that Mayor Wagner would seek another term. From the President's point of view, this provided one more reason for making every effort to hang on to City Hall, whose loss to the Republicans would deliver the state Democratic Party to Senator Kennedy. The White House was disappointed by Wagner's withdrawal, and although it did not openly intervene in the struggle for succession, it was disappointed by Paul Screvane's defeat in the primary election. It was distinctly unimpressed by Abraham Beame's record and by his primary campaign. It is doubtful, however, whether the President would have been any more active on behalf of either Wagner or Screvane than he was on behalf of Beame, whom he neglected to endorse until three days before the election. (Actually, he never did "endorse" his party's candidate. He authorized his press secretary to say that if he, the President, lived in New York he would vote the Democratic ticket. At a press conference in Austin, Bill D. Moyers was asked five or six times in succession if the word "endorsement" was appropriate in describing the statement the President had made. Moyers several times declined to answer the question, and then, after a brief telephone call to an unidentified person, said that the statement did allow of such an interpretation.) There are times when the President's distaste for local partisan politics seems fully as great as General Eisenhower's. He is particularly uneasy about municipal politics in the North—and particularly unenthusiastic about becoming closely identified with

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candidates who stand a chance of losing.

In any case, there is reason now to believe that he was more pleased than otherwise by the outcome in New York. For one thing, Lindsay, long before the election, had disengaged himself from national Republican politics. He is bound to be in City Hall in 1968. The President permitted the Vice-President to campaign for the Democratic ticket and to argue that its leaders would have an entrée to the administration—meaning the Treasury—that Lindsay would lack. In all likelihood, though, Lindsay will find that he has advantages that Beame could never have enjoyed. With Lindsay, the President will have opportunities to play "consensus" politics in a splendid setting. A Democratic mayor would have had nothing at all to offer the President. A non-Democratic mayor of Lindsay's sort can offer him a great deal. Lindsay has built up a large following among people of a kind who stand uneasily and uncertainly on the fringes of the Johnsonian consensus—the young, the intellectuals, the civic reformers. Their opinion of Johnson would not be improved by any amount of coöperation he might have given Beame in dealing with New York's problems. There is at least a chance of his improving his credit with them if he comes to the aid of Lindsay's administration. The risks of close and spirited collaboration would be more on Lindsay's side than on the President's—Presidents are not blamed for the failures of urban governments, especially those run by opponents of the President's party. There is no reason, however, to think that the President is not as eager as the mayor-elect himself for the Lindsay administration to succeed. He is deeply persuaded that there are no domestic problems more desperate and more in need of early solution than those of the large cities. What he mainly wants from posterity is its gratitude for the role he expects to play in the cities' rebirth. Lindsay's victory gives him an opportunity to play the role with an imaginative and energetic partner in the country's largest city—and to play it with a political magnanimity that some of his critics have said is beyond him. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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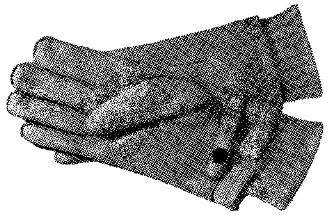

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FOOTBALL

Method Acting

ARMY introduced most of us to something new last Saturday by importing Wyoming, a rugged individualist—big, brusque, rapid, capable of outrunning and outthrowing Army by a margin of a hundred and thirty-three yards and of collecting three Army fumbles, and also capable of being held scoreless for the first time in eight years and of losing, 13–0. Wyoming, which has only to beat Arizona State to be top of the heap in its own conference, will long remember the day at West Point. Army, whose offense has been reduced to the status of paper-thin tiger, fell back once again on the old—or, rather, the new—Army game: a good defense is the best offense. In the second quarter, Army laid a restraining hand on the throwing arm of the best of the two excellent Wyoming quarterbacks, the ball popped into the air, and the Army man who snaffled it ran forty-two yards for a touchdown. Army kicked off, and on fourth down the Wyoming punter, seemingly paralyzed by the sight of mighty Sam Champi bearing down upon him (and why not?), simply stood still until much too late. It was now Army's ball, and Cook, a second later, threw the first Army pass of the day for another touchdown. The whole sequence—touchdown to touchdown—used up exactly two minutes and twenty-four seconds, and that was that.

There was a variation in the Princeton method, which prefers to season its young men for a couple of years before putting them in positions of power, and which likewise, by the way, believes (and proves) that a good defense is the best, etc. The variation involved moving Peters, in training for his 1966 assignment as reigning quarterback, into the job of 1965 reigning quarterback, *vice* Bedell, who, fallen in battle against Harvard the week before, had to be left behind in Boston. (Landeck, Princeton's prize package this fall, was in the same fashion kept in training for two seasons until the likes of Iacavazzi and McKay had graduated.) But all went well. A spirited Yale offense, principally Barrows and Groninger, held Princeton off for a while; then Princeton's defensive methodology got to work, with a deceiving quick kick by Berkley that went to the Yale three-yard line. Three Princeton touchdowns

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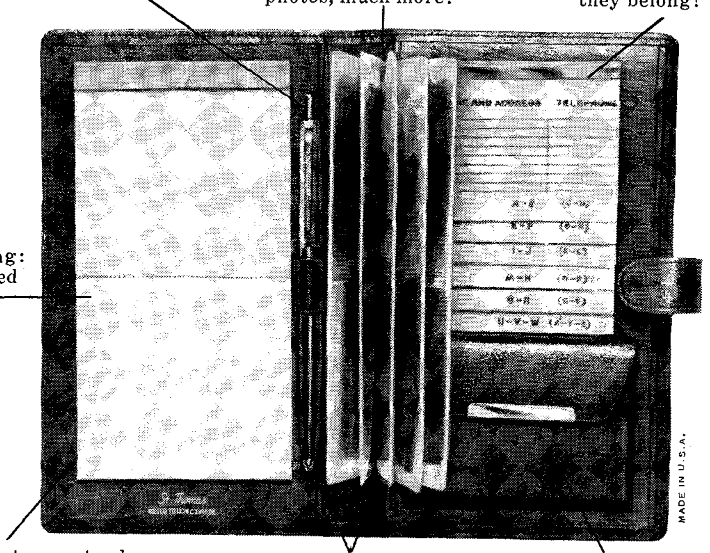

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followed, the last two only forty-four seconds apart. Thenceforward, the main matters of interest were whether Humphrey, of Yale, would ever throw another valid pass (it was hard to say whether he or the Princeton line was his worst enemy) and whether Gogolak, of Princeton, would set any more records. Humphrey did, and Gogolak did—his field goal and his four points after touchdown not only set records but made the count Princeton 31, Yale 6. The Yale 6 was another part of the Princeton method: Put in a bunch of the new boys after the game is bagged, and let them work out under fire.

The best game in the East, though, was, say those few who managed to get to State College and back in one weekend, the match there between Penn State and Navy—Penn State 14, Navy 6. Those few say, too, that it was hard to tell whether Navy or the Penn State line was Navy's worst enemy, Navy suffering from penalties, fumbles, and a delay in calling for a time-out when, at the very last moment, it appeared to have Penn State by the throat; the chance to throw two more passes (and Navy's passes, thrown by Bickel and Cartwright, were going well) was thus wasted. For Penn State's White and Curry and McNaughton, those few have one little three-letter word: Awe. Their two words for Army, which meets Navy a weekend from now, are: Watch Out.

The decline and fall of Columbia and the rising and shining of Pennsylvania continued—Pennsylvania (coming up fast from behind) 31, Columbia 21. The annual match between Cornell and Pennsylvania, which (it is pleasant to report) is to be played on Thanksgiving this year, as it was in the Good Old Days, could really amount to something, as it did in the Good Old Days. Cornell, which has power to burn (it seems to just burn it), continued its erratic course by losing, 20–0, to Dartmouth, which has also been known to pursue an erratic course this fall, though not long enough for anyone to catch up with it. The catching up, if there is to be one at all, will be at Princeton this Saturday. Everybody be there! —J. W. L.

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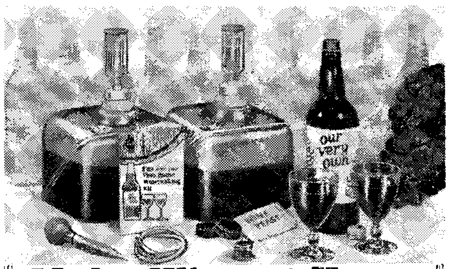

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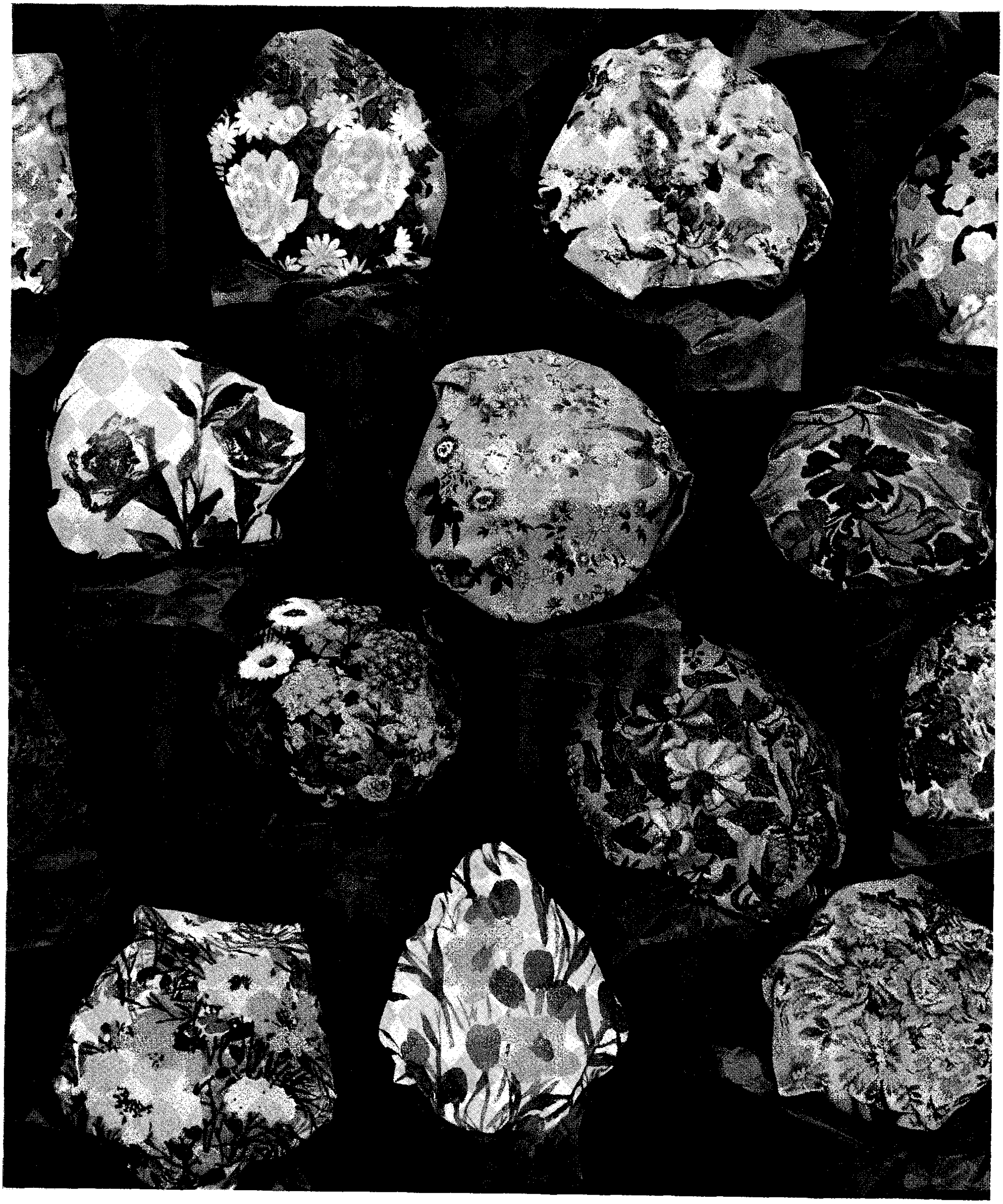

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH TECHNOLOGY

IN early January, 1855, the U.S.S. Vincennes, an eighteen-gun sloop of war under Commander John Rodgers, USN, dropped anchor in the southern bay of Tanegashima Island, twenty miles south of Kyushu, in Japan. The Vincennes was the flagship of the newly created United States Surveying Expedition to the North Pacific Ocean and was beginning a six-month survey of Japanese coastal waters. Her arrival was one of the first results of the celebrated "opening of Japan" by Commodore Perry in 1854.

Sometime on January 9th, Commander Rodgers led an armed party ashore on Tanegashima to buy provisions. He was not well equipped for bartering, having no knowledge of Japanese and no interpreter—nothing, in fact, but an English-Chinese dictionary. Nevertheless, he did get his wood and water, bargaining for them in sign language. He also got a good look at native life. The thing that impressed him most about the islanders was their almost complete ignorance of ordinary nineteenth-century weapons. "These people seemed scarcely to know the use of firearms," he noted in his report to the Secretary of the Navy. "It strikes an American, who from his childhood has seen children shoot, that ignorance of arms is an anomaly indicative of primitive innocence and Arcadian simplicity."

In writing his report, Commander Rodgers showed himself to be almost as Arcadianly simple as the Tanegashimans themselves. They were innocent about guns, all right, but it was an acquired innocence, not a primitive one. The ancestors of those islanders not only had used guns but had been the first in Japan to do so, and during the mid-sixteenth century guns were known all over Japan as *tanegashima*. (Later, the standard name became *teppo*.) By the time of Commander Rodgers' visit, the Japanese had moved from swords to guns and back to swords again. They had learned to cast cannon of a respectable size, and had then nearly (but not quite) unlearned the art. Even today, the whole complicated story is not fully known, but one fact is certain: The Japanese were keen users of firearms for about a hundred years, and then turned back to swords and bows. Few scholars agree completely on what made them do it, or on how, after having gone so far with guns, they were able to retrace their steps. Contemporary accounts are scarce.

GIVING UP THE GUN

The story begins clearly enough, however. It starts within a mile or two of where the Vincennes anchored in 1855. The year was 1543, and a Chinese cargo ship—maybe half the size of the Vincennes—had come into the harbor. Its name, if it ever had one, has been lost. Concerning the hundred men on board, though, much survives. Most of them were Chinese trader-pirates of a type common at the time. One, however, was an educated Chinese sailor named Goho, and three were Portuguese adventurers, also of a type common at the time. Portugal had had a colony in India since 1510, and Portuguese men and ships were beginning to appear all over the Far East. The three Portuguese citizens on board this Chinese ship were the first Europeans known to have reached Japan. Two of them had harquebuses and ammunition with them, and at the moment when Lord Tokitaka, the feudal master of Tanegashima, saw one of them take aim and shoot a duck, the gun enters Japanese history. Using Goho as an interpreter, Lord Tokitaka immediately made arrangements to take shooting lessons; within a month he had bought both Portuguese guns. He is supposed to have paid a thousand taels in gold for each of them—a sum difficult to translate accurately into modern terms. But it was a lot of money. Seventy years later, you could buy a good harquebus in Japan for three taels, and sixty years after that six taels a month was still regarded as fair wages for a workingman.

The same day that Tokitaka bought the guns, he ordered his chief swordsmith, a man named Yatsuita Kinbei, to start making copies of them. There is a sad story that Yatsuita, unable to get the spring mechanism in the breech quite right, gave his daughter to the captain of a Portuguese ship that arrived

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some months later in return for lessons in gunsmithing from the ship's armorer. Whether that is true or not, it is certain that within a year Yatsuita had made his first ten guns, and that within a decade swordsmiths all over Japan were making the new weapons in quantity. An order for five hundred *tanegashima* put in by a certain lord named Oda Nobunaga in 1549 is still on record. By 1560, their use in large battles had begun (a general in full armor died of a bullet wound in that year), and fifteen years after that they were the decisive weapon in one of the great battles of Japanese history.

All this represents what would now be called a technological breakthrough. As present-day Japanese writers like to point out, the Arabs, the Indians, and the Chinese all gave firearms a try well ahead of the Japanese, but only the Japanese mastered the manufacturing process and really made the weapon their own. There were good reasons for Japan's special success. The country was a soldierly one to begin with. Furthermore, at the moment when firearms arrived it happened to be in the middle of a century-long power struggle; the Japanese name for the period from 1490 to 1600 is Sengoku Jidai, or Age of the Country at War. Several dozen major feudal lords were vying to get military control of the country, make a puppet of the shogun (the emperor was already the shogun's puppet), and rule. Naturally, such men were interested in new weapons, and in anything else that would give them an advantage. Equally important, Japan had already reached a high level of technology. Her copper and steel were probably better, and were certainly cheaper, than any being produced in Europe at the time. For two hundred years, Japan had been the world's leading exporter of arms. In 1483, an ordinary year, thirty-seven thousand swords were shipped to China alone. A hundred and four years later, a visiting Italian merchant named Francesco Carletti noted a brisk export trade in "weapons of all kinds, both offensive and defensive, of which this country has, I suppose, a more abundant supply than any other country in the world." Even as late as 1614, when things were about to change, a single trading vessel from the small port of Hirado sailed to Siam with the following principal items of cargo: fifteen suits of export armor at four and a half taels the suit, eighteen daggers at half a tael each, twenty-eight daggers at a fifth of a tael, ten guns at four taels, ten guns at three taels, and fifteen guns at two and a

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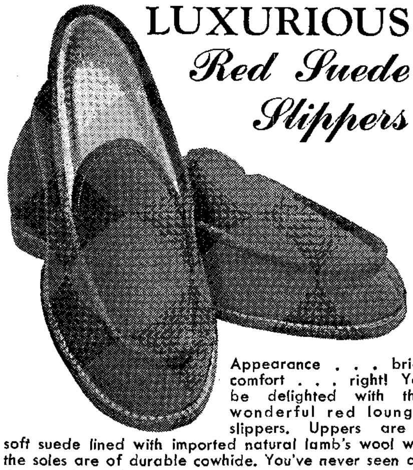

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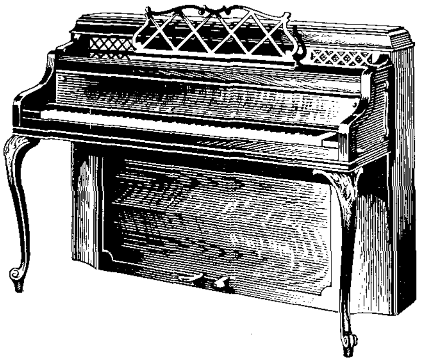
half taels. Finally, Age of the Country at War or not, Japan was in booming good health. During the sixteenth century, it had a larger population than any Western nation—twenty-five million people, compared to sixteen million in France, seven million in Spain, five million in England, and maybe a million in what is now the United States. Agriculture was flourishing. So was the building industry. So were schools. The arts were thriving. Indeed, Father Organtino Gnecchi, a Jesuit missionary stationed in Japan in the late sixteenth century, thought that the general level of culture (religion excepted) was higher than back home in Italy. Don Rodrigo Vivero y Velasco, the retiring Spanish governor of the Philippines, came to much the same conclusion after a visit in 1610. This is not the conclusion that Spaniards came to in, for example, Peru.

Even in so receptive an environment, of course, firearms naturally did not take over all at once. On the contrary, there was an enormous overlap with existing weapons, and there was plenty of skepticism about guns' having any real military value at all. Those five hundred guns ordered by Lord Oda Nobunaga in 1549, for example, represented arms for only a tiny proportion of his troops, and even ten years later he seems to have regarded firearms as a sort of military gimmick. "Weapons of war have changed from age to age," he is supposed to have said at a conference with his followers. "In ancient times, bows and arrows were the fashion, then swords and spears came into use, and recently guns have become all the rage. These weapons all have their advantages, but I intend to make the spear the weapon on which to rely in battle." Then he opened a debate on the question of long spears vs. short spears.

Lord Oda's skepticism reflected partly the mere newness of firearms in 1559 and partly their primitive nature. The Portuguese harquebus, or the Japanese *teppo*, or the English matchlock, was a very slow-firing weapon; not only did you have to load it from the muzzle but it took a set of complex motions to arrange the priming. According to one sixteenth-century estimate, an archer could shoot two dozen arrows while a matchlockman was loading once. The light bullet that early models carried did damage only up to eighty or a hundred yards, and even inside that range it was likely to bounce off well-made armor. Furthermore, a matchlock would not work in the rain. (Europeans encountered this



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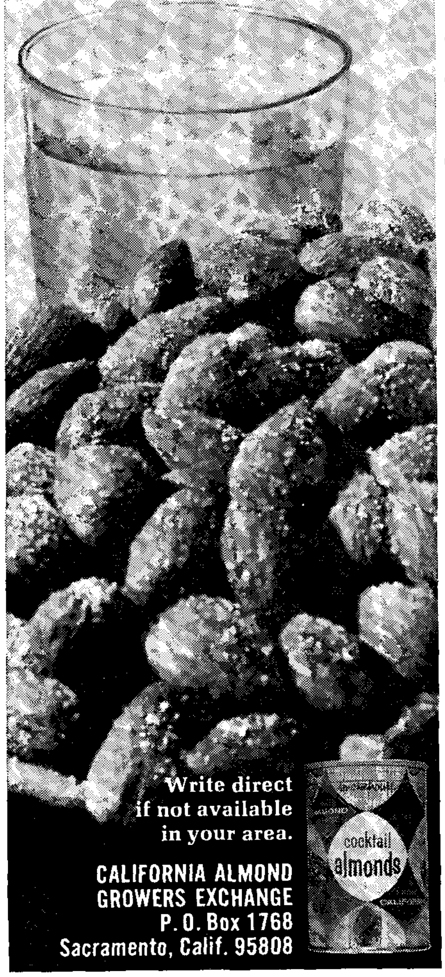

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difficulty, too. On one memorable occasion during the civil wars in France—at La Roche-L'Abeille on June 25, 1567, eight years after Lord Oda's debate—a brisk rain set in just as two groups of matchlockmen were about to shoot it out. They were reduced to clubbing each other over the head with their wet guns, like so many boys with baseball bats. Japan is a very rainy country.) But there were solutions to all these problems, and Japanese generals found them—in some cases sooner than European generals. They developed a serial firing technique to speed up the flow of bullets, they increased the calibre of the guns to improve each bullet's effectiveness, and they made waterproof lacquered cases to carry the matchlocks and gunpowder in. A couple of years after the skirmish at La Roche-L'Abeille, they had come far enough so that Lord Oda's principal opponent, a nobleman named Takeda Shingen, could issue a new order to his retainers. "Hereafter, guns will be the most important arms," he said. "Therefore, decrease the number of spears [per unit], and have your most capable men carry guns." One proof of Takeda's rightness about the growing importance of guns was that he himself died of a bullet wound in 1573. But much more important as proof was the Battle of Nagashino, fought between Takeda's successor and Lord Oda in 1575. In this battle, Lord Oda, the former devotee of the spear, appeared with an army of thirty-eight thousand men, of whom ten thousand were matchlockmen. Of these, the three thousand best trained were the chief cause of his great victory. Lord Oda had them drawn up in three ranks behind breastworks. They were told to hold their fire until the last instant and then shoot, on command, in volleys of a thousand. Thus, the men in the first rank could be nearly reloaded, and those in the second rank reaching for their bullet pouches, before the third rank ever fired. It all worked out brilliantly. In fact, the plan was so successful that a Japanese lieutenant general writing in 1913 could say that in his opinion very little improvement in infantry tactics had been made since. At Nagashino, incidentally, both sides had a few pieces of light artillery. They were made in Japan, but by the Portuguese. A few months after the battle, the first two cannons made in Japan by Japanese were delivered to Lord Oda for test-firing at Gifu. They were two-pounders, about nine feet long.

It is worth taking a moment to compare Nagashino with European battles

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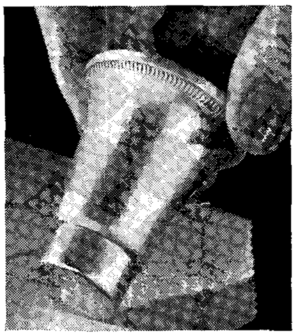

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of the time. In terms of weaponry, the Japanese would appear to have been substantially ahead. By comparison, the Battle of Glenlivet, in Scotland, looks distinctly medieval, even though it was fought twenty years later. In France, King Henry of Navarre's victory at Coutras, twelve years after Nagashino, seems a little primitive, despite the fact that more of the French gentry perished at Coutras than in any previous battle of the French civil war. There were a good many firearms at Coutras, including two cannons on Henry's side and about seven with the Duc de Joyeuse. But, keeping in mind Lord Oda's army, one finds it hard to be impressed by Henry's stratagem of putting a platoon of twenty-five harquebusiers between each squadron of his spear-bearing cavalry, or even by his three hundred men-at-arms with pistols. These, however, are generally reckoned to have won him the day. They are also supposed to account for the great disparity in casualties—fewer than two hundred men on Henry's side and twenty-seven hundred on the other. At Nagashino, sixteen thousand died.

DURING the half century after Lord Oda's victory, firearms were at their height in Japan; not to know how to use them was not to be a soldier. But, at the same time, the first resistance to firearms was also developing. It arose from the discovery that efficient weapons tend to overshadow the men who use them. Prior to Nagashino, the normal Japanese battle had consisted of a very large number of single combats and small melees; people paired off. Such a battle not only could produce almost as many heroic stories as there were participants but had a kind of morality, since each man's fate depended principally on his own ability and state of training. Equipment counted, too, of course. Defensive armor was considered especially important, and a well-made piece of it came in for a full share of praise. In an old description of a battle fought in 1562, there is one incident that reads remarkably like a modern advertisement. Late in the battle, a general named Ota Sukemasa, who had already been wounded twice, got into single combat with an enemy knight named Shimidzu. "His assailant, a man noted for his strength, threw down the now weary and wounded Ota, but tried in vain to cut off his head," the account runs. "At this, Ota, his eyes flashing with anger, cried out, 'Are you flurried, sir? My neck is protected

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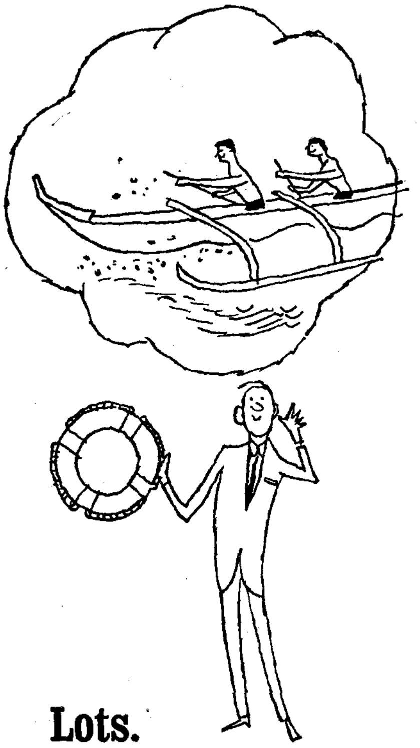

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by a NODOWA [a jointed iron throat-piece]. Remove this and take off my head.' Shimidzu replied with a bow, 'How kind of you to tell me! You die a noble death. You *have* my admiration!' But just as he was about to remove the NODOWA, two squires of Ota rushed up and, throwing down Shimidzu, enabled their master to decapitate his foe and retire safely from the field."

Incidents like this occurred very rarely in mass battles with matchlocks. A well-aimed volley of a thousand shots killed flurried soldiers and cool-headed ones without discrimination (and at a distance too great for conversation). Bravery was actually a disadvantage if you were charging against guns, while if you changed sides and became a matchlockman yourself, there was still not much chance for individual distinction. You were now simply one of the thousand in your rank, waiting behind your breastworks for orders to mow down the charging enemy. It didn't even take much skill to do this; skill had been moved back from the soldier to the manufacturer of his weapon, and up from the soldier to his commander. Partly for that reason, many of Lord Oda's matchlockmen were farmers and members of the yeoman class called *goshi*, or *ji-samurai*, rather than samurai proper. It was a shock to everyone to find out that a farmer with a gun could kill even the toughest samurai so readily. The result was that soon after Nagashino two conflicting attitudes toward guns began to appear. On the one hand, everyone recognized their superiority as long-range killing devices, and all the feudal lords ordered them in large numbers. On the other hand, no true soldier wanted to use them himself. Even Lord Oda avoided them as personal weapons. In the skirmish in which he died, in 1582, he is supposed to have fought with his great bow until the string broke, and then with a spear. The following year, during a battle in which something like two hundred ordinary soldiers were hit by artillery fire, the ten acknowledged heroes of the battle made their names with swords and spears. This attempted division of warfare into upper-class fighting with swords and lower-class fighting with guns did not, of course, work. The two methods kept colliding. The death of Lord Mori Nagayoshi, in 1584, is typical. Lord Mori, who was wearing full armor with a kind of white silk jupon over it, and who thus made an extremely conspicuous target, persisted in riding out in front of his

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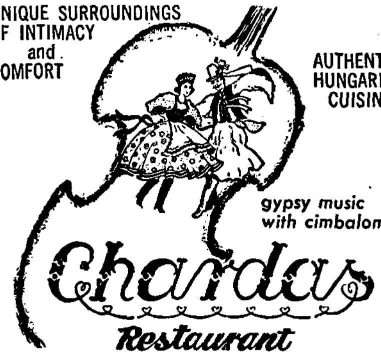

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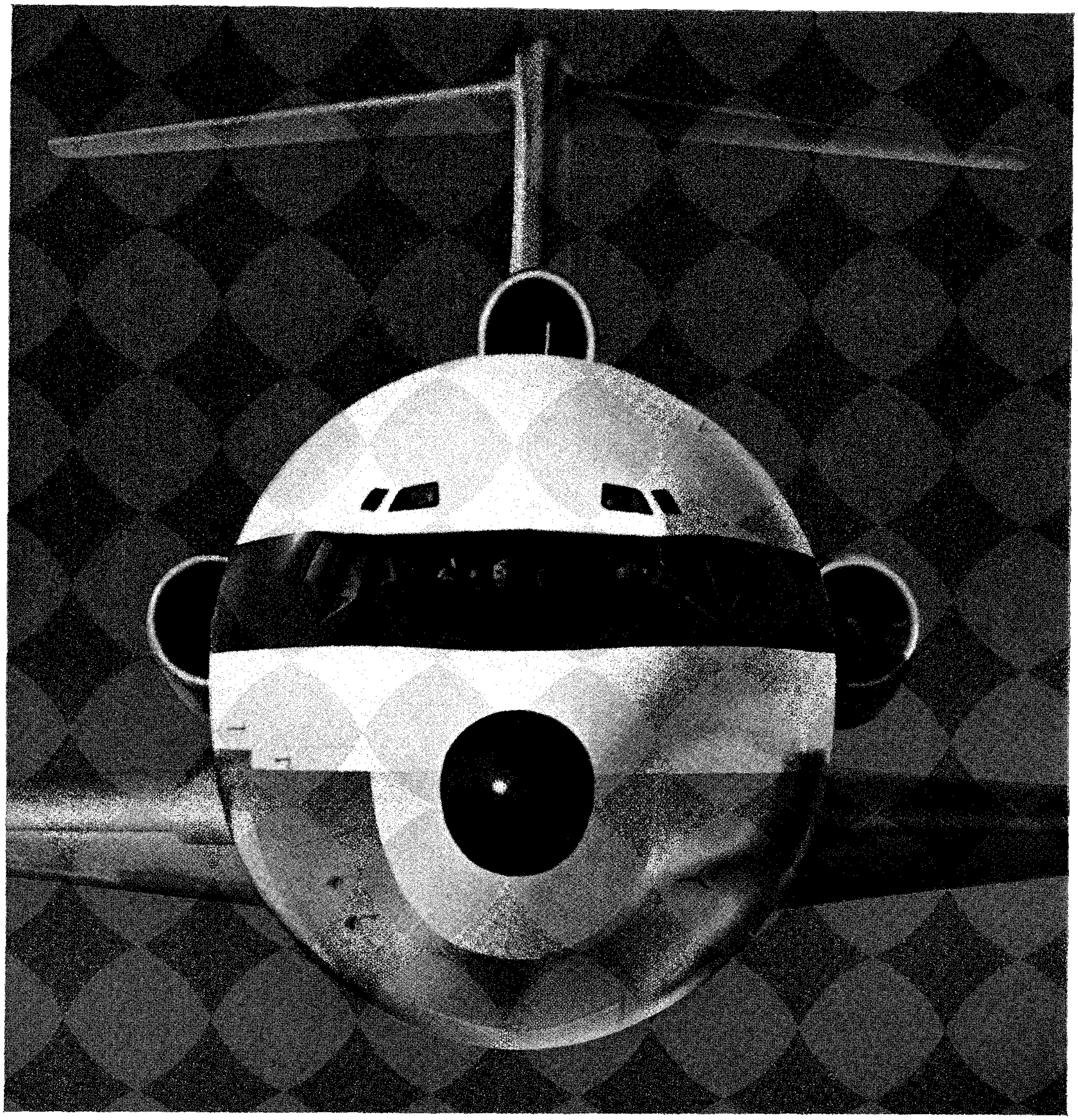

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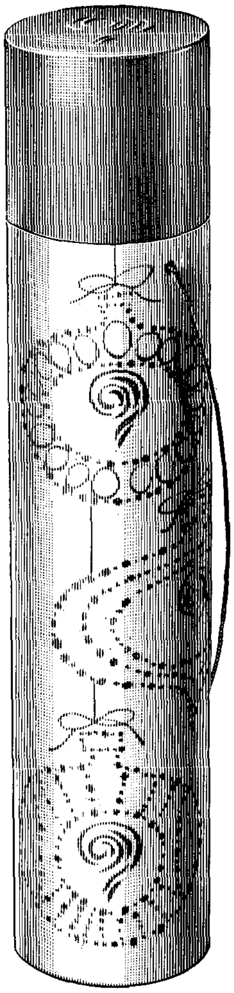
A couple of years later, Lord Hideyoshi, the regent of Japan at the time, took the first step toward the control of firearms. It was a very small step, and it was taken not simply to protect feudal lords from being shot by peasants but to get *all* weapons out of the hands of civilians. What Lord Hideyoshi did was characteristically Japanese. He said nothing about arms control. Instead, he announced that he was going to build a statue of Buddha that would make all existing statues look like midgets. It would be of wood, braced and bolted with iron. Many tons of iron would be needed, both for the statue and for its accompanying temple, which was to cover a piece of ground something over an eighth of a mile square. All farmers, *ji-samurai*, and monks—the Knights of Malta were practically pacifists compared to the Buddhist monks of the time—were invited to contribute their swords and guns to the cause. They were, in fact, required to do so. As a result, anyone visiting Kyoto in 1587 could have seen scores of blacksmiths busy hammering matchlocks into religious hardware. The Jesuit Annual Letter for that year reported rather bitterly that Lord Hideyoshi was "planning to possess himself of all the iron in Japan," and added, "He is cunning and crafty beyond belief. Now he is depriving the people of their arms under pretext of devotion to Religion."

No one was depriving the armies of *their* arms, of course, and the production of guns continued to rise for another twenty years. Lord Hideyoshi himself had a powerful need for them. He had a new plan, which was, briefly, to conquer Korea, China, and then the Philippines. China was his real target, but Korea came first, as offering the best invasion route. The Philippines were an afterthought, included chiefly because Hideyoshi had received a report that the small Spanish garrison would be a pushover. (The report was apparently correct. Most military historians agree that if Hideyoshi had reversed his order of attack, Manila would have been a Japanese city from 1592 on.) During a campaign as Napoleonic as this, one might have expected the efficiency of guns to triumph over the mere heroism of swords and spears. It almost did. The Japanese started off to Korea with mixed upper- and lower-class units, their weapons as ill-assorted as ever. The samurai, who were a major-



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ity in most detachments, carried their traditional two swords, plus at least one other weapon, usually either a spear or a bow. The rest of the soldiers carried guns. During the first few months, when the Japanese were advancing up Korea almost at will, this arrangement worked very well. But when the Chinese began to send whole armies of reinforcements to help the Koreans, the idea of guns for everybody began to look very attractive to the Japanese commanders. A couple of letters written home from Korea in the fifteen-nineties reveal their view rather clearly. One was written in 1592 by a provincial lord who had gone over with approximately fifteen hundred gunners, fifteen hundred archers, and three hundred spearmen. He wanted to change the ratio. "Please arrange to send us guns and ammunition," he wrote to his steward. "There is absolutely no need for spears." Seventeen years had passed since Nagashino, and it can hardly have been news to the steward that guns outperformed spears. The news was the change in his master's attitude. The other letter was written much later in the campaign, when the Japanese—rather like the Americans three hundred and fifty years later—had swept up to the Yalu River and then been driven well down again by the Chinese (who made up a quarter of the world's population then, too). A Japanese nobleman named Asano was holding Yol-San Castle against a very much larger force of Koreans and Chinese, and he wrote his father to arrange for replacements. "Have them bring as many guns as possible, for no other equipment is needed," he said. "Give strict orders that all the men, even the samurai, carry guns." In other words, the knightly retainers of the Asano family were to be dragged, kicking and screaming, into the late sixteenth century.

LEAVING out Hideyoshi's civilian-disarmament act, Japan seems at this moment—the winter of 1597—to have been much in the same position as any European country of the era, even to the view of its upper class. For the Japanese were by no means alone in feeling that progress in weapons (a) meant better killing and (b) diminished human stature. In France, Blaise de Montluc and the Chevalier Bayard despised firearms as much as any samurai did. But France went on to the Minié ball, while fifty years after Lord Asano's time the matchlock was again rare in Japan. "Cannon and firearms

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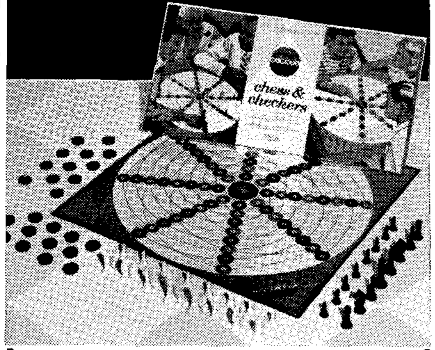

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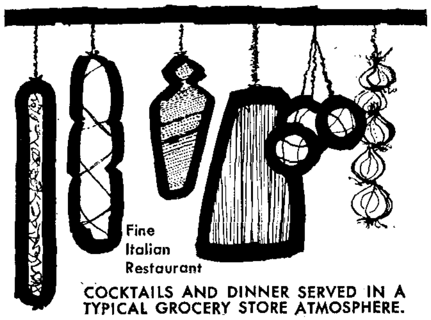

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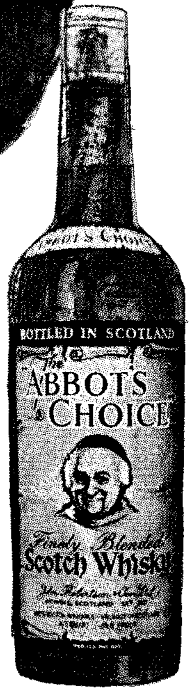
are cruel and damnable machines; I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the Devil," said Martin Luther. But Germany moved ahead to become one of the great cannon foundries of Europe, while Japan continued making suits of mail well into the nineteenth century. And in the very year that Asano was writing home for more guns, Shakespeare was describing a young English lord who had chosen to give up a military career altogether, because firearms, he said, made war too ugly to contemplate. Yet two centuries later, at a time when Japan was having a prolonged renaissance of the bow and arrow, the English were systematically killing Chinese with grapeshot.

There seem to be at least four reasons that explain why Japan, once she had made peace in Korea, could and did turn away from firearms while Europe went rapidly ahead with their development. One—the most obvious—is that for every Blaise de Montluc there were about thirty samurai who felt that firearms were getting out of hand. A second reason is geopolitical. The Japanese were such formidable fighters, and islands are by nature so hard to invade, that territorial integrity could be maintained even with conventional weapons. A third, and rather curious, reason is that in Japan swords had a symbolic value far greater than they had in Europe. Two examples will suffice. After Nagashino, one of the leading heroes of the battle—a young man of twenty-four who had held a small fortress principally with matchlockmen—received from his feudal superior a cascade of rewards. These included an increase in precedence, a wife, a landed estate, and a weapon appropriate to his heroism. This was not a super-matchlock but a Nagamitsu sword that had once been owned by a shogun. Thirty years later, when the government wanted to honor the four leading gunsmiths in Japan, it gave each of *them* a sword. (Such symbolism exists in the West, too—it was a jewelled sword and not a jewelled burp gun that General Eisenhower received from the Queen of the Netherlands in 1947—but for several centuries the West has made a clear split between the merely nice and the actually useful. The samurai never did.) Still another reason is that the deëmphasis of the gun took place as part of a general reaction against outside ideas—particularly Christianity and the Western attitude toward business. (Christianity was illegal in Japan after 1616; as for businessmen, a



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seventeenth-century shogun observed that "merchants are fond of gain and given up to greed, and abominable fellows of this kind ought not to escape punishment.")

Interestingly, there was never any formal abolition of firearms in Japan. Instead, there was an extremely slow series of cutbacks, with no one point at which one could say: At this moment the Japanese gave up guns. In 1603, the first Tokugawa shogun took office, having conclusively established his primacy among the feudal lords at the Battle of Sekigahara, in 1600. Lord Tokugawa Ieyasu was approximately as powerful as his contemporary King James I of England—with whom, incidentally, he had a brief correspondence. That is to say, he could hand down edicts on a very broad scale, but if they were unpopular he could by no means always get them obeyed. Both rulers, for example, disapproved of smoking, and both ordered their subjects to give up the habit on pain of severe penalties; neither made the faintest impression. The matter of firearms was handled differently. In Tokugawa's time, there were two great gun-manufacturing centers in Japan—one at Nagahama and one at Sakai, just south of Osaka. In addition, there was an unknown number of gunsmiths and powdermakers scattered through Japan, working for local rulers. Rear Admiral Arima, a retired Japanese naval officer of the Second World War, who has made an intensive study of early firearms in the Far East, lists sixteen other places in Japan where guns were made between 1601 and 1604, but he doesn't claim to have got them all. The Tokugawa shoguns first began to assert control over arms production in 1607. They started by calling in the four senior gunsmiths at Nagahama and giving them their swords—thus, of course, promoting them to samurai—and by simultaneously issuing a set of orders governing the industry. One was that guns and powder were henceforth to be made only in Nagahama, which meant that the provincial gunmakers, one by one, were required to move there. Another was that all orders for guns had to be cleared with Tokyo before they could be filled. A Commissioner of Guns was appointed to make sure that these rules were followed. By 1625, the government's monopoly was well entrenched, and further gradual cutbacks began. By 1673, the government had settled down to a routine of buying fifty-three large matchlocks in one year and three hundred and

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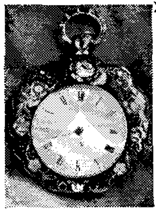

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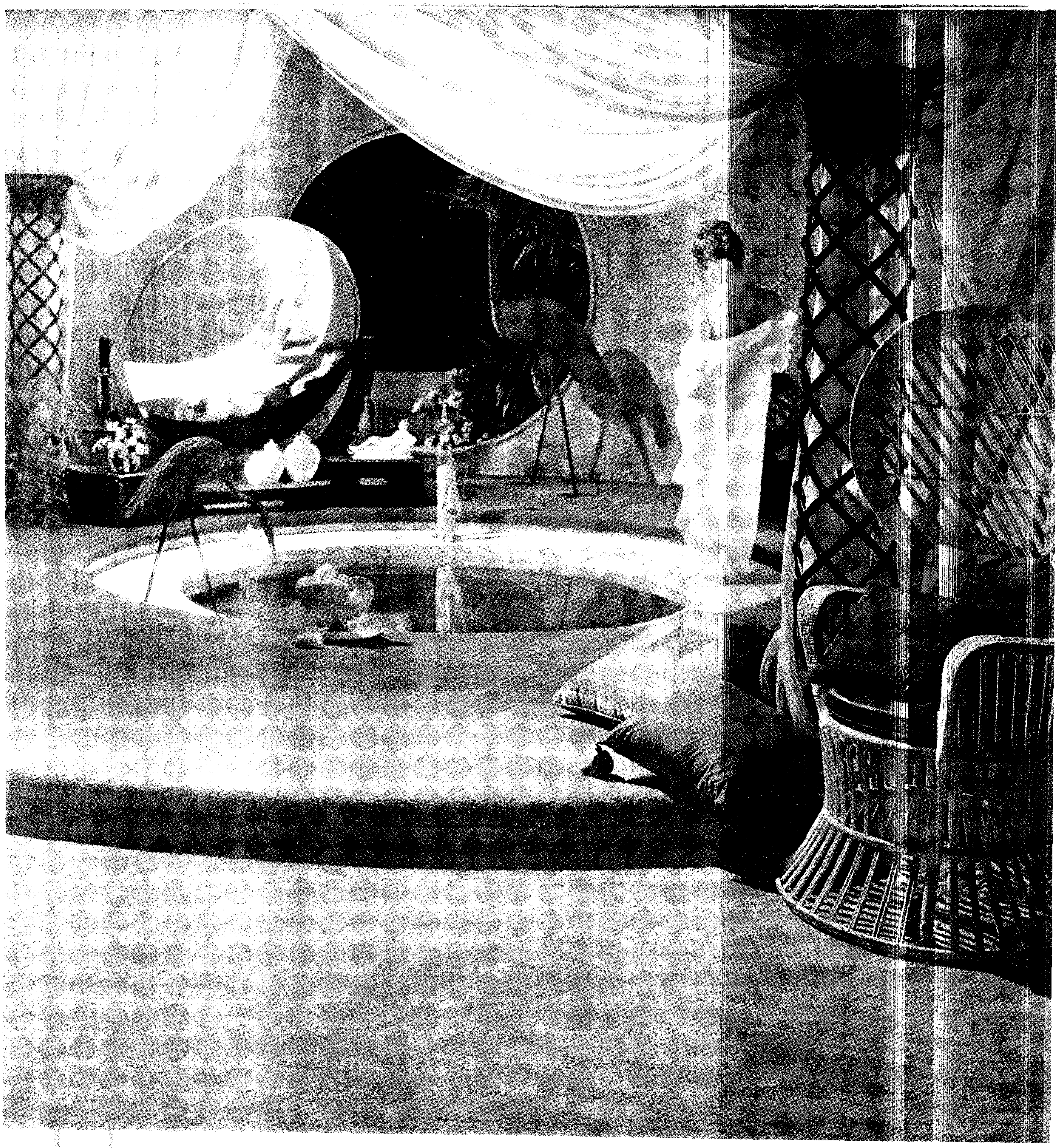

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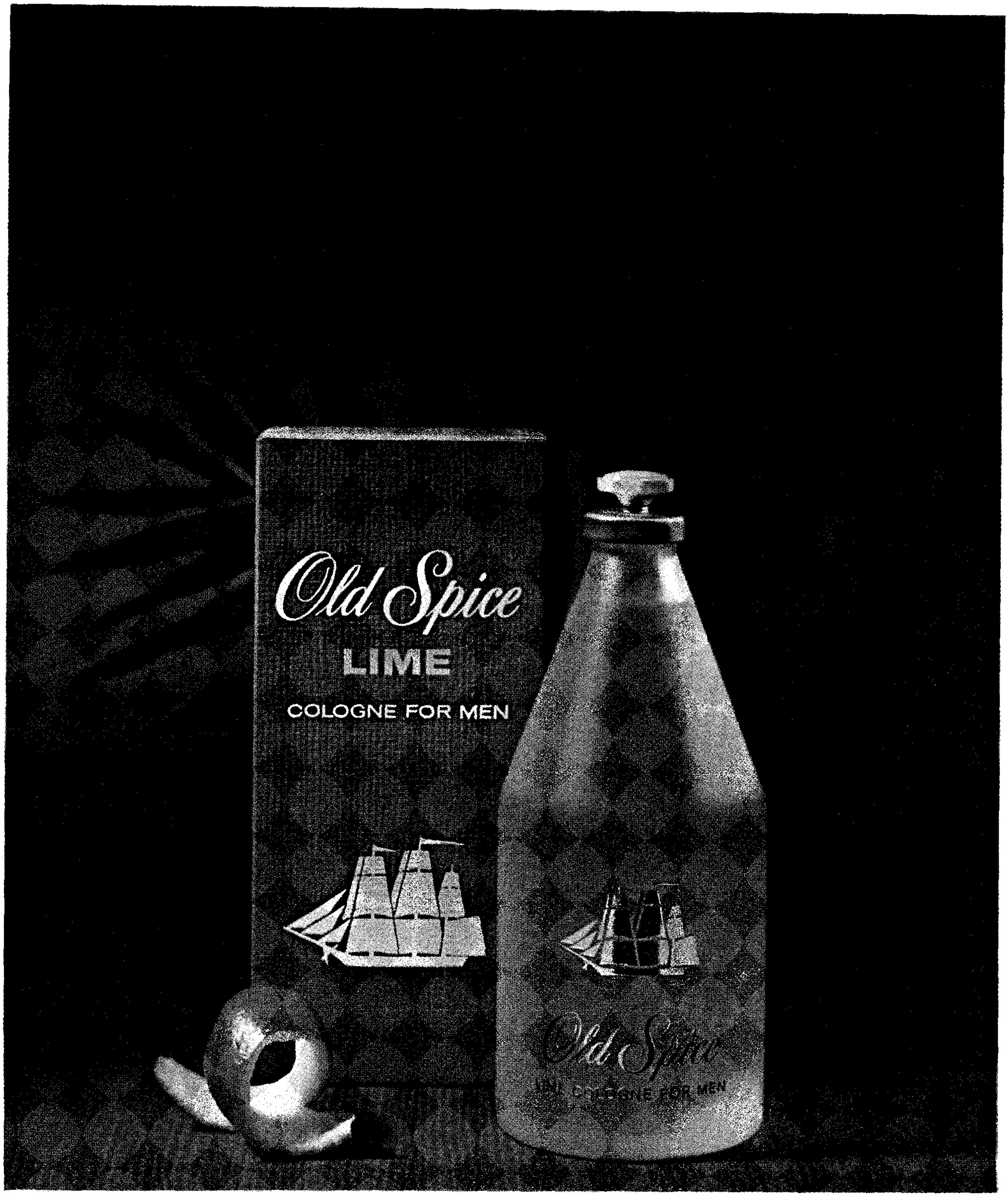
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thirty-four small ones in the next. In 1706, even this modest quantity was reduced, and for the next eighty years the production at Nagahama amounted to thirty-five large matchlocks in even years and two hundred and fifty small ones in odd years. Considering that during all this time the number of samurai ran to half a million men or more, guns from Nagahama had ceased to be much of a factor in battle.

The order concentrating all gunmaking in Nagahama was at first resisted by the manufacturers at Sakai, and for a while their business stayed fairly brisk. Records still exist of their production between 1623 and 1696. It begins quietly with an average of two hundred and ninety matchlocks a year in the early sixteen-twenties, reaches a peak of twenty-five hundred a year in the sixteen-sixties, and then permanently dwindles off. After 1688, the central government never ordered a gun from Sakai, and Admiral Arima thinks that after 1696 almost no one else did, either. Just how small a role guns came to play can be gathered from a Japanese government document of 1725. That year, a new king came to the throne in Korea, and since Japan and Korea had long before resumed friendly relations, the shogun sent him a boatload of sumptuous coronation presents. Looking down the list, one finds five hundred suits of heavy armor, three hundred and fifty swords, two hundred suits of light armor, sixty-seven spears and halberds, and, finally, a pitiful twenty-three old-fashioned matchlocks.

The new king's matchlocks could be nothing but old-fashioned, because research and development had also tapered off in Japan, coming to a complete stop long before 1725. Once one has learned to make matchlocks in large calibres, and once one has developed steel strong enough to prevent their barrels from bursting—which the Japanese did very quickly—there is nowhere further to go except on to flintlocks and, eventually, to repeating rifles. For two centuries, the Japanese did not go further, although they knew all about the next step at least as early as 1636, because in that year a Dutch trading mission at Hirado presented the shogun with a dozen smart new flintlock pistols. Even the worst enemies of the Dutch conceded them a high degree of expertise in firearms. A seventeenth-century Portuguese historian, tired of Dutch pirates who attacked larger Portuguese ships, once wrote, "The Dutch are only good artillery-

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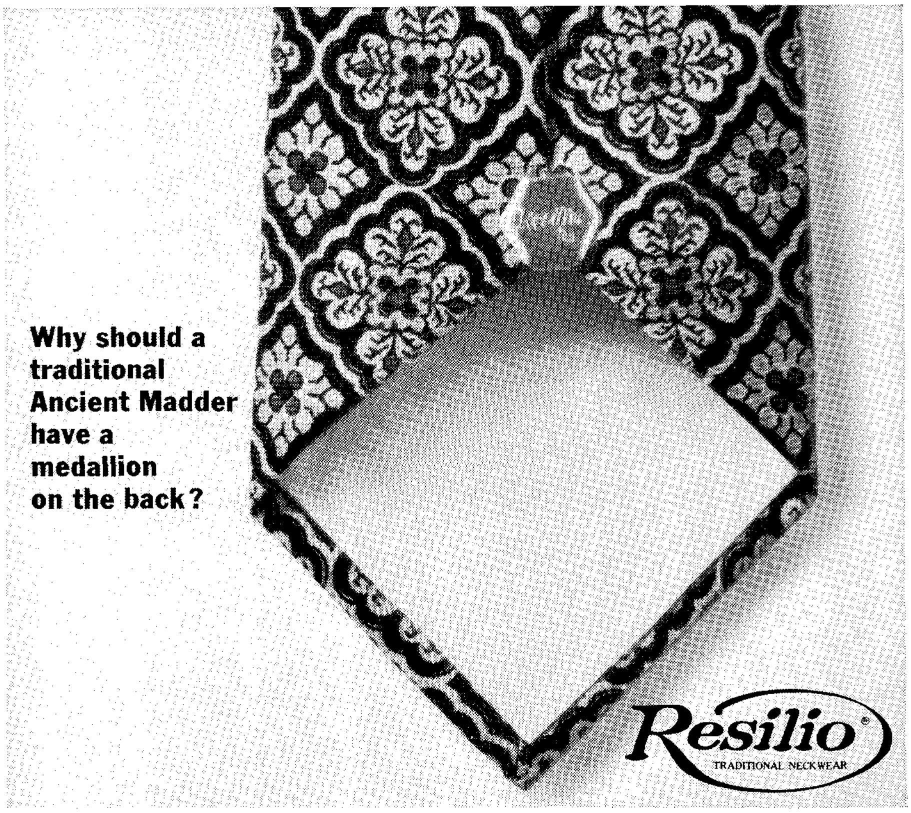
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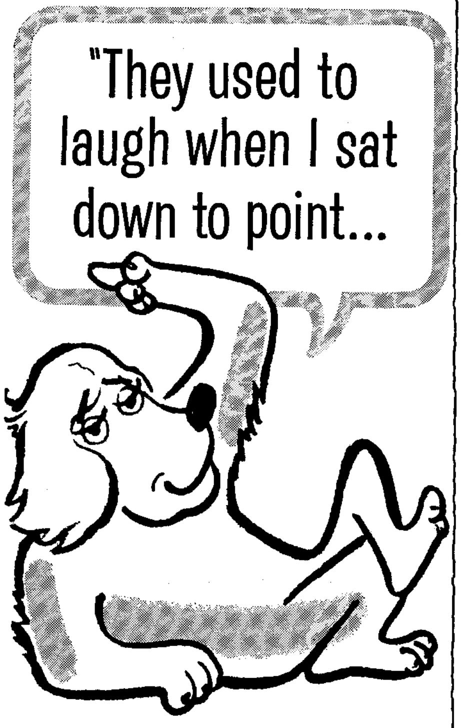
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men, and beyond that fit for nothing save to be burnt as desperate heretics." As late as 1650, a Dutch gunner was in Tokyo for nine months, giving instruction in the casting of large cannon. Records of what went on are extremely scarce, and the Dutch gunner himself left no diary, but apparently the Japanese didn't really want to learn. It became an accepted notion in Japan that eight-pounders were the largest cannon one could safely make, and it was eight-pounders that were mounted as harbor defense in Tokyo Bay when Commodore Perry arrived in 1853. By then, the Japanese had almost forgotten how to shoot them. One of the few intelligent foreigners to get a glimpse of Japan after 1650 was a Swedish botanist named Carl Peter Thunberg. He reported in 1776 that the coastal-defense guns were test-fired only once every seven years, and even then by means of a match on the end of a long pole. He also reported seeing an extraordinary number of very well-made swords, which "in strength and goodness surpass the manufactures of any other country."

THE rest of the story is soon told. Modern weapons did, of course, return to Japan. Even before Commodore Perry's fleet arrived, with its ten-inch naval guns and its iron sixty-four-pounders, a few Japanese had begun to press for renewed arms development. As early as 1809, stimulated by the intrusion into Nagasaki harbor of a heavily armed British frigate, a man named Sato Nobuhiro wrote and secretly published a book called "How to Use Three Types of Firearms." In his eagerness to develop means of repelling further frigates, Sato also invented "two types of miraculous bullets, which I called the New Thunder and the Golden-Purple Bell." No details were given. In 1828, another modernizer finally took up the hint that the Dutch trading mission had given in 1636 and began furiously experimenting with flintlock weapons. In 1852, the year before Perry's first visit, still a third modernist, this one named Sakuma Shozan, made a private inspection of ten shore batteries near Tokyo, all of which he found principally armed with six- and eight-pounders cast before 1620. The disposition of the guns, he said, "made no sense, and none of them could be depended on as a defense fortification." He added, "I struck my chest and wept for a long time."

But these men had almost no effect on the general preference for swords

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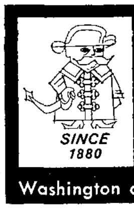

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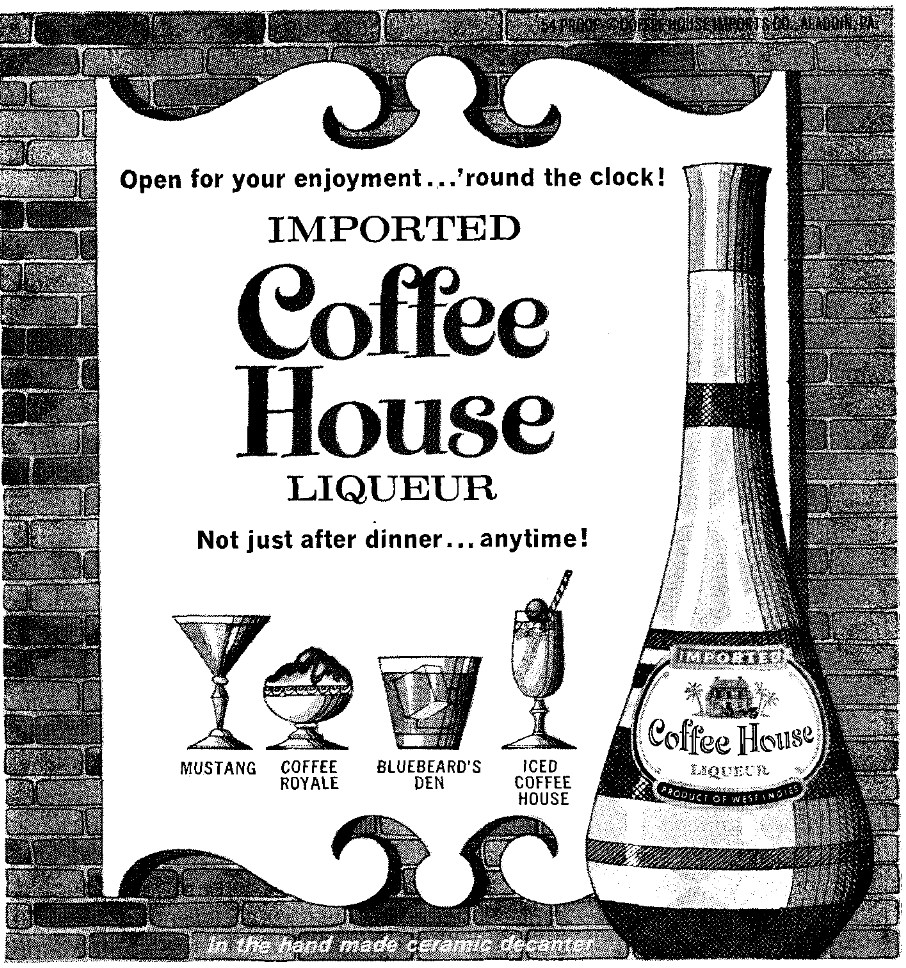
and bows. It was Commodore Perry who really caused the reintroduction of firearms into Japan; he accomplished it by convincing the majority of the Japanese leaders that the only way to keep future Perrys out of Tokyo Bay was to get ten-inch naval guns of their own. Even then, the resistance was extraordinary. It culminated in 1876, nine years after the old feudal regime had toppled. The new government, anxious to get ahead with modern military methods and a national army, forbade the samurai to continue wearing their two swords. On the night of October 24th, a hundred and seventy samurai, dressed in armor and carrying swords, attacked the national troops stationed at Kumamoto, killing about three hundred of them, including the major general in command. That attack proved abortive, but it led to a full-scale rebellion the next year, in which something like forty thousand samurai took part. It required the entire national army, less one, to put them down; that one was Field Marshal Saigo, the commander-in-chief, who was not available to help defeat the rebellion because he had joined it. An American teacher who was living in Japan in 1877 has left a description of the rebels, which would serve equally well for an account of Takeda Katsuyori's army in 1575. Most of them, he wrote, "were equipped with the keen double-handed swords of feudal times, and with daggers and spears. It seemed to be their opinion that patrician samurai could rush into close quarters with the *heimin* [peasant soldiers] and easily rout them," even though the *heimin* were equipped with modern French rifles. Lord Oda could have told them otherwise. The American teacher himself was less sure, since he recalled an incident a few years earlier in which two samurai had attacked twelve fully armed British dragoons in Kyoto and had disabled nine of them with spectacular swordplay, not getting a scratch themselves. But a full-scale battle of guns against swords can have only one outcome, and the rebellion of 1877 substantially followed the course of Nagashino. Another American living in Japan in the eighteen-seventies—a Boston sea captain named John Hubbard—had a chance to examine the battlefield the day after the rebellion was crushed. Two things impressed him. One was the stacks of captured rebel weapons, in which a few small arms, chiefly matchlocks, were totally overshadowed by the number of captured swords, which rose in a mound "at least ten feet from the ground"



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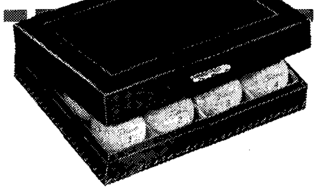

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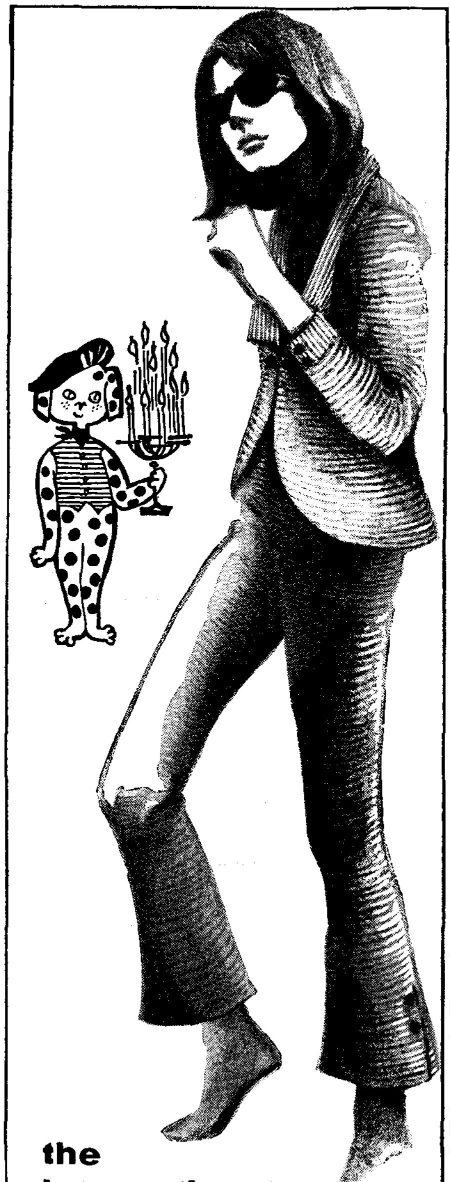

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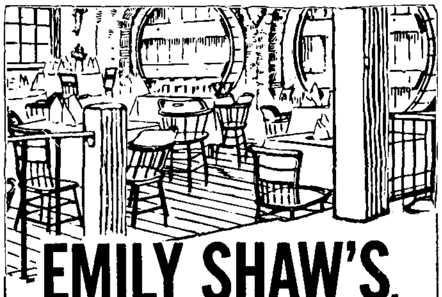

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and "were of all sizes and lengths, and appeared to have had some very rough usage." The other was a fortification in the rebel lines. "Here, to our astonishment, we found two wooden cannon. One was 8 ft. 6 in. long, with a 9 in. bore, made of two hollow pieces of wood and hooped its entire length with bamboo hoops. It . . . did not appear to have been used, but was mounted in a pile of sandbags ready for use. A smaller one, about 6 ft. long, was lying near and dismantled; this had been fired and was badly burst." The seventeenth-century gunsmiths of Nagahama would have been aghast at such primitive weapons.

Ten years later, they would have been amazed at the change. From 1878 to the present, Japan's attitude toward firearms has been much like that of any other developed industrial society. The clock that had been turned back was turned forward again with almost incredible speed. Before 1900, Japan had again caught up militarily with the Western world. Viewed from the nuclear present, her two hundred and fifty years of technological retrogression may seem to have no great significance except as a historical curiosity. But viewed firsthand by contemporaries, they were another matter. The most famous of such views is that of a European scientist, Engelbert Kaempfer, M.D., Ph.D., who managed to spend two years in Japan in the late seventeenth century, about two generations after guns had been renounced. Dr. Kaempfer had grown up in a Europe that had used firearms so enthusiastically during those same two generations that the population of his native Germany had been cut in half. In the final paragraph of his two-volume "The History of Japan," he summarizes the strikingly different situation of the Japanese: "United and peaceable, taught to give due worship to the Gods, due obedience to the Laws, due submission to their Superiors, due love and regard to their Neighbors, civil, obliging, virtuous, in art and industry exceeding all other nations, possessed of an excellent Country, enriched by mutual Trade and Commerce among themselves, courageous, abundantly provided with all the necessaries of life, and withal enjoying the fruits of peace and tranquility. Such a train of prosperities must needs convince them, whether they reflect on their former loose way of life or consult the Histories of the remotest ages, that their Country was never in a happier condition than it now is."

—NOEL PERRIN

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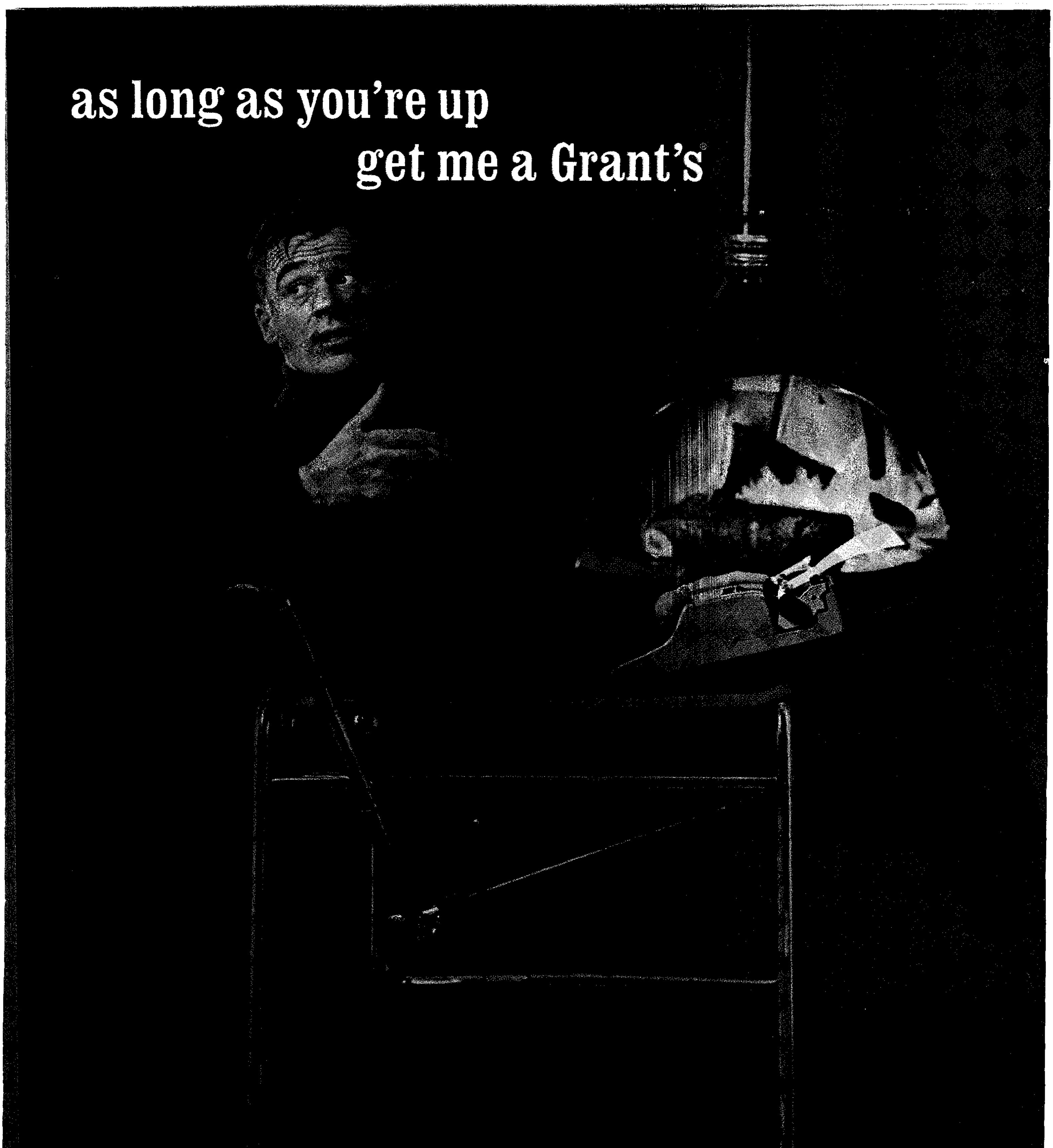
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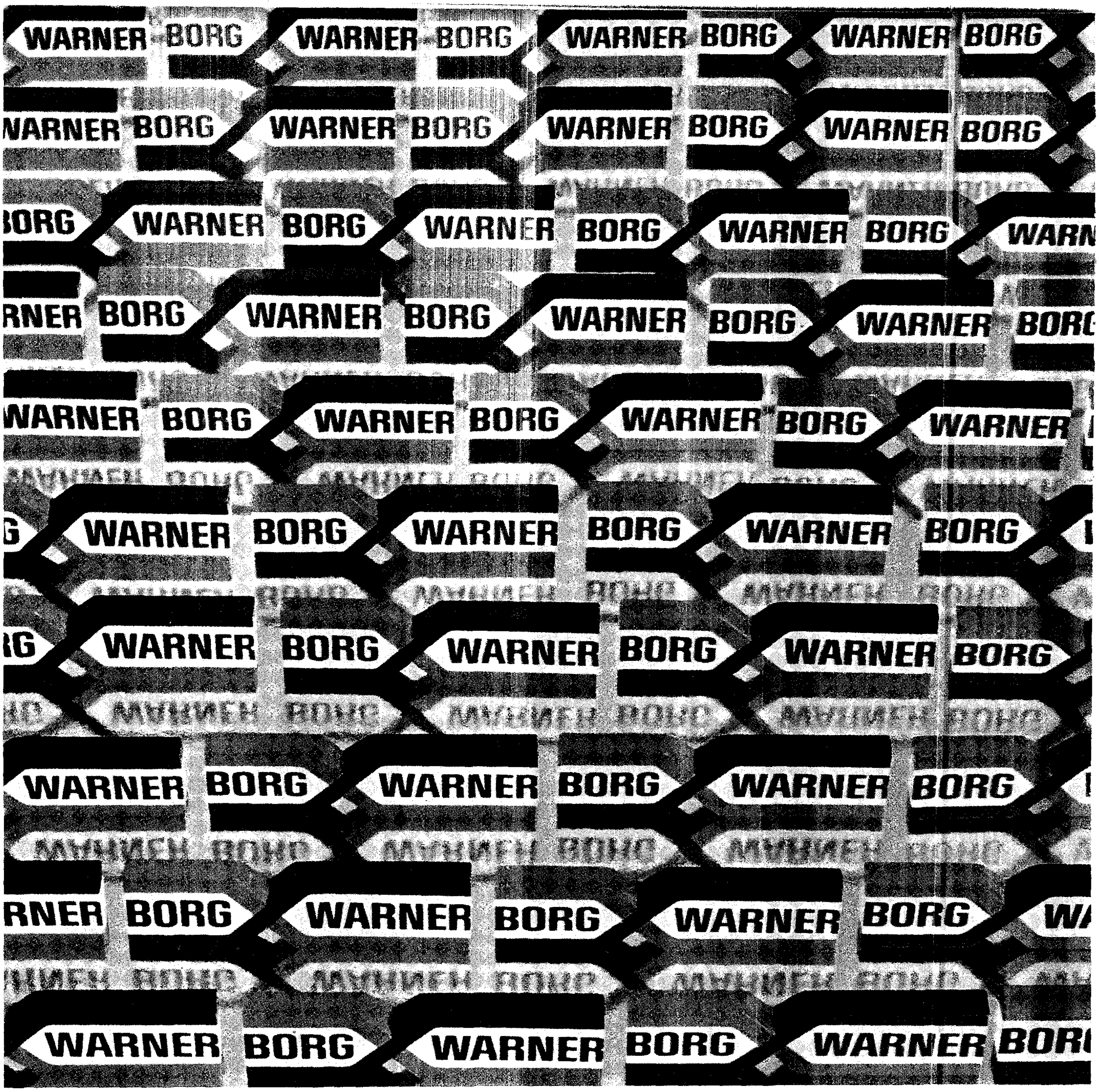

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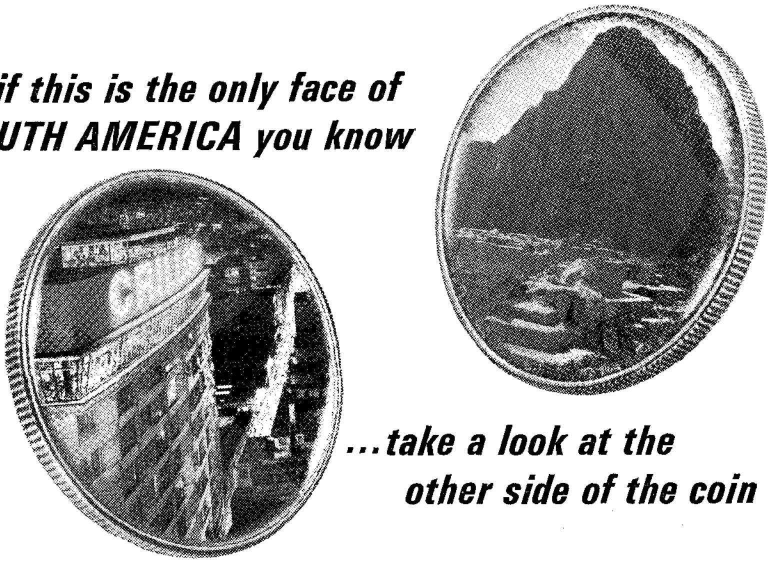
Up and Doing

TODAY
HORROR AND SUSPENSE

"The Eleanor Roosevelt Story," a documentary produced by Sidney Glazier and with a narration written by Archibald MacLeish, is an admirably full and sympathetic account of a model life. "Model" being so often made to stand for "perfect" or "ideal," I had better mention at once that I employ it in the strict sense of "worthy of imitation," for it is surely the case that as Mrs. Roosevelt's life recedes into history it will be seen to have been significant to the extent that it was—with an almost primerlike directness and simplicity—instructive. There are lives that lead to great results in the world without being great in themselves, and there are lives great in themselves that remain entirely without effect on the world; Mrs. Roosevelt's life was not great in its public consequences (at best, these were but splinters struck off her husband's bold deeds), and I am obviously unable to judge the greatness of its private consequences, but I think it was a life great in what it kept demonstrating to the rest of us about the range of our existential possibilities. We were, she taught us by tireless example, not merely here but also responsibly here; having been born, we had an obligation to make something of ourselves. However unconsciously, this was what she had always done, this was what she would never *not* do, and so, over the course of many strenuous decades, unaltered by praise or blame, impetuous and imprudent, she became a sort of allegorical embodiment of one of the most persistent and appealing aspects of the American character—the will not to go to waste. She accepted with relish the old Yankee maxim that it is better to wear out than rust out, and I suspect that she took for gospel (and perhaps recited to her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren) that celebrated nineteenth-century exhortation:

> Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait.

Not that she would have paid the slightest attention to the last three words. I can imagine her calling them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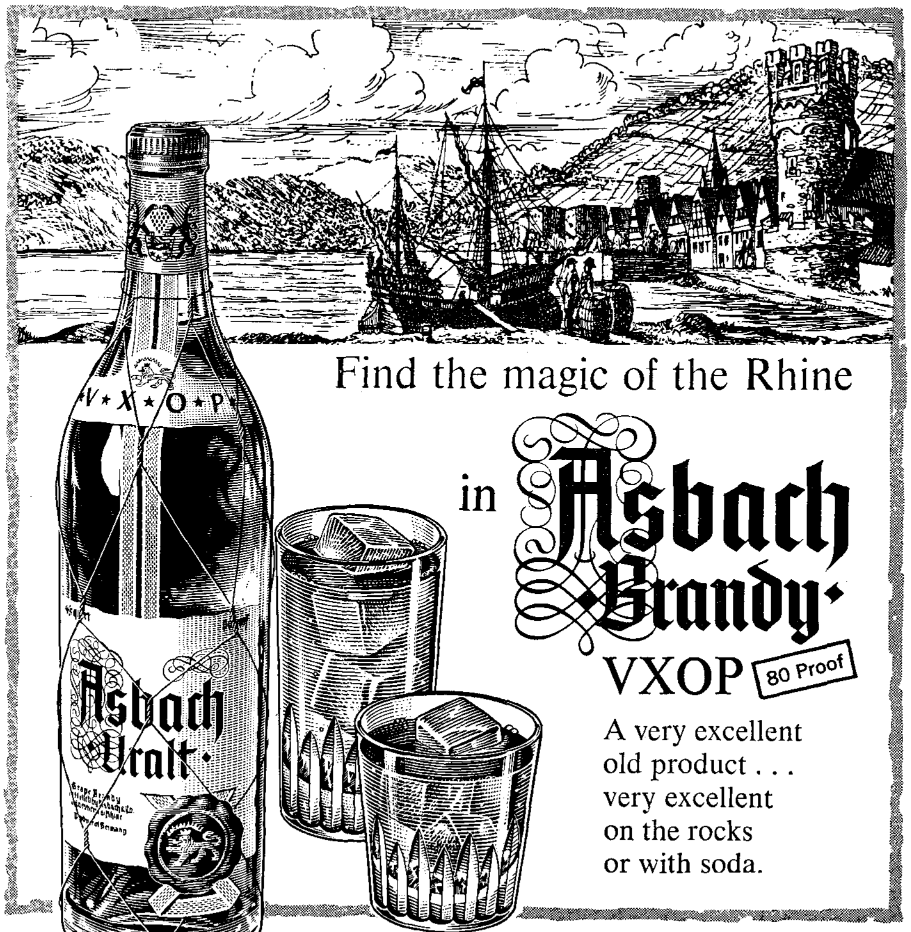
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piffle and adding, with her often irritating determination to look on the bright side, that Mr. Longfellow was no doubt a sensible man and had been obliged to write "wait" only because of the cruel exigencies of rhyme. She would have seen no point whatever in waiting; like the Roosevelt she doubly was, she would have felt it in her bones that almost anything was preferable to the terrible doom of finding oneself alone and immobile.

To lead an exemplary life isn't a role one chooses—the very act of choosing it would insure that one would fail. Moreover, the degree to which a life is exemplary cannot be accurately gauged until it is over; it is only then that the intent of a life shows through the shape. One of the advantages that a photographic documentary like "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" has over a written biography is that it allows us to perceive that the finished shape wasn't inherent, that the life might have gone one way or another, and that even the intent of a life is by no means stable. A life looked back on from its close often tempts the biographer into discovering a pattern that isn't there; this is a deception hard to practice with snapshots and lengths of movie film taken at random over the years, which, unlike scraps of letters or secret diaries, stubbornly refuse to contain more than they did at the moment they came into being. To an uncanny degree, the heartbreaking, exalting, and—one would have supposed—all but untellable truth about Eleanor Roosevelt shines out of this assortment of some seventy-eight years of still and motion pictures, amateur and professional. We meet that truth in the eyes of the sad, ugly infant, the sad, ugly schoolgirl, the sad, ugly housewife and mother, and then—and quite suddenly—we meet it in the bustling, radiant matron, plunged by her husband's illness and her own powerful longing into the thick of public life. The face is transformed, transfigured; in her old age (the buck teeth gone in an automobile accident, the tall, fast-moving, ungainly body slumped into shapeless docility), she has become the next thing to beautiful. No, she *is* beautiful, having earned beauty by labor and love; even the weird voice is dear and welcome as it emerges, girlishly fluting, from the wattled throat. "And all it knows is that one word 'Rejoice!'"

Mr. MacLeish's narration, which keeps its eloquence commendably within bounds, is spoken in part by him, in part by Eric Sevareid, and in part by Mrs. Francis Cole, née Corinne Rob-

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ON the same program as "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" is a short entitled "Casals Conducts: 1964." At eighty-seven, the great musician is still a fantastically youthful figure; jaunty and passionate, he seems as nearly immortal in his flesh as in his fame, and one wishes him never to die.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

DREAMS OF WATER

1

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Falls as we enter
The cozy ship's bar.

The captain, smiling,
Unfolds his spyglass
And offers to show you

The obscure shapes
Of certain islands
Adrift in the offing.

I sit in silence.

2

People in raincoats
Stand looking out from
Ends of piers.

A fog gathers,
And little tugs,
Growing uncertain

Of their position,
Start to complain
With the deep and bearded

Voices of fathers.

3

The season is ending.
White verandas
Curve away.

The hotel seems empty,
But, once inside,
I hear a great splashing.

Behind doors,
Grandfathers loll
In steaming tubs,

Huge, unblushing.

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Ted Rutt is an Englishman. And, understandably, his head is filled with a lot of out-of-date European notions. For example, he feels that in his kind of hotel, as many rooms as possible should contain a wood-burning fireplace. And he holds fast to the belief that every hotel should have a good, old-fashioned lounge where you can sit and be served afternoon tea. He even clings to the somewhat outmoded European idea of employing a concierge. (He calls him "the chap who can get you anything you can't find anyone else to get you".) To sum it up, Mr. Rutt believes that a fine hotel should be rather like a decent London club—where the service is so good you're not aware of it. And, now that a small fortune has been spent demodernizing our hotel, we're beginning to find he's right.

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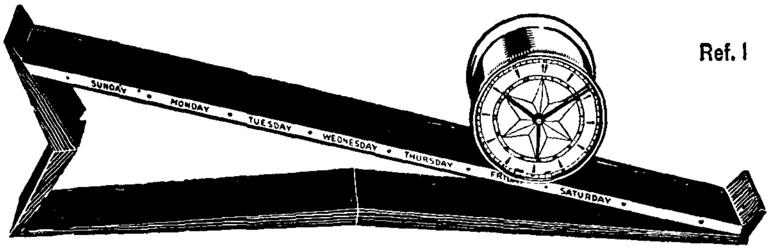

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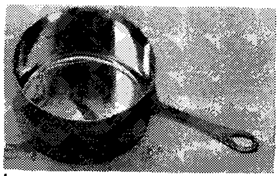

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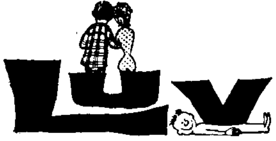

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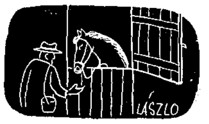
THE RACE TRACK

One, Two—La! La!



WELL, France ran one, two in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day, Diatome overtaking Carvan II, the long shot of the lot, in the last few strides to win by a nose. Roman Brother, America's hope for a victory, was third, a length and a quarter behind. Everybody who saw the race agreed that it was as fiercely contested and as thrilling as any of the thirteen previous Internationals, and I'd say that the best horse won. Twice Diatome was boxed in—the second time on the turn for home, where it looked as if the best he could possibly do was third. However, Deforge, who rode him, managed to switch to the outside and get a clear path—and he made it. This year, the start was from American-style stall gates instead of the Newmarket barrier, and Eddie Blind, the starter, got the seven racers away in good order. For one lap of the field (the race, at a mile and a half, is a bit more than one and a half times round the turf course inside the main track), Roman Brother and Super Sam II, the British entry, alternated in the lead by open daylight. Swinging into the last half mile, the runners bunched up, and the tension increased as Carvan II delivered his challenge and Super Sam II and Hail to All, who was a brief contender, tired and shortened stride. At the end, Canada's star, George Royal, came within a jump of taking third place from Roman Brother, who obviously didn't like running on the grass. Hail to All was fifth, and Super Sam II was last, eight lengths behind Argentina's Berenjenal.

On past performances, Diatome, a handsome dark-bay three-year-old by Sicambre out of Dictaway, is the best we've had from overseas since Match II won the International for France in 1962. Diatome was third to Sea Bird, the wonder horse of this season abroad, and Reliance, a son of Relic (remember him?), in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and second to Sea Bird in both the Prix du Jockey Club (the French Derby) and the Grand Prix de Paris. He has never been out of the money in his seven starts. His share of the International purse was $90,000, which is *beaucoup* francs, even for Baron Guy de Rothschild, who owns him.

It had been feared that this year's

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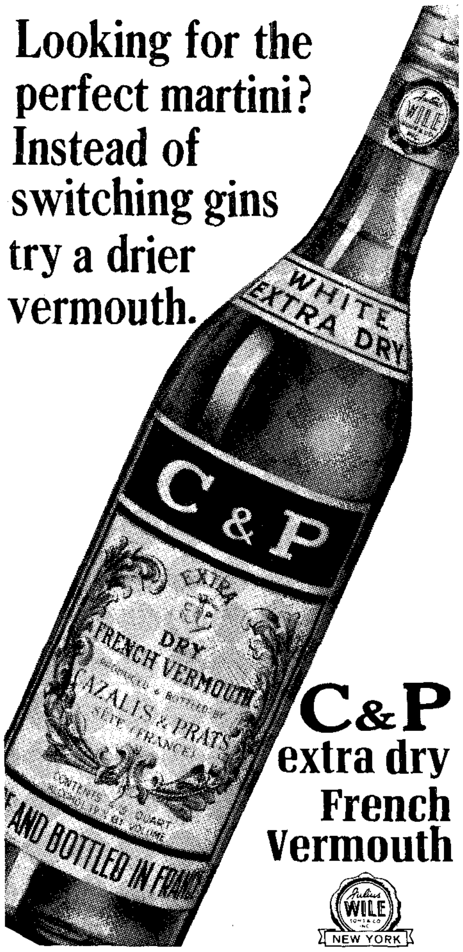

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International wouldn't be up to standard. For one reason or another, the racers invited from England, Italy, and Venezuela couldn't make the trip, and Russia's Aniline, third in the race last year and a star on the Continental tracks this season, was withdrawn without explanation. Kelso was unavailable, because of that eye trouble, and Hill Rise, a last-minute entry, developed a fever and was scratched a few hours before post time. But the luck of John Schapiro, who puts on the show, held good to the end, and the race was as stirring as ever.

IN the past, the Garden State Stakes has always preceded the Pimlico Futurity, but this year it's the other way around; Maryland's six-figure jackpot for two-year-olds was run last Saturday, and the Jersey bonanza is this weekend. The Pimlico Futurity was a razzle-dazzle, in which Spring Double, who paid $112.40 in the mutuels, won after a disqualification. It seems that Fathers Image, who cost $75,000 as a yearling and has had the usual bad luck of high-priced youngsters, slammed Spring Double at the turn into the stretch, and the stewards ordered him placed second. Amberoid was third. If Fathers Image, who led throughout the mile and a sixteenth, had kept a straight course, he would have picked up a purse of $134,543.50; as it was, his cut was $41,398. The other big disappointments were Stupendous, the favorite, and Advocator and Our Michael, who were also well fancied. None was ever in the picture.

AQUEDUCT had a milder surprise last Saturday. Terry's Secret, down the course in the Woodward and the Man o' War, won the Roamer Handicap easily from Selari, Bold Bidder, and three other three-year-olds. Nelson, who rode Bold Bidder, lodged an objection against Maese, on Terry's Secret, but the stewards dismissed the claim. There also was a claim of foul following the running of the Vosburgh Handicap on Veterans' Day, in which R. Thomas beat Choker, Pia Star, and eleven others in the seven-furlong scramble, but the placings remained unchanged. Oh, well, claim everything and admit nothing. —AUDAX MINOR

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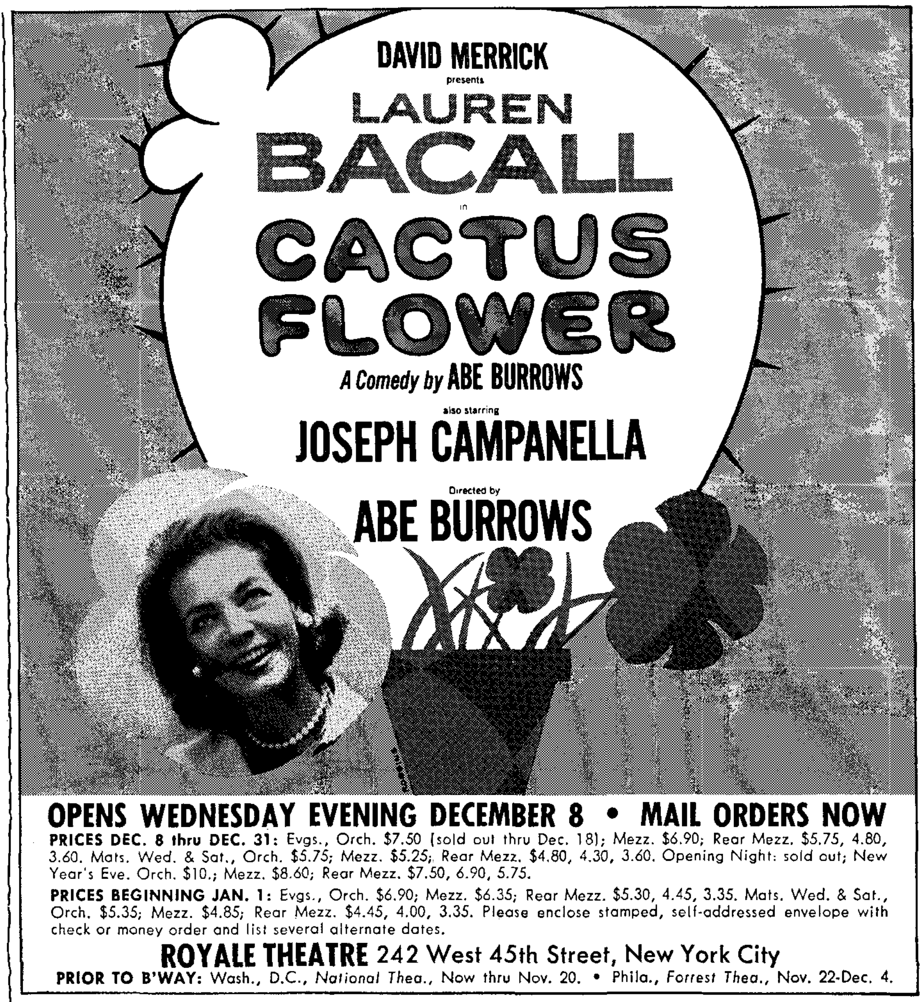
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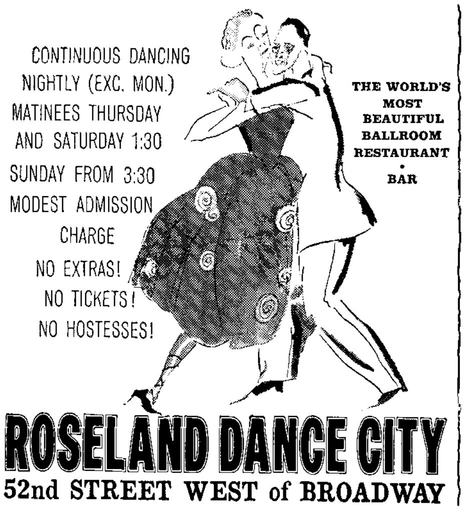
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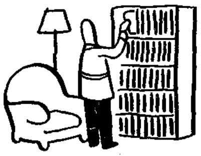
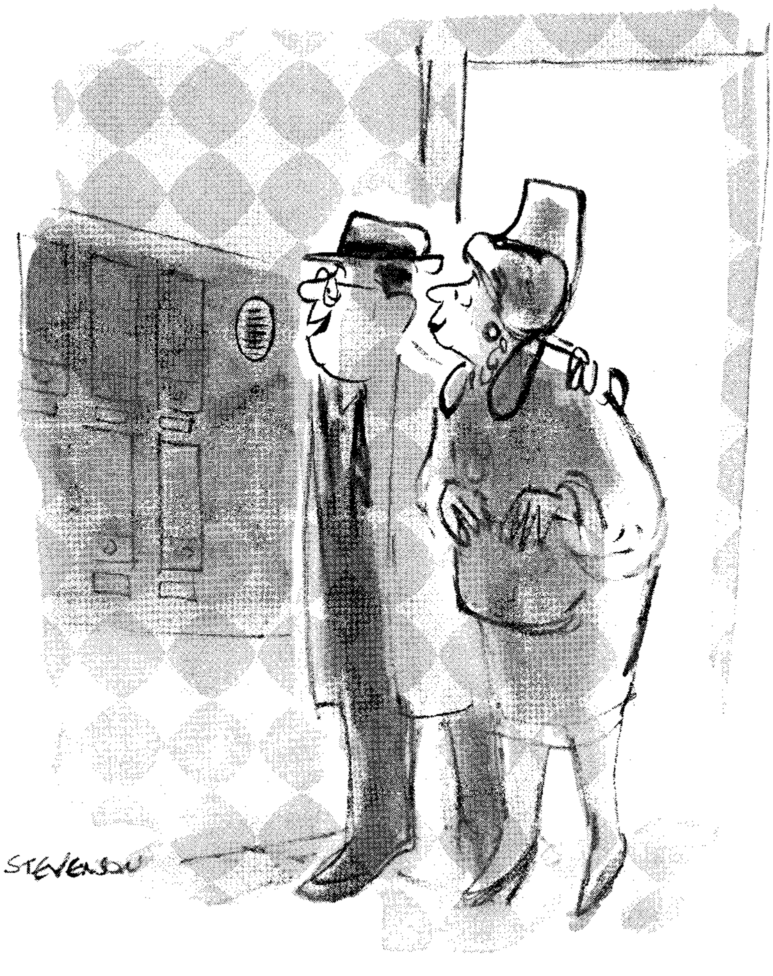
BOOKS

Making Scarecrows



Günter Grass's "Dog Years" (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a great advance on his brilliantly promising first novel, "The Tin Drum." His early tendency to pursue any sufficiently interesting visual image for its own sake has been brought under control, and he now dilates but rarely on what is irrelevant to his main purpose—the somewhat appalling task of showing Germans just what it is that makes and has made Germany so awful when it could be so entirely splendid. If Grass were a moralist or an overt do-gooder, this purpose in his work could easily make it intolerable, but as he is a painter turned writer, with a highly developed sense of caricature, his attack on the forces of evil takes the form of satire and he writes in the magnificent tradition in which the draftsmen of the old *Simplicissimus* used to draw. The contributors to that superb satirical magazine, which began under the Kaisers and lasted until Hitler, were not in any way ashamed of being German—they had, in fact, a highly developed Germanic style, in which they revelled—but they loathed the militarism, the bureaucratic brutality, and the Philistine conformism that was poisoning the country they adored. They accordingly created images of a Germany populated by brutish grotesques, of Heaven occupied by the forces of the enemy. Grass is writing nearer to midnight than they were drawing. They lived in the world of breastplates and feathered helmets; Grass has had the concentration camps and must now deal with a world in which well-fed and well-washed young "conservatives" can turn out with buttons reading "Drop the Bomb" pinned to their clothes. His grotesques are in consequence even more grotesque, more brutish, and more wildly insane than those the satirists of *Simplicissimus* used to draw. One might conclude—some do—that he is more than half in love with his subject matter, and is playing the old German game of self-pity, but here again the analogy with the work of the contributors to *Simplicissimus* is helpful. They were fine graphic artists, and the genuineness of their humanistic allegiances shows itself in the formal excellence of their often very beautiful work. Grass, whose writing is translated with extraordinary skill and intelligence by Ralph Manheim, has become a master of language, and he frequently creates effects of great beauty while he is describing events that are morally and even physically hideous.

Since part of Grass's technique is to exploit the inherently Gothic extravagance of the German language as such, the superficial effect is of an intoxicated loss of control. The central figure of "Dog Years" is a certain Walter Matern, the son of a miller on the Vistula. This leads to a paragraph beginning, "All sorts of things rush by in the river," and then there is another starting, "All that and more rushed by. . . . What had long been forgotten rose to memory. . . ." At first blush, Grass seems to be throwing in everything he can think of, to float by "on its back or stomach," as he puts it, in a surge of free association. But what suddenly takes shape in the reader's mind is a vision of the flowing tide of Germanic myth, legendary history, poetry, and romance as it flows into the consciousness of a German while he is growing up. As soon as this idea has been presented, Grass moves on to show Matern as a child wandering along the banks of the Vistula with a dog and a friend named Eduard Amsel. On an impulse, for no better reason than that he wants to throw something into the river and can't find a stone, Matern throws a pocketknife that Amsel has given him. When Amsel asks why he did it, Matern's answer is "You saw me. I had to throw. What's the use of asking questions?" The friendship isn't destroyed, or even strained, but a new dimension is subtly added to it. As the boys start home, the dog, a black bitch named Senta, walks between them with her pink tongue lolling out of her mouth. Senta is a very important character in the story, and her pedigree is repeated again and again, like an incantation, as the two boys grow up, and grow apart. By the time Senta has produced Harras, and Harras has sired Prinz, and Prinz has been presented by the Nazi Party and the German population of the city of Danzig to Hitler, Matern's "What's the use of asking questions?" has taken him to the point of joining with the squad of Storm Troopers to which he belongs in giving his friend Amsel a savage beating. This evolution is very well managed indeed; Grass gives an astonishingly convincing picture of the way in which the unthinkable becomes, in the



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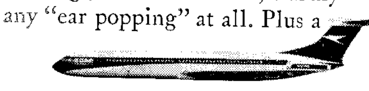

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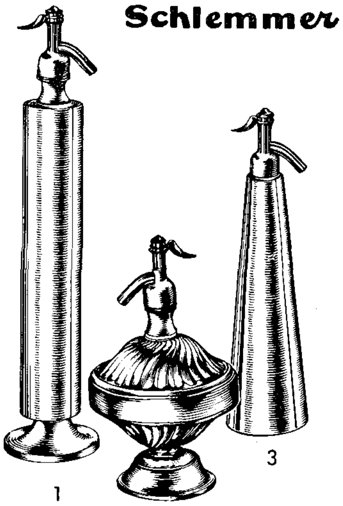

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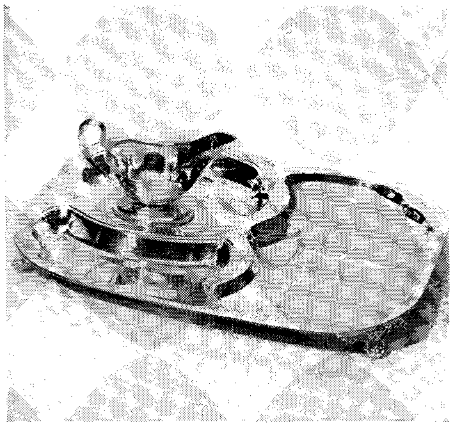

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right social conditions, the perfectly proper and acceptable. The river of "what everybody else is doing" sweeps Matern along until it seems wholly natural to him to betray his friend and to take a hand in knocking all his teeth out.

The second part of the book, describing Matern's wartime awakening to the evils of Nazism and his postwar search for somebody to blame and punish for them, is even more effective than the first. Grass's Germany is full of innocent men who did whatever had to be done to get by in the days of the Thousand Year Reich, and who are still resolutely pursuing the same aim of living honestly if they can and at someone else's expense if they must. Matern follows one trail after another in search of guilty men, and always finds individuals like himself at the end, certain of their own decency, certain that they had no alternative but to consent to evil, and certain that what is in the past is over and done with. The dog Prinz, having escaped from the Führer's air-raid shelter in the chancellery in April, 1945, happily accompanies Matern on his travels and finally provides him with a clue to their meaning. Like Matern, the dog is what it is, having been bred that way, and in the end Matern realizes that the guilt he has been searching for is his own, and there is no one else to blame or to punish. With exemplary courage, Grass comes out with it and says, as very few Germans have yet had the courage to do, that Hitler and Hitlerism were not aberrations but logical products of the Germanic tradition, and are now part of that tradition. This point is very effectively reinforced in the book by a secondary theme about scarecrows—things made of rags and tatters left over from the past. They are being made by handicraft techniques at the start of the story and turned out in mass production by a huge underground factory at its end. Grass is saying in unmistakable language that the Germanic tradition is as lethal as ever, perhaps even more so, since Hitler's regime now forms another of its nightmarish ingredients. The book ends with Matern, shaken by what he has seen, trying to scrub himself clean after touring the underground factory in which tomorrow's scarecrows are being fabricated from old S.A. and S.S. uniforms, the robes of Nazi judges, and more recent debris of the Cold War and Germany's economic "miracle." Grass's final message is the tough one that individual responsibility is absolute and cannot be evaded, that there is no hope for Germany until each German

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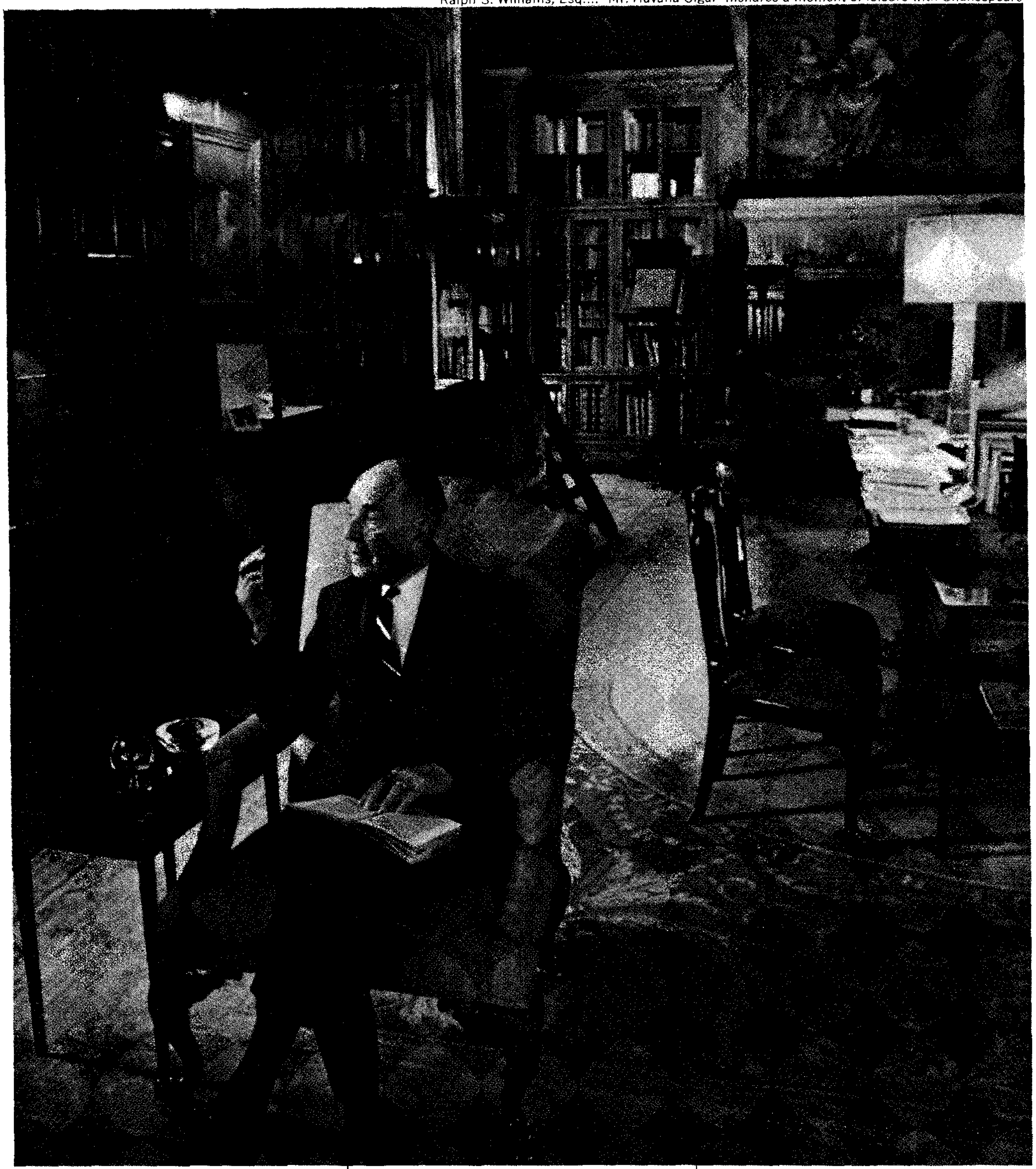

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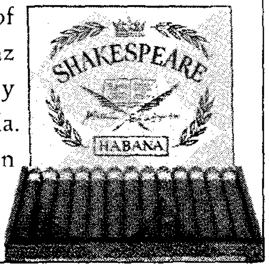

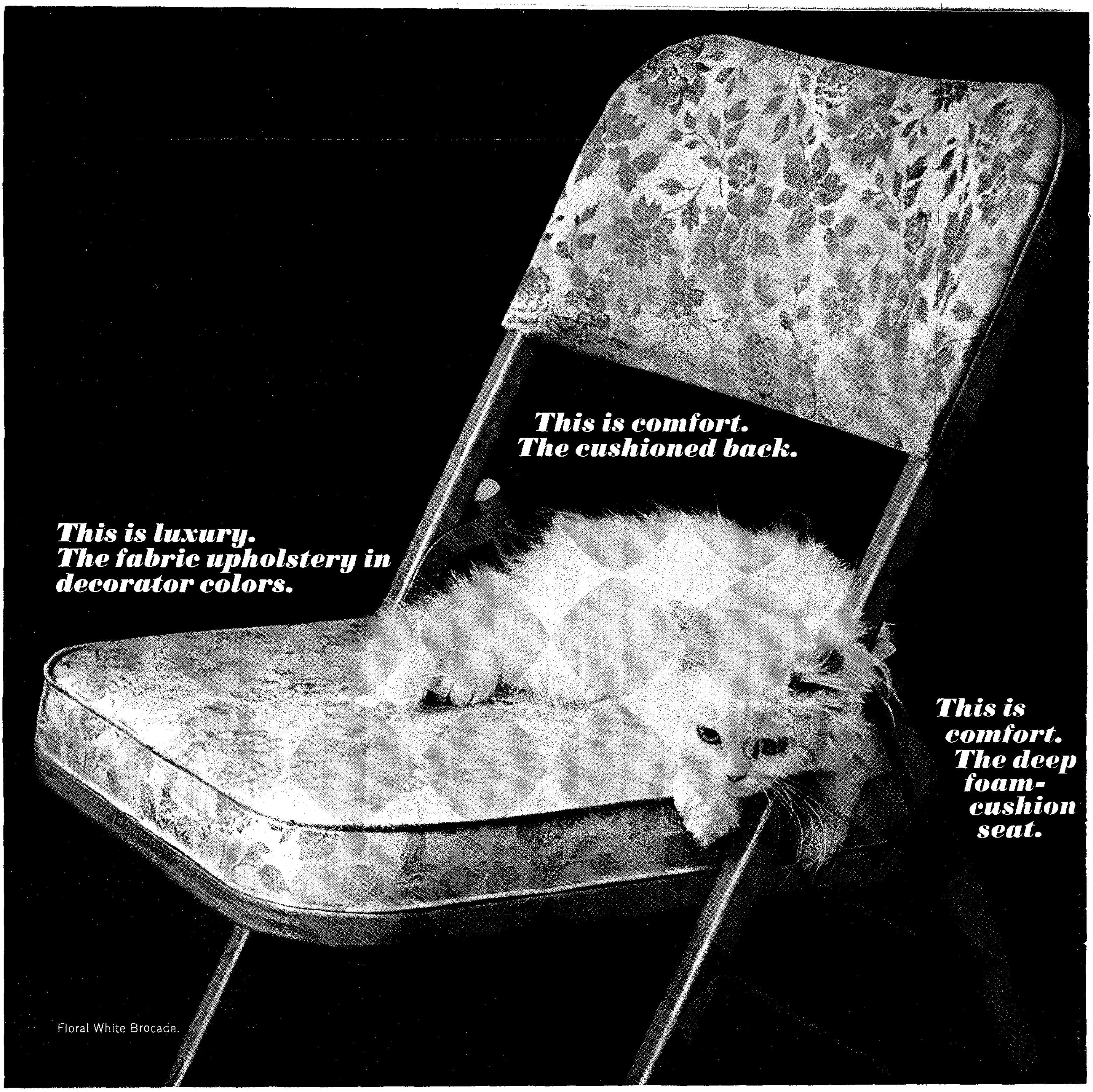
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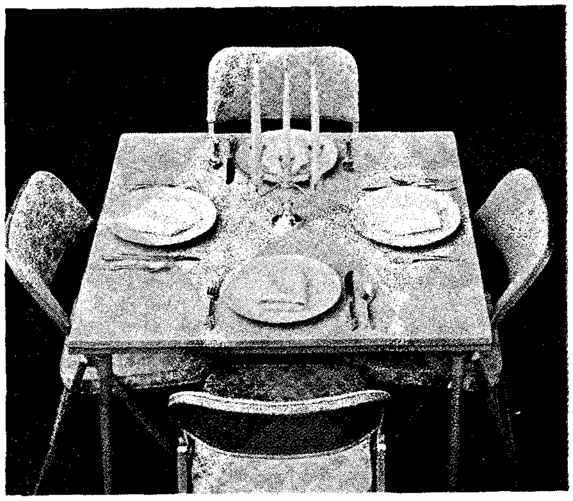

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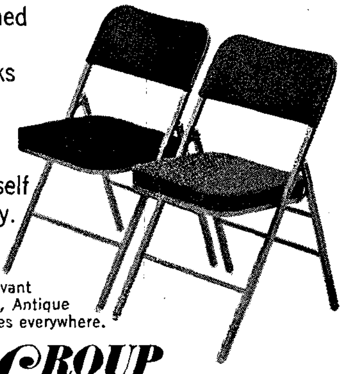

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has the courage to reject his share of an evil inheritance.

THE two stories, or novellas, that make up Heinrich Böll's "Absent Without Leave" (McGraw-Hill) deal blandly and smoothly with the wartime sufferings of good, innocent Germans who consented to every evil of the Nazi regime in the hope that if they kept quiet and were very, very good, they would be left alone. The assumption underlying all Böll's war stories is that the good man is predestined to be a helpless victim, and that he discharges his moral responsibilities by complaining about the discomforts he has to endure while carrying out orders that he doesn't presume to question. Böll's attitude is not far removed from that of a West German book of etiquette which recently ruled that Second World War decorations may be worn if the Nazi insignia have been removed from them—the thought presumably being that while the war itself may have been criminal, those who were only doing their duty by participating in it have nothing to be ashamed of.

Böll's book "The Clown" (McGraw-Hill) is an even shallower affair than his war novellas—a maudlin work about the exquisite distress suffered by a professional enemy of cant and hypocrisy whose devout Roman Catholic mistress has refused to go on living with him in a state of concubinage. This makes him cry a lot and drink too much, and he goes the rounds of his friends and relatives scrounging for sympathy and money. That his very unwinning appeals don't meet with much success is intended, apparently, to show how corrupt and corrupting life in West Germany is today, but it has the contrary effect of suggesting that self-pity is the least rewarding of full-time professions. The clown's act includes an imitation of Chaplin and the singing of such dashing songs as "Catholic politics in Bonn, Are no concern of poor Pope John, Let them holler, let them go, Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo." That Heinrich Böll is taken in all seriousness as a slashing social critic in West Germany makes it easy to understand what Günter Grass is making such a fuss about.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE YEAR OF THE YIELD, by March Cost (Vanguard). The charming, silly, artificial story of Mrs. Betterton-Best, who was a wife in name

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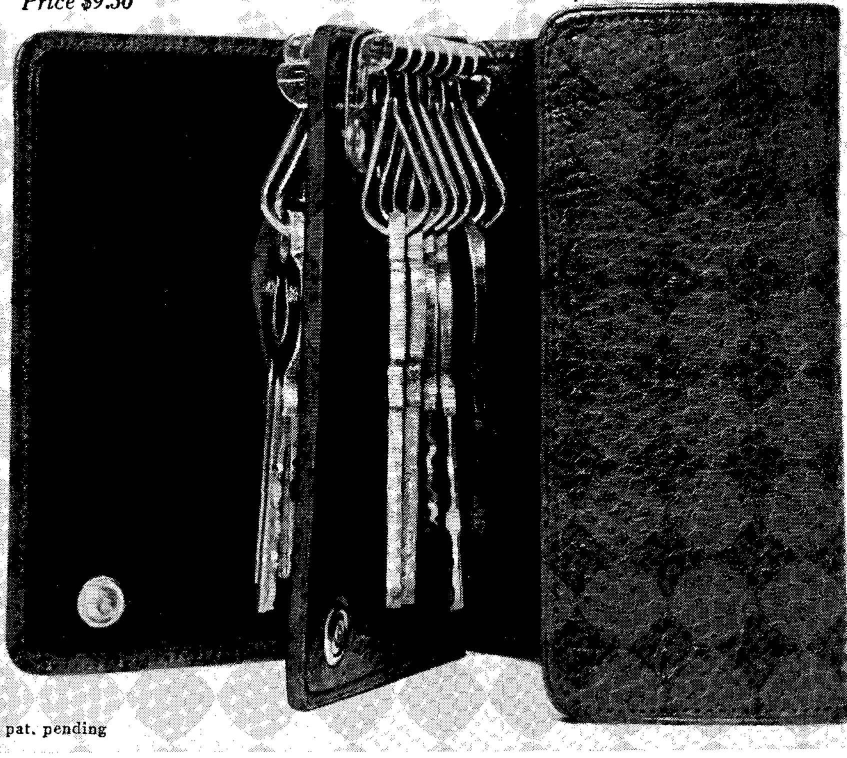

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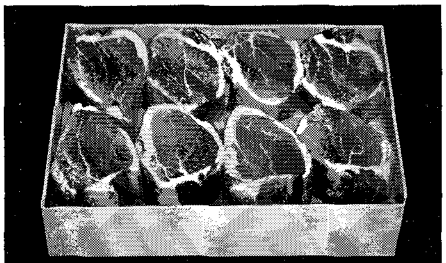

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The Sun in Scorpio, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). A well-written story with a nice heroine and a happy ending. Cathy Pennon, a tiny nine-year-old redhead, lives with her family on an island, a British possession, next door to Malta. Cathy loves life on the next-door island, and when the First World War breaks out and she is dragged home to England by her family, she is unreconciled to losing the place she will always think of as home. Cathy's life turns out to be sketchy and not at all ordered. She is willing and affectionate and cheerful, but she seems to care nothing about her looks, and she is not very thoroughly educated. She drifts. Then comes the Second World War, and her long sojourn in a beautiful, ancient house in Devon. And at the war's end, as she is about to start drifting again, there comes the surprise, the happy ending that reveals the pattern that was there all along. This is a delightful book.

The Death of William Posters, by Alan Sillitoe (Knopf). This juvenile dream of the heroic life centers on Frank Dawley, a talky, conceited, twenty-seven-year-old machine-shop worker of Nottingham, England, who gets tired of his job and his wife and children and leaves home one day in search of an existence better suited to the dignity of an English workingman. Unfortunately, Frank is not a very interesting workingman. Pigheaded, truculent, humorless, contentious with men and dourly flirtatious with

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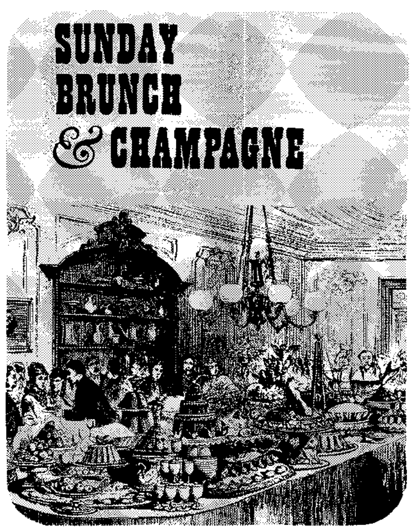

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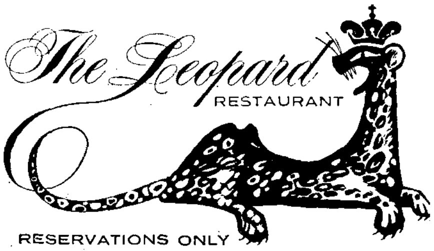

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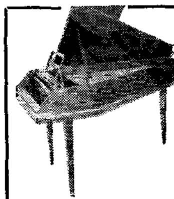

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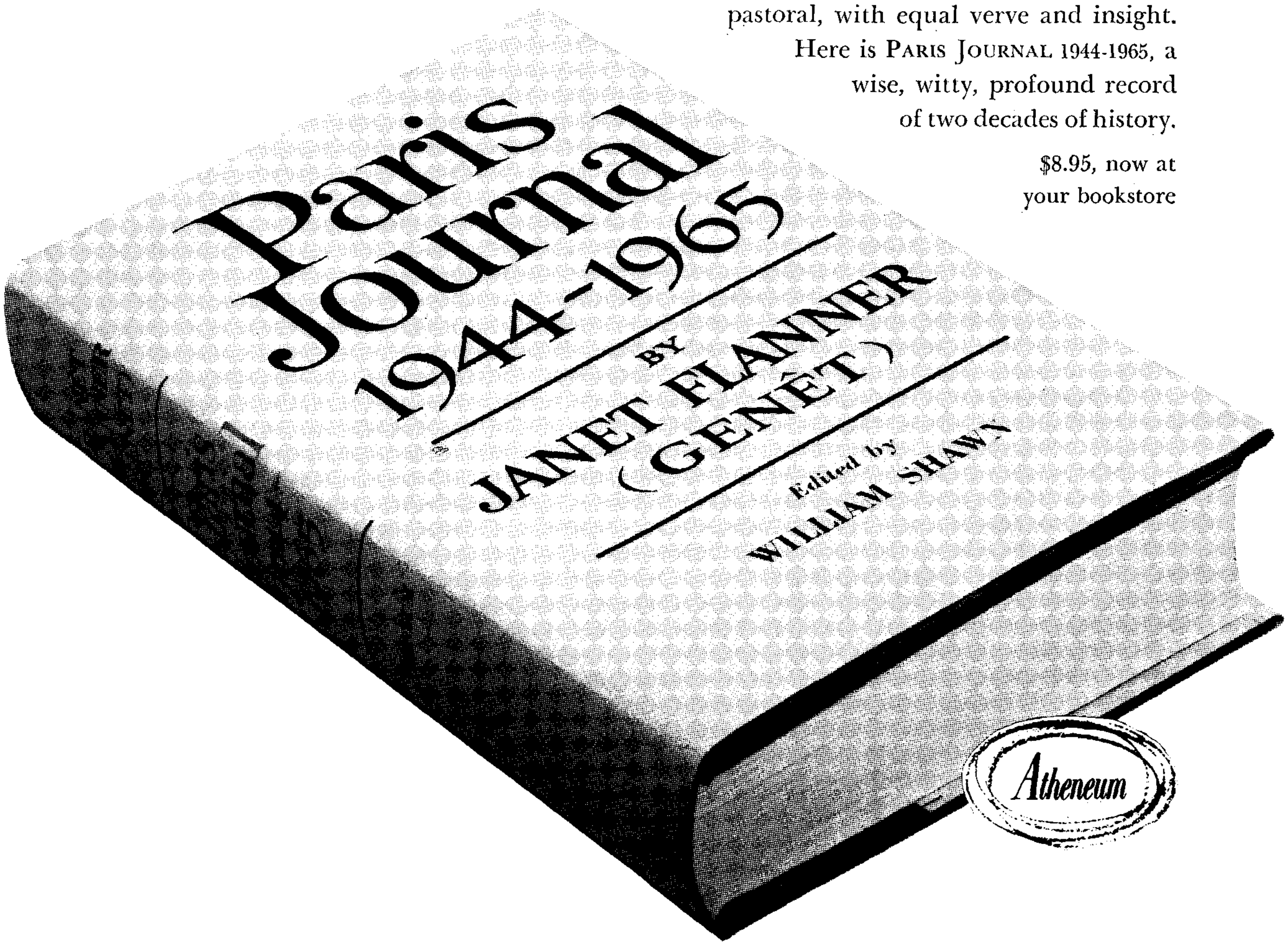

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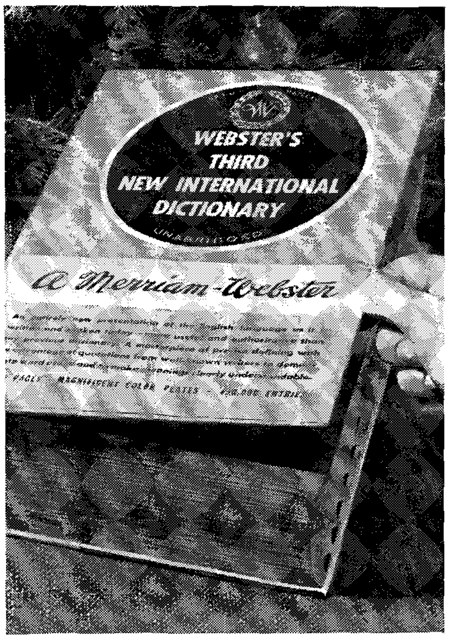

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women, he weighs irritatingly on whatever company he happens to be keeping. He is so conscious of himself and his importance that he is a nuisance, and he never shuts up. His flight from home takes him first to a village in Lincolnshire, where he moves in for the winter season with the district nurse. At winter's end, the nurse's husband comes to claim her, and Frank moves on to London, where he soon becomes involved with the wife of a surveyor—a serious, home-loving man named George. George's wife becomes pregnant by Frank, and they decide to live together. Then George is killed in a silly and very unlikely accident, in which Frank is injured, and after his convalescence Frank decides to take George's widow to Majorca, and then to Spain. She is seven months pregnant when he decides to leave her, and she remains in Tangier while he goes off on a vaguely righteous, vaguely dubious international adventure from which he will probably never return. No harm done if he never returns.

GENERAL

The Bolsheviks, by Adam B. Ulam (Macmillan). This large, scholarly work, despite its inclusive title, is really a critical biography of Lenin. (The other Bolsheviks are mentioned solely in relation to him.) For it is the author's opinion that the Soviet system, besides being Russian, like the winter, is also Lenin writ large—a pantographic projection of his personality, his beliefs, and even his idiosyncrasies. In Professor Ulam's view, Lenin's habit of playing off his subordinates against one another insured the harsh struggle for succession; Stalin did not, Ulam thinks, pervert Leninism but in most respects fulfilled it. Directly and indirectly, the book takes issue with earlier commentaries; for instance, the author believes that Trotsky overstated the intimacy between himself and Lenin and—perhaps unknowingly—exaggerated Lenin's respect for him. Professor Ulam's new interpretations are exceptionally interesting. So is his attempt to form a just estimate of Lenin, somewhere between Left adulation and Right execration.

Picasso and His Friends, by Fernande Olivier, translated from the French by Jane Miller (Appleton-Century). This book has been an unconscionably long time in reaching us, for it was first published in Paris

Photo by Gisèle Freund

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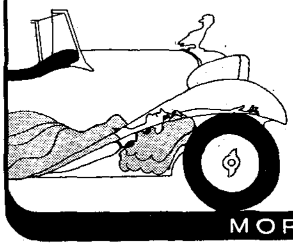

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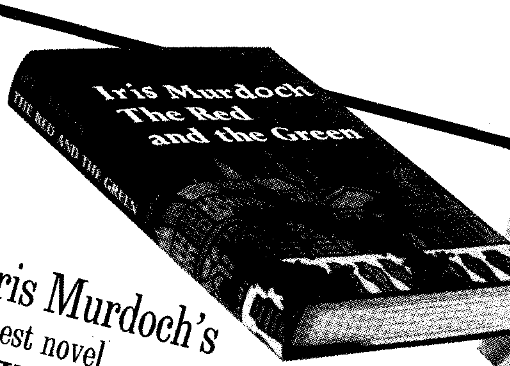
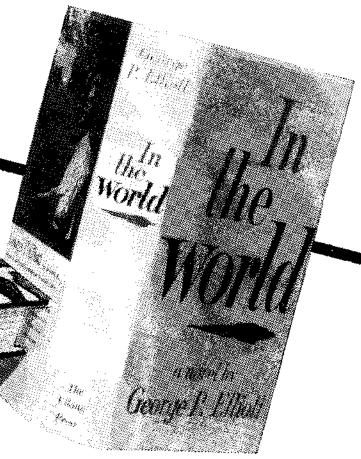

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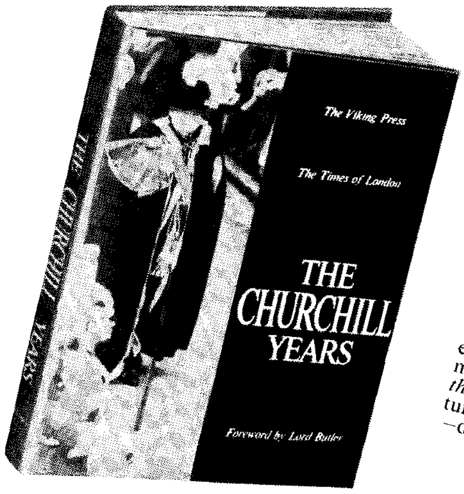

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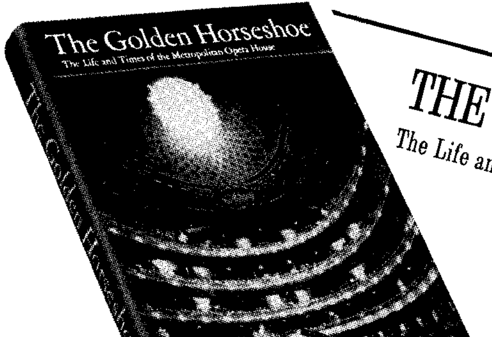

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in 1933. However, the delay only makes it the more welcome, for despite its faults it is an unusually interesting volume. Its faults, it must be added, are few and relatively minor. (The worst is the plodding translation, but that cannot be charged to Mme. Olivier.) Among them is a slight evidence of cattishness on Mme. Olivier's part toward other women in the Picasso circle, notably Marie Laurencin, together with a tendency to overemphasize the *nostalgie du passé*—this, of course, understandable in a woman who was the first in Picasso's long line of mistresses and saw him through his hardest and most difficult years, only to be forced to give way to another woman after his successes. For all that, the account is unfailingly discreet and unsensational, and on the whole the book is a remarkably straightforward, straight-talking, possibly a bit dry but extremely informative discussion of Picasso's early days.

THE CITY IS THE FRONTIER, by Charles Abrams (Harper & Row). This book, the work of the former chairman of the New York State Rent Commission and the present chairman of Columbia University's City Planning Department, appraises the many past failures and the few successes of public-housing and urban-renewal schemes, and suggests some good plans for improvement. One of Mr. Abrams' criticisms—perhaps his most dismaying—is that the extensive demolitions that usually have preceded public-housing projects have reduced the supply of cheap shelter available to the nation's poor. Mr. Abrams is a good explainer—he clearly outlines the causes of effects that the reader can see for himself—and his sensible suggestions for financial, legal, political, and architectural innovations are all designed for the same important purpose: to make city living as pleasurable and stimulating as it ought to be.

VICTORIAN SCANDAL: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN SIR CHARLES DILKE, by Roy Jenkins (Chilmark). Despite his advanced views and dull speeches, Dilke, a leading radical in Gladstone's Liberal Party, stood a good chance of becoming Prime Minister until, in 1885, his career was wrecked by scandal: the sister of his sister-in-law accused him of horrific sexual malfeasances. She added details that seemed at the

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time to be proof of her veracity but that—or so it now appears—merely described her carryings on with several other men. As a biographer, Mr. Jenkins is as much interested in politics as he is in sex. He helps us see that Dilke's policies—his concern with free, secular education, with votes for women, with the condition of labor—offered the Liberal Party an opportunity it rejected, and the rejection may, in the long run, have cost it its existence. For when Dilke lived down his disgrace, several years later, and returned to Parliament, many of those who had agreed with him were in the Labour Party.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND IN AMERICA: FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR, by Perry Miller (Harcourt, Brace & World). This worthy work, posthumously published, is the first part of a much larger study that the author did not live to complete. Mr. Miller traces the development of American Protestantism through years of unremitting revivalism, and the development of American legal thought as it came to terms with hand-me-down English common law. The third section is Mr. Miller's outline for a projected study of American ideas of science. The author's large purpose was to trace the formation of an American cast of mind, and his scholarship proves to us that, all along, we thought pretty much what we think.

NOTE: "The Man Who Robbed the Robber Barons," by Andy Logan, an account of Colonel William d'Alton Mann and his scalawag magazine *Town Topics* of sixty years ago, has been published by Norton. A considerable part of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THURSDAY AT DAWN, by Werner J. Lüddecke, translated from the German by Harald O. Dyrenforth (Doubleday). This really good murder story, which is set in Strasbourg, begins with a horrible crime and moves immediately into the tense, irritating situation so familiar to readers of homicide-department stories—the wrong man is arrested by the earnest, hard-working, reasonable policemen in charge of the case. The innocent man in this case has a remarkable mistress—a semi-retired call girl of twenty-eight who is beautiful, smart, loving, and stubborn. There is also a thoughtful young po-

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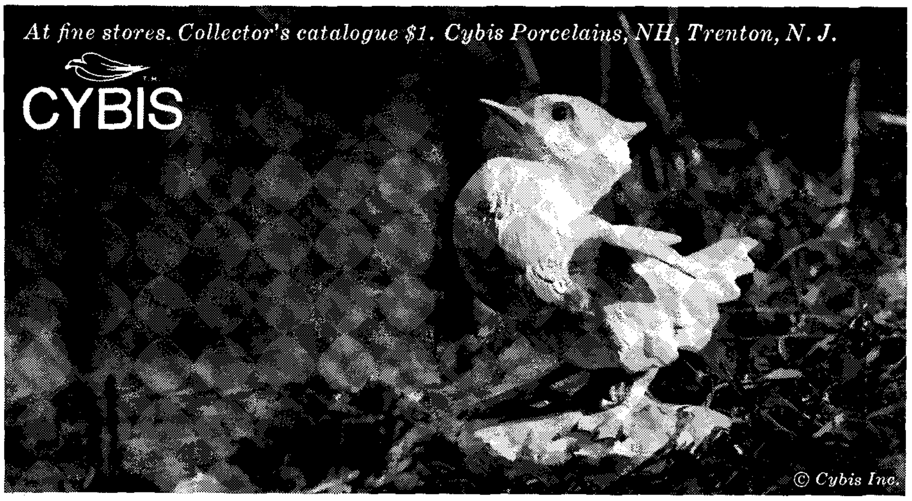

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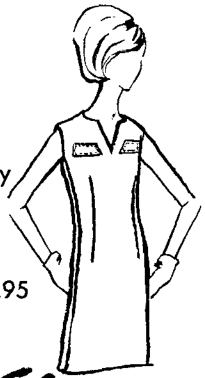

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And that requires a constant check on quotes, trends, conditions...careful consideration of any facts that might influence stock prices...ready access to the necessary facilities for executing all orders—fast!

If you belong in *that* category—realize the risks and can afford them—we think you'll find our service is especially geared to help you meet the exacting demands of successful speculation.

We belong to *all* the major security and commodity exchanges...have over 210,000 miles of private wire that link an international network of 161 offices, assure fast executions...operate a special news service that speeds flash news back and forth sixteen hours a day—and a Research Division that will gladly give you basic facts on sound securities that may at some time or other lend themselves to such trading.

If these facilities and services can benefit you...help keep your finger on the business pulse, they're yours for the asking—any time you care to come in!

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lice officer who is able to put two and two together even at the last moment. It is all very interesting, and one can easily see certain French actors in the leading parts if a movie is made of it. It would be a wonderful movie. The translation is very good.

THE DOORBELL RANG, by Rex Stout (Viking). A very jolly New York City murder in which Nero Wolfe bullies his client, tends his orchids, advises his cook, instructs his helper (Archie), considers the victim, who has been a corpse for some time when the book begins, and teases the F.B.I. until he finally draws blood. The best scene is the one in which the lady client writes a check for fifty thousand dollars and offers it hopefully to Wolfe, and then, seeing the look in his eye, takes it back and writes a new check for a hundred thousand. She is, of course, a very rich woman.

ASSASSINS ROAD, by Simon Harvester (Walker). Dorian Silk, Mr. Harvester's British secret agent in the Middle East (Heron Murmur covers the Far East for him), is here assigned to a job of dirty work in Jerusalem and the adjoining countrysides of Israel and Jordan. This job—the eradication of a gang of Arab political murderers bent on stirring up a *ji'haad*, or holy war—is a bit conventional for Mr. Harvester, but the style in which it is handled, and the sense of time and place, all carry his usual mark of excellence.

•

SHORT WAVE QUIZ

Question: Do you favor "off-track" betting?

Place: Along Beach 116th Street.

Mike Latzer, age 15, 325 Beach 57th street, Arverne: Yes, I like the salary he gets and the fact that the whole world would be centered around my decisions is pretty intriguing.

Mike Malino, age 15, 335 Beach 54th street, Arverne: Yes, I feel that it's one of my responsibilities to the United States, just like the obligation to serve in the armed forces. Serving your country is everyone's duty.—*Belle Harbor* (*L. I.*) *Wave*.

Next question.

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[*Letter from the Sudoeste Trading Company, Cortez, Colo.*]

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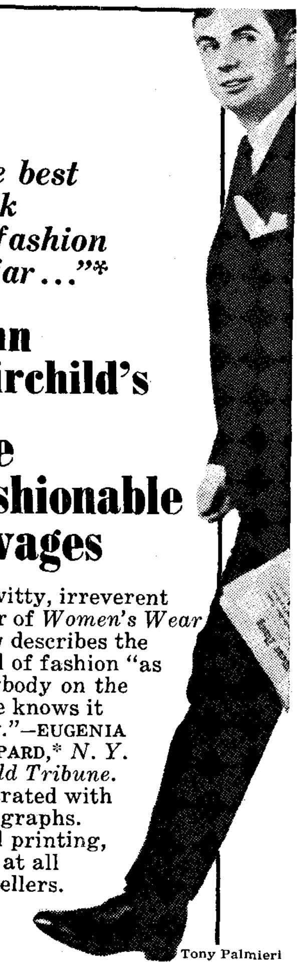

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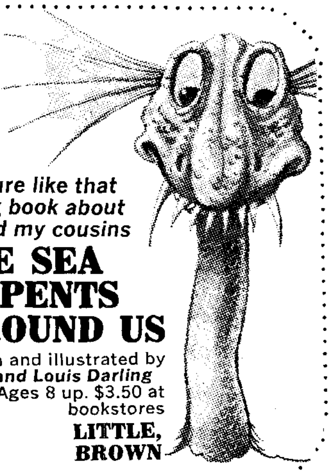
Tony Palmieri

DOUBLEDAY



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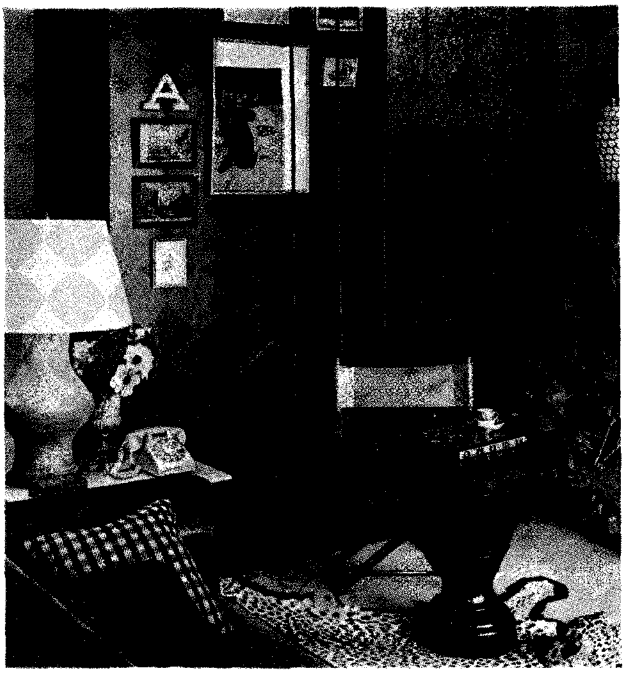
Where customers ask us to put their extension phones—and why

a



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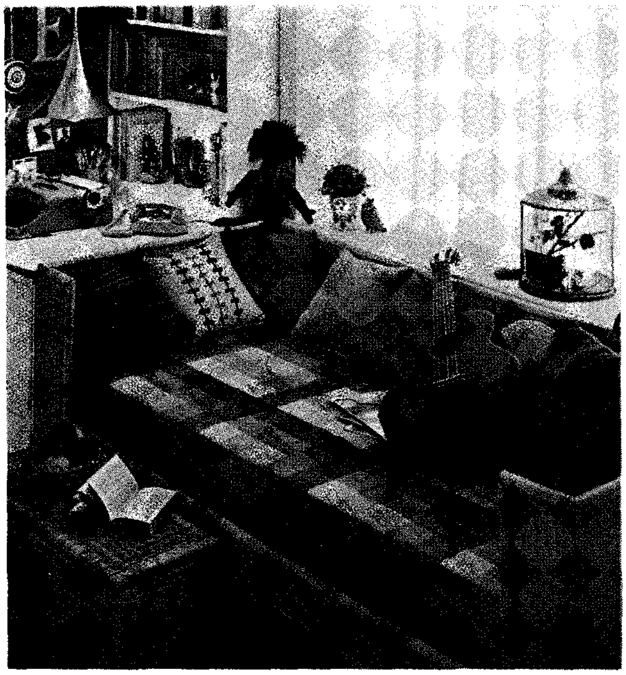

c

a A family room reflects the comfort and convenience of a well-planned modern home. Here, an extension phone offers a relaxing way to make and take calls while saving countless steps and stairs for everyone.

b Modern, too, is the extension in a teen-ager's room, which can bring the family welcome peace and quiet. It's a fitting reward to a responsible son or daughter.

c A phone that's only a step away from the stove or the morning cup of coffee—that's one of the handiest phones any home can have.

These are only suggested locations. The important point is to have extensions where you need them in your home—to save time and steps for all the family. For a phone in any room, just call your Business Office or ask your telephone man.

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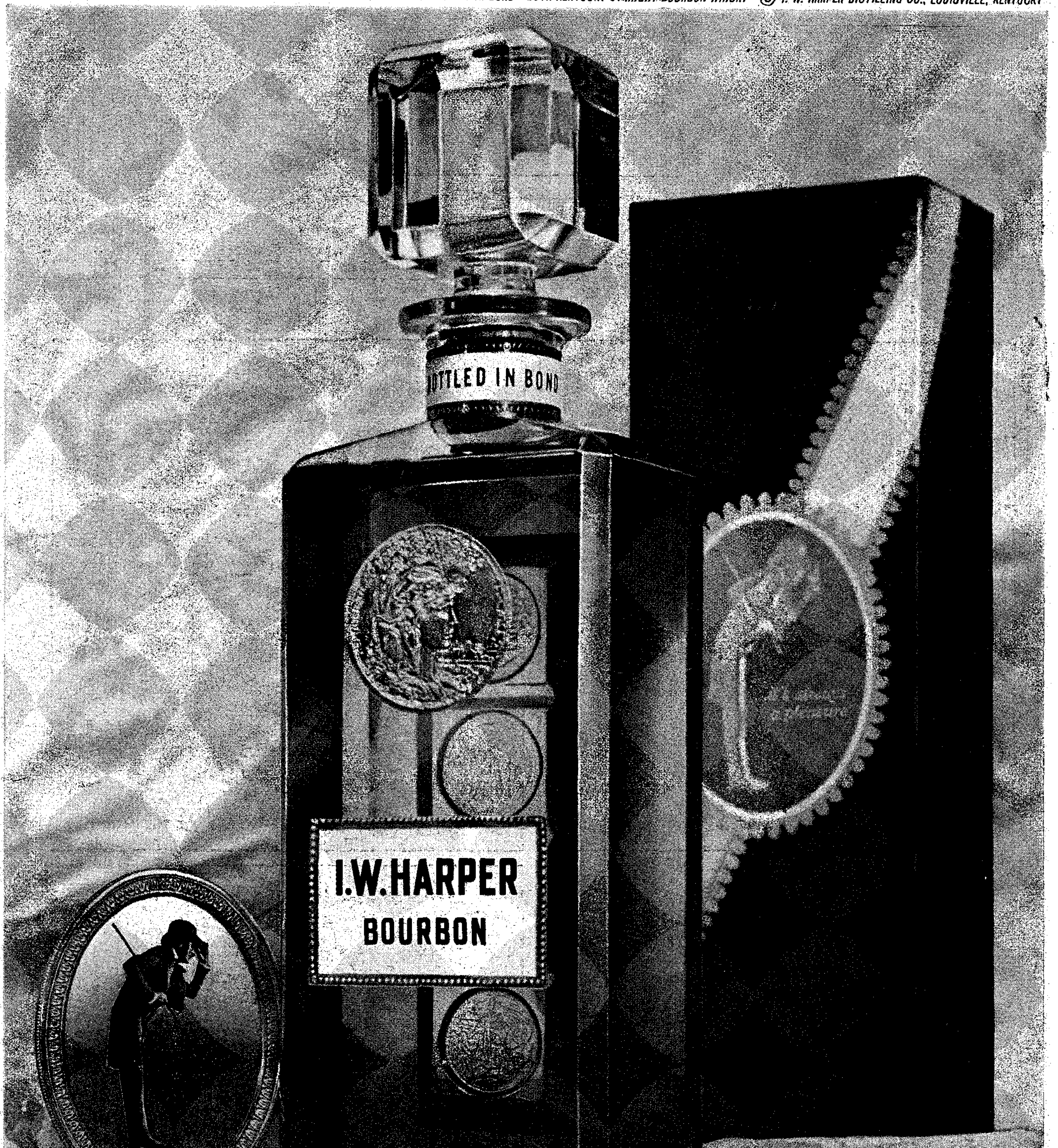

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